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BY SAUL BELLOW

PART ONE



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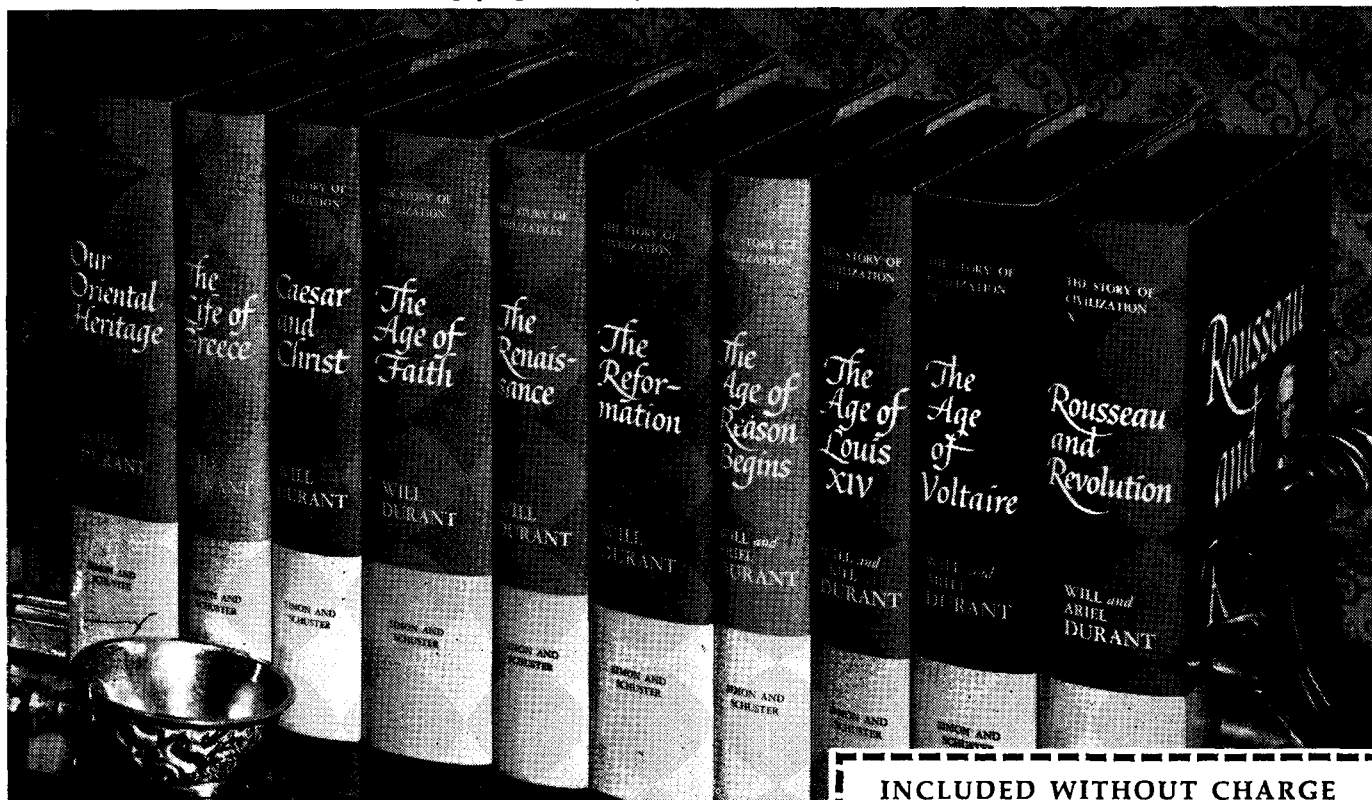
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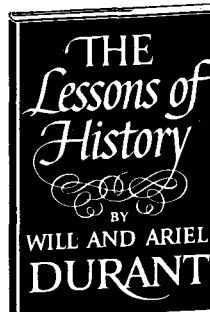
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John Steinbeck: Footnote for a Memoir	65	John Kenneth Galbraith
Lament for the March King. <i>A Poem</i>	68	Paul Petrie
The Death of the <i>Saturday Evening Post</i>	70	Michael Mooney
The Immortalist. <i>A Poem</i>	77	Robley Wilson, Jr.
When America "Lost" China: The Case of John Carter Vincent	78	Ross Terrill
The Regency: A Nine-Year Wonder	87	Louis Kronenberger
The Lonely Pipefish. <i>A Poem</i>	90	Barbara Howes
Mr. Sammler's Planet. Part I, unabridged	95	Saul Bellow
<i>Drawings by Mario Micossi</i>		
Reports: Washington	4	Elizabeth B. Drew
France	14	Don Cook
Coal Mining: 1. The Union	22	A. Britton Hume
2. Benton, Illinois	30	Thomas Goldwasser
Surinam	38	Bruce Handler
The Mail	50	
Life and Letters	155	Elizabeth Janeway
	158	Isaac Asimov
	162	Carter Wilson
	164	Edward Weeks
	170	Dan Wakefield
	172	Robert Evett
	176	Phoebe Adams

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I had barely begun my short (not quite three years) stint in government service early in 1962 when a friend with an exceedingly restless sense of humor began assailing me with strange cabled messages from various parts of the world. The first, from San Francisco and routed through the Message Center of the State Department, said, "Fully restored to health, reporting for duty and awaiting espionage assignment." It was signed "Colonel Durston Chop." A few days later the same chap from the Message Center, even more nervous than is standard for those in government who are accustomed to seeing "sensitive matters" dealt with in code, sidled timidly into my office to deliver another missive from Chop, this one from London and also disturbingly written "in the clear"—that is, in plain English. "Unless the United States changes its foreign policy I shall invade forthwith," it said. Not long after, when I was in Karachi for a diplomatic conference, a security man in our Pakistan Embassy thought it best that he personally deliver a cable that had plainly disturbed him and his superiors. I can't imagine why, because all it said over the by now notorious signature of Colonel Durston Chop was "Please forward all secret documents immediately."

For all the grim business that it was involved in—and the grimness with which it was trying to cope—the State Department by then had regained some of the sense of balance and humor that had been scourged out of it in the days of Senator Joseph McCarthy's ride to hounds. As far as I know, the stream of bizarre messages did

not go to "Security" for investigation, and there were even some in the Department who got a laugh out of the machinations of Durston Chop. I have wondered many times, however, what might have happened had those jokes been played eight or nine years earlier, when the State Department was shrouded in the Inquisitional gloom that is recalled, and brilliantly analyzed for its meaning to American policy, in Ross Terrill's study on page 78 of this issue, "When America 'Lost' China." Poor old Chop, if they could have found him, would have come to an unhappy end, and so, I presume, would I.

A great story needs no embellishments, so no attempt will be made here to utter more than a boast about the event that begins on page 95 with the publication of the new novel by Saul Bellow. *Mr. Sammler's Planet* will appear as a book, under Viking's imprint, in February, 1970. The *Atlantic* is proud to publish it first, in its entirety. Like the previous Bellow works—*Dangling Man*, *The Victim*, *The Adventures of Augie March*, *Seize the Day*, *Henderson the Rain King*, *Herzog*—this new one is a special excursion into the realm of creative imagination.

Robert Manning

REPORTS:

WASHINGTON

Some time ago, a Republican senator of moderate-to-liberal persuasion described Richard Nixon as "the man with the portable center," and that characterization pretty well fits the current Administration as well. While the President's own advisers, particularly the more liberal ones, insist that he is a "centrist," this Administration is to be better understood less in terms of the philosophy of its governing than the technique, which is *ad hoc*.

One of the President's associates earlier this year explained some of the more embarrassing happenings as the results of a lingering hang-over from the campaign. That was a period of glorious un-responsibility in which all manner of varying and even conflicting signals were sent out to different constituencies, particularly through local television spots which the national press never covered. But this remains the style of the Administration. Moreover, it appears to be genuinely believed within the Administration that improvisation buys time, and that that, for the nonce, suffices. While they do not go so far as to take credit for the "peaceful" summer, they do not hesitate to point to it. They consciously gambled that the announcement of another troop withdrawal and revision of the draft would buy a peaceful autumn. When the timing for the newest troop withdrawal runs out on December 15, there will be time for something else, even a chance to announce, if not fulfill, Clark Clifford's prescription for withdrawal of 100,000 troops by the end of this year. This backward reeling of the Vietnam buildup should work fairly well for the President until sometime next year when he has removed about 150,000

men, a number which can be withdrawn at no pain to the military or the South Vietnamese government. At that point, the Saigon government and the military are expected to make things a good deal tougher for him than they have thus far, and so the most difficult decisions are still ahead. There is already a resurgence of talk within the American Embassy in Saigon and among the military and the CIA of how we are winning and must keep the pressure up. One view here forecasts that the denouement will run as follows: the United States will continue to withdraw troops, causing at some point a change in the South Vietnam government, and the new one will probably invite us out because it wants to make peace, or, also possible, will be so right-wing that it will be politically impossible to continue to support it. Meanwhile, the President gives signs of preparing to blame a failure to win an "honorable" or early peace on those at home who abjured his "united front."

A number of Administration men say that quiet is what the people want, and that is what they are getting. But these officials do not make distinctions: while there are few who profess to miss Lyndon Johnson, or long for the good old days when the Marines were in Santo Domingo, there is an increasing feeling that no one is in charge here. For a President with such a thin personal following, this is not the soundest of foundations. Moreover, the absence of large-scale riots during the summer and early autumn did not prove that the natives were happy.

The President has probably come closer than might have been expected to his goal of cabinet government, and this, too, explains a good bit, some of it healthy, some trou-

bling. Despite the fact that the White House staff continues to grow, the Cabinet officers are largely left to their own devices, the setting of their own agendas. Only items of major contention (civil rights guidelines) or major presidential initiatives (welfare reform) become matters of White House concern, and at that only the ones the White House staff is most interested in. Thus George Romney is left to devote himself to the umpteenth in a series of attempts to find new methods to build low-cost housing: "Operation Breakthrough." (This title was arrived at with some difficulty: "Operation Sprint" was ruled out because it sounded too much like the space program, and "Operation Threshold" because it was vulnerable, as in "tripping over the . . .") The Model Cities program, which requires the cooperation of several government departments, is said by Nixon officials not to be working, but the White House does not seem terribly upset over this; there have been several hints of its demise. One member of the Urban Affairs Council staff is spending time on the urban affairs of NATO. The President does not wade into the issues until he has to; and, in a considerable change for the better, if the contretemps within official family becomes public or if working papers are leaked to the press, no one gets very excited about it.

Back and fill

On the foreign affairs side, where White House direction is crucial, there is more disorder, signaled by the departure of five men from Henry Kissinger's National Security Council staff. While the Administration sought to put the best face on it, and while one departure was caused by poor health, the fact re-

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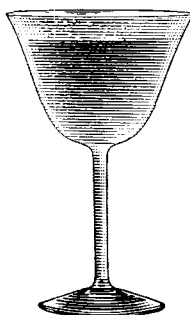
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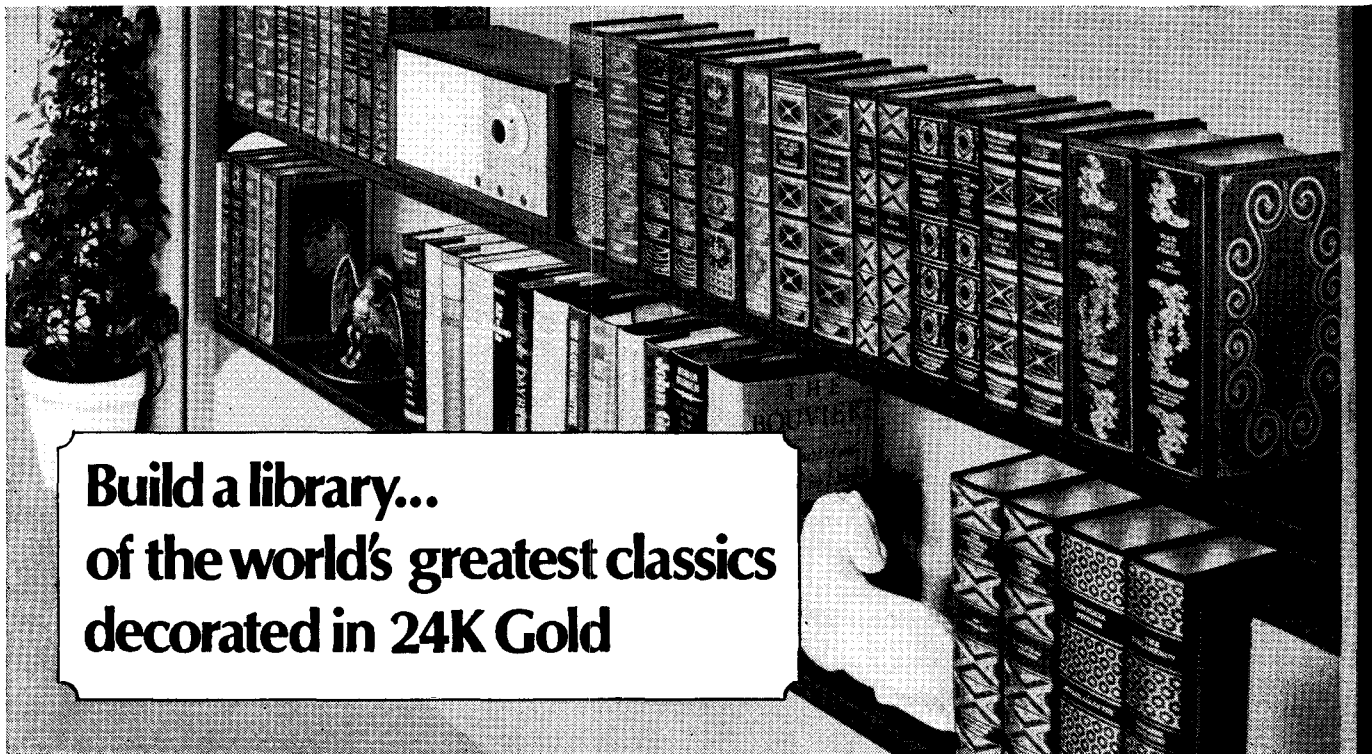
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Washington

mains that men do not, and did not, so soon give up jobs of such power unless something is amiss. The problem was that Kissinger failed to organize the office and work with his staff to the extent that several of his assistants found that they could not do their jobs. An atmosphere of mistrust developed within the National Security Council offices, and the staff was given neither the ear of their leader—not to mention that of the President, as their counterparts in the preceding Administrations had had—nor the authority to exercise their implicit powers to coordinate the government's national security machinery. As soon as this began to become known throughout the government, they were even more paralyzed. The consequences have been the departure of some very able men who were among the strongest advocates within the Administration of an early end to the war and serious arms talks with the Soviet Union, and a vacuum. With the exception of those issues highest on the President's and Kissinger's agenda, the foreign policy machinery of the government was not being run from the White House, nor was anyone else in a position to take charge. Not until a little over a month ago did Secretary of State William Rogers consolidate a staff of his own.

The strains are showing elsewhere. Up to one third of the lawyers in the Justice Department's civil rights division are looking for other jobs. There was a near-rebellion at the Peace Corps, and there is confusion over purpose in several government agencies.

Questions of morality, good faith, efficiency, and efficacy of the school guideline idea aside, the most important point about the Administration's current approach to school integration is that it is a loser. The Administration has entered into an unwinnable contest with psychological warriors. It has not gone, and cannot go, far enough truly to please the South, or that part of the South that the backing and filling is designed to appease. Meanwhile, Southern officials who chose to obey the law have been undercut. A postponement here leads to an attempt to secure another one there, com-



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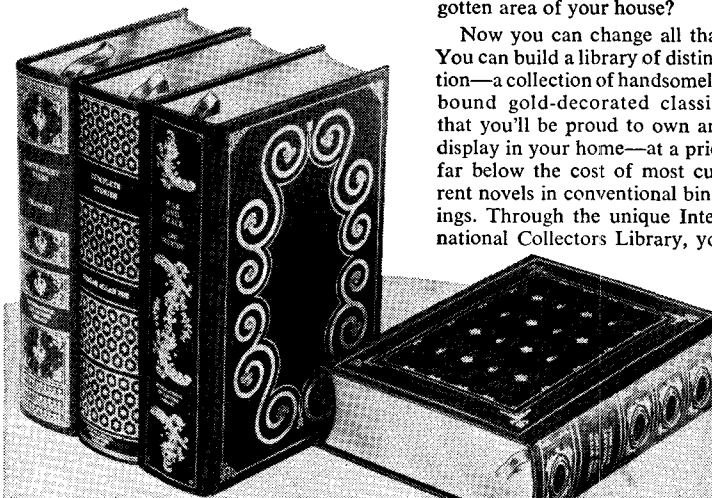
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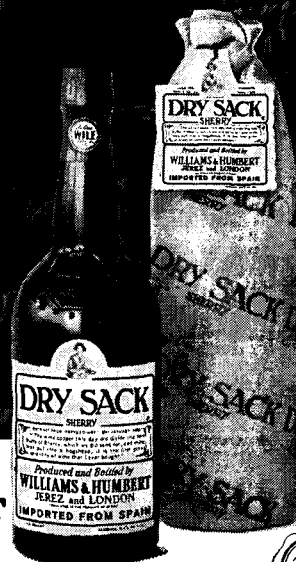
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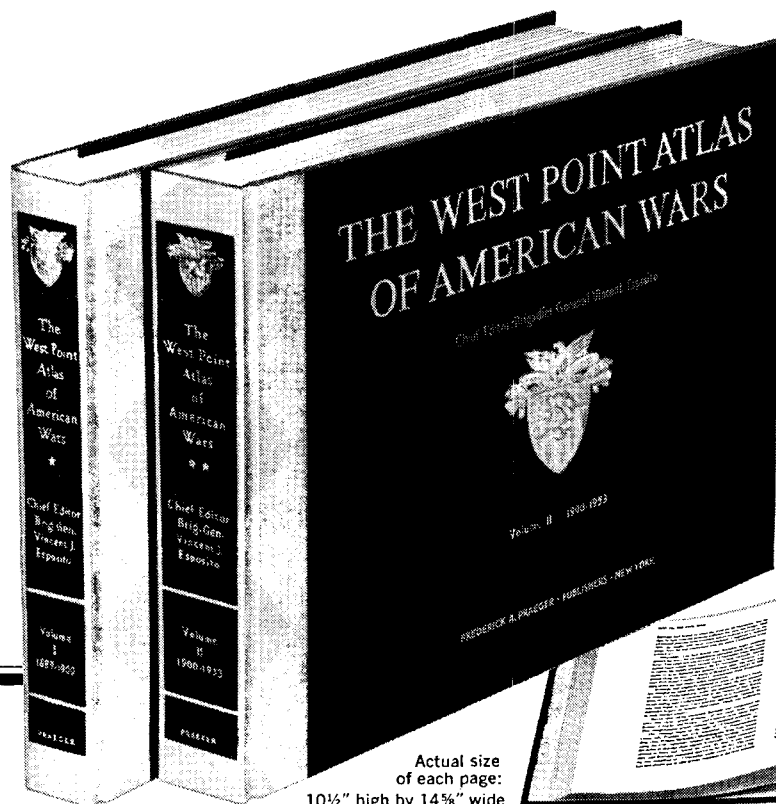
Washington

pounding the difficulties. The momentum, the sense of inevitability that the guidelines would be enforced, has now been lost. There has been a resurgence of White Citizens' Councils, and of protests by white parents. It is in this atmosphere that the Administration will have to make its further decisions, for example when the Mississippi postponement expires on December 1.

The most important question about the President's proposals for revision of the welfare program is whether, for all of the differences in style between Mr. Nixon's low-keyed speech and the crashing manner in which Mr. Johnson introduced his programs, the final result will be a fundamental change in the lives of the poor or another disillusionment. There is no question that Mr. Nixon, by changing the entire frame of reference in which welfare is now discussed, made an extremely significant contribution. The proposals for national standards, assistance to the working poor, national criteria to determine eligibility, the involvement of the impartial Social Security Administration in place of subjective welfare snoopers are all of fundamental importance. These concepts, having been advanced by a President, are now the starting points for discussion.

It is a legitimate surmise that the President felt able to move on the welfare program because it is despised by both right and left. But for different reasons, and that is where the trouble may come. For all of his modulated delivery, the President may well have committed the heretofore Democratic sin of "overpromising." There is not enough money in the program to make any difference in the lives of most of those now on welfare. (The Administration says that twenty states will receive higher welfare payments; some welfare experts calculate that the number is more like ten.) Voters upset about the high cost of welfare in most areas will remain upset. Those who assume that there will be a mass transfer "off the welfare rolls and onto the payrolls" will be disappointed. There is some vagueness within the government about just who is on relief, but it is estimated by people at the Department of

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Health, Education, and Welfare that of the ten to twelve million people who are on welfare, only about 4 percent are employable. Of these, only 50,000 to 70,000 are men. If all of these employable men and women, and their children, were removed from the welfare rolls, those totally dependent upon assistance would decline by only 15 percent.

The Nixon proposals will of course force mothers of other than preschool children to take jobs in order to continue to receive payments, but Labor Department officials who developed the program are unclear just how many mothers that would put to work. They think that there are about 1.7 million mothers on welfare, of whom about a third could eventually be trained and placed in jobs—a more optimistic assumption than is held across town at HEW. They do not know how many of these women have preschool children, but they think that the “typical” welfare mother has some. They argue, however, that there is evidence that most welfare mothers want to work. This is, in fact, true, and the option to work and still receive federal relief is one of the most enlightened provisions. The question is whether it will be a hollow option. The great need is not so much training as jobs, and until there is a substantial program of training and subsidies for public service employment, there cannot be much more employment of the young, black, and unskilled poor.

With great efforts, presidential backing, and federal subsidies, the National Alliance of Businessmen has placed about 100,000 unemployed or “underemployed” people in (thus far) lasting jobs, and among some manpower experts there is a suspicion that the number is inflated a good bit. There are just not that many opportunities in the private sector for what are referred to as the “hard core,” or jobs which pay enough to support a family. The most worrisome part of the proposals is that which coerces those women without preschool children to choose between working or losing their government support. (This idea, which Mr. Nixon likes to call “workfare”—he wanted to call the

whole program that, but was dissuaded—was not simply a sop to conservatives; the President himself is said to believe in it strongly.) The decision whether there is a “suitable” job which must be taken or federal help lost will be made by state employment services. The latter have been notoriously disinterested in, and often even bigoted against, the black poor. There are proposals for reforming the state agencies, which have been fully funded all along by federal money, but there is widespread belief among those who have observed them that you can’t get there from here. They are not to receive more federal funds unless they reform, and that brings us back to the subject of guidelines.

The White House has been sending a briefing team all about the country to explain and promote the welfare proposals to editors and to state and local officials, and the President is said to have been enjoying a state of continuing euphoria over the positive press reaction. He is determined to push them to passage next year, and White House men believe that this is quite possible. The welfare proposals are thought to stand a better chance than the other two parts of the President’s message requiring legislation—the manpower reform and revenue sharing—in both cases because the legislators are being asked to return federal powers to the states. There is skepticism about revenue sharing on all sides. Fiscal conservatives would prefer to retire the federal debt. Liberals fear how state governments would allocate the money. Congressmen in general are not very enthusiastic about voting for tax money to be given to state and local politicians—often the enemy—to spend.

No silver lining

Having confirmed for itself the point first raised by former Budget Director Charles Schultze in the summer of 1968 (August, 1968, *Atlantic*) that as things are going, there will not be very much money to be spent even after the end of the Vietnam War, the Administration’s next question is what to do about it. For what Schultze was doing, and all that the Administration study did, was, through a combina-

tion of forecasts of revenue and costs and assumptions about future government spending, to see how much will be left of the \$25 to \$28 billion now spent annually on the war. Schultze was sounding the alarm. He warned that those who were hoping that the end of the war would make large amounts of money available for social purposes had better get to work. At the rate things were going, he said, the normal increases in federal revenues through the growth of the gross national product and the money which was to be saved from the war would be largely absorbed by the inevitable growth in the cost of existing federal programs, elimination of the war surtax, and a defense budget that would be considerably higher than the pre-Vietnam level. His warning was an important element in the fueling of the subsequent debate over the defense budget.

The Administration’s post-Vietnam projections were not released, and in fact there were a number of them. Only one was presented to the White House meeting, after which Pat Moynihan informed the press that the “peace dividend” was “evanescent, like the morning clouds” over San Clemente. Even then, one man who worked on the study conceded that the defense figure presented to the meeting was “probably lower than the Department of Defense will settle for.” The Pentagon’s own working assumptions are that there will be *no* reduction in defense spending after the war, and in an interview, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird projected no post-Vietnam saving at all. “If the war were to come to an end in Vietnam,” he told me, “and you had no pay increase and you were to bring your forces up to combat readiness, and you began to modernize the services, particularly the Navy, then you could project a saving of probably \$6 to \$7 billion. If you had a pay increase or went to a volunteer force, then I think you’d have some difference. If we failed to get some agreement with the Soviet Union, they are going ahead so fast on strategic missiles, they outnumber us in conventional forces and conventional weapons, then the budget goes up.” Pay increases come about regularly, and the Nixon Administration is committed to a volunteer

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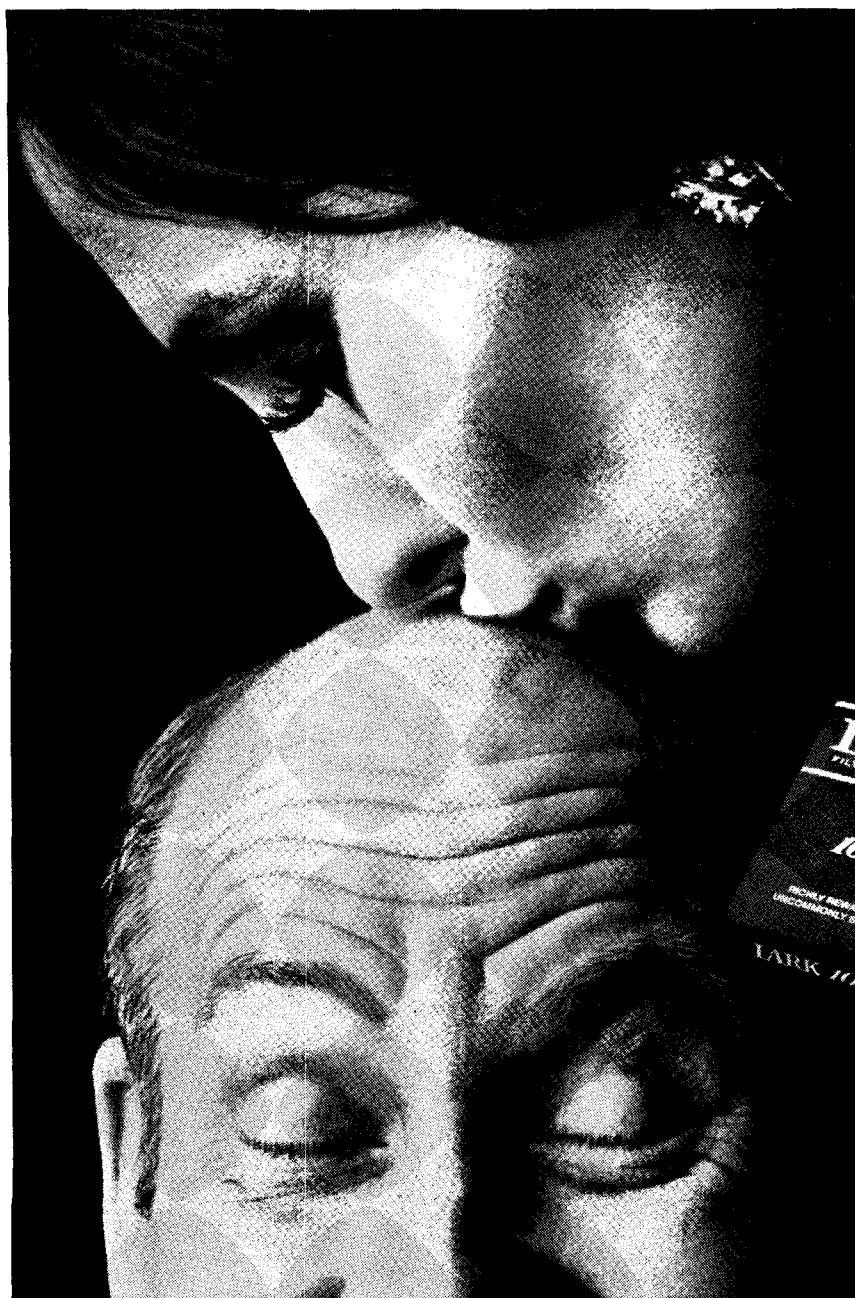
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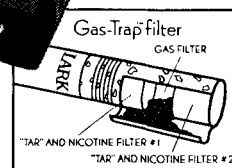
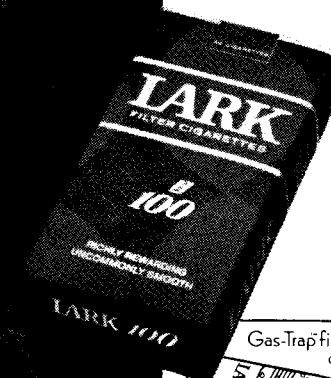
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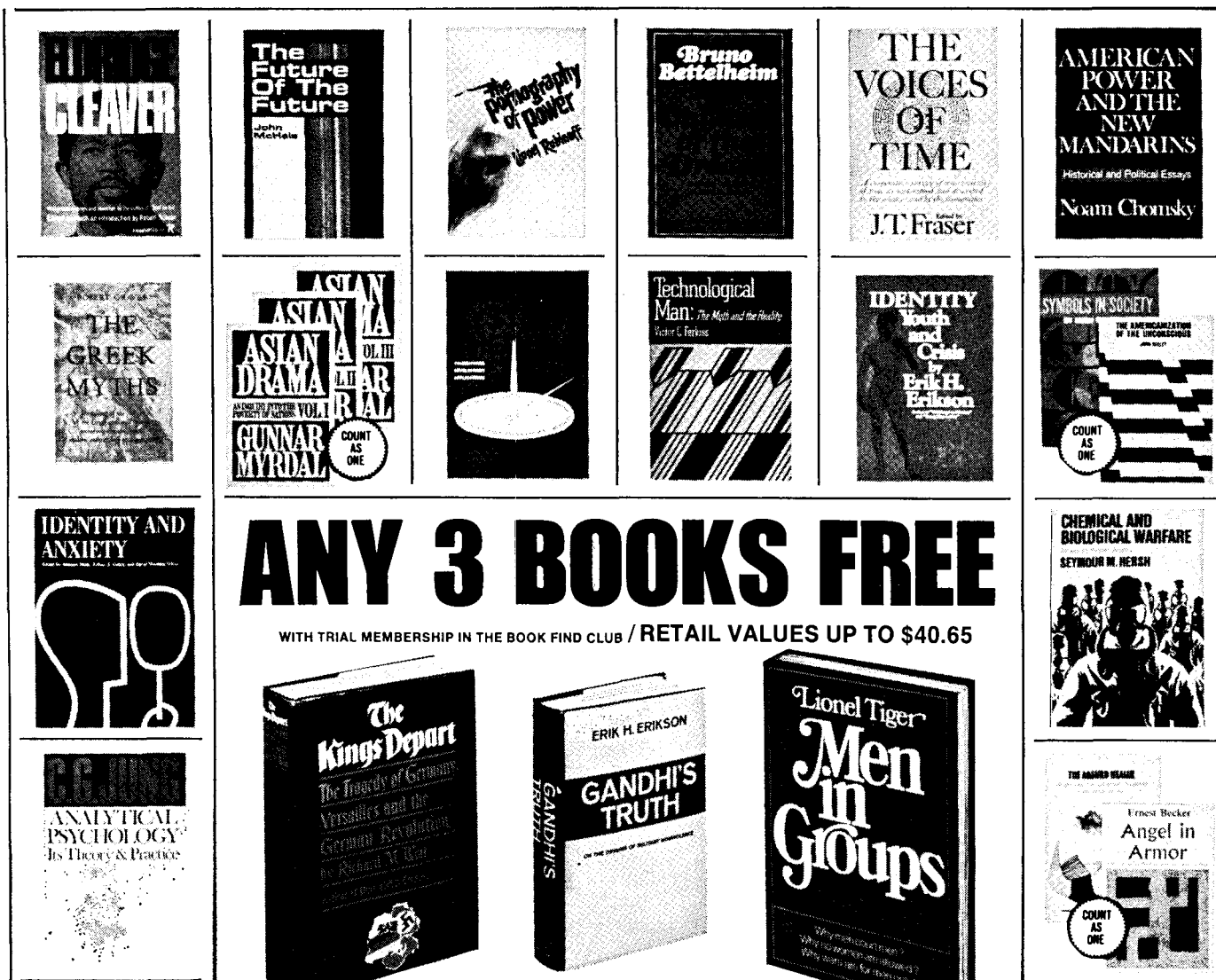
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Washington

force, which Laird estimates would cost another \$8 billion.

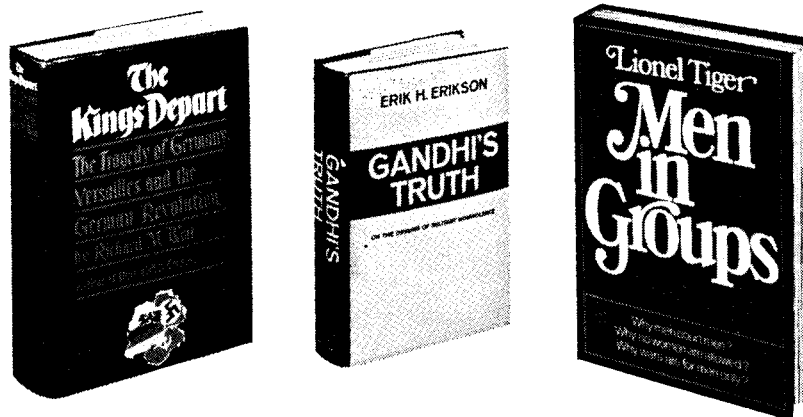
The Nixon Administration's post-Vietnam projections were even lower than those of Schultze, who was Budget Director from 1965 to 1967. For the new team took into account as further claims on the money the welfare and revenue sharing and other domestic proposals the President has already made, the revenue loss from the tax bill as it passed the House of Representatives, and a projected policy of generating a budget surplus—not, its authors say, as Republican ideology, but as a device for freeing money for investment in housing construction. The gloomy announcement at San Clemente was designed to send out two signals: (1) if Congress votes tax relief, it is making a policy decision that will affect other matters for some time to come; (2) please understand what we're up against and stop criticizing us for "token" programs. (HEW has done its own study, and concluded that under the rosiest and therefore most unlikely circumstances it could gain only another \$4 to \$5 billion to spend after Vietnam, an amount that would not go very far to meet all of the claims in schools and universities and medical services and curbing pollution.)

The Administration thereupon passed up one opportunity for affecting the future, by concurring in the politically attractive idea that the revenues raised by reforming the tax code should be spent on tax relief. It stood by while the House, for varying political reasons, voted tax relief that will cause a net loss to the Treasury. While the Administration's proposals to the Senate lowered this amount somewhat in the short run and transferred some of the relief to corporations, the long-range impact of this position has been estimated within the Administration to go as high as a revenue loss of \$10 billion (about the same figure as the House-passed proposals it had obliquely warned about) by 1975. It is reasonable to expect that the senators will be even more generous. That leaves doing the difficult work of revising existing senseless programs, and getting tough with the Pentagon.



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After some back-and-forth, and with efforts to maintain its "law and order" credentials, the Justice Department ended up with just about no position on the question of penalties for marijuana, leaving the issue to Congress. Fearing that it would look "soft," the Justice Department earlier had rejected a proposal drafted in its own offices to lighten the sentence. Instead, it proposed, in a bill to clarify the various existing narcotics laws, that the existing penalty structure for marijuana be maintained: a minimum of two years and a maximum of ten in prison for the first offense of possessing marijuana, five to twenty years for the second; five to twenty years for the first offense of selling marijuana, and ten to forty years for the second. The decision was influenced by members of Congress whose opinion Justice valued, but after the bill was introduced and widely criticized, Justice officials decided they had listened to the wrong people. Therefore, when Attorney General John Mitchell testified before the Senate Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee, he backed off, suggesting he was willing to negotiate with Congress. A Department spokesman says that they would be willing to accept no mandatory minimum imprisonment, and one-year maximum, for possession of any drug—heroin, LSD, marijuana, and so on—and no mandatory minimum, and up to five years' maximum imprisonment for possession with intent to sell marijuana and LSD; slightly higher for heroin and cocaine. As even the head of the Bureau of Narcotics put it to Congress, "In order for any criminal penalty structure to be effective, it must be acceptable to the Courts, the prosecutors, and the public. It must represent a rational, credible approach to the problem." Government health officials have said that the laws are out of proportion to the danger, and attacked the "fables" about marijuana and "scare techniques" to discourage its use.

Perhaps to offset this apparent retreat, the Department at the same time launched its "Operation Intercept," a scheme to keep Mexican marijuana out of the United States. The result, said Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, would be to so drive up the price that kids would stop smoking it. The

project appears to have sprung from the brow of the Pentagon: government agencies are fitted out with radar-equipped "pursuit-type" aircraft; the Coast Guard and Navy will allocate more ships and personnel for "surveillance" of ships; helicopters will be supplied to the Mexican government, and fields will be defoliated. "It is our considered, thoughtful conclusion" that marijuana is harmful," said Kleindienst, "and in addition to that, it is illegal."

ELIZABETH B. DREW

FRANCE

A few days after President Charles de Gaulle's referendum defeat and resignation last April, the Paris satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* appeared with a cartoon showing the General at his country home at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises dressed in the blue denim work clothes and floppy hat of a French peasant farmer. He had a pitchfork in one hand and a hand-crank telephone in the other, and was shouting over the line to his erstwhile Prime Minister, Maurice Couve de Murville: "Couve—where is the chaos? Pass me to the minister of interior."

It is ironic that perhaps the most solid of De Gaulle's achievements for France was to endow it with a constitutional system which enabled the transition from Gaullism to a new regime to take place in an atmosphere of complete calm—his own dire predictions to the contrary. In his last broadcast to his nation, two nights before the referendum vote, De Gaulle warned for the last time that his defeat would mean "the inevitable return to the play of ambitions, illusions, deals, and treachery in the national commotion which such a rupture would provoke." But there was no such rupture or commotion at all. The machinery for transition which De Gaulle left behind slipped smoothly into gear, and six weeks later Georges Pompidou took over the Elysée Palace for a seven-year presidential term. Direct election of a French President by vote of all the people, which had been so bitterly opposed by the old politicians of the dead Fourth Republic when De Gaulle changed the

constitution by referendum in 1962, proved to be a great step forward for French political stability, which is unlikely to be seriously challenged and almost certainly will preserve the Fifth Republic longer than any of its predecessors.

What chaos?

When De Gaulle departed, there was a great deal more behind the determined national calm in France than the mere existence of constitutional machinery to elect a new President. Order could have been challenged, but it was not—basically because the French simply had no interest or energy for any repetition of the upheavals of May-June, 1968. From left to right there was an instinctive realization that order should be maintained, come what may, and it is remarkable that the General himself did not sense this mood in the country more clearly. He had conjured up the specter of chaos in his defeat at every election since 1958: four constitutional referendums, three parliamentary elections, and the presidential election of 1966, when he was returned to power for seven years. This time he cried wolf once too often.

In any case De Gaulle always showed himself to be determinedly indifferent to the political reactions of those whom he governed, and in his last year in office he was almost continuously out of tune with his nation. His end was certainly his own making. He did not have to call his last referendum. He did not have to pose the referendum question in a way which agitated and offended so many intelligent voters who had supported him in the past, and he did not have to affront others by again threatening to resign if they did not agree with him. Still, it would have been out of character and inconsistent with his own particular style and philosophy of the exercise of power for De Gaulle to have acted any differently than he did. Power has always been a purely personal matter for De Gaulle, not to be shared, and for eleven years he periodically sought to renew his mandate directly from the French people in one way or another. The Gaullists won an overwhelming parliamentary election victory after the May-June upheavals in 1968, but this was not good enough for the



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France

General. It was not his victory, but a victory for a lot of candidates for the National Assembly, and De Gaulle was determined to reassert his own supremacy through the device which had always worked for him in the past—referendum. But the national mood had changed.

This was reinforced, moreover, by the fact that Georges Pompidou was waiting in the wings, confident and reassuring, and also by the sudden emergence into the political spotlight of Alain Poher (rhymes with nowhere). Brief though his moment on the national scene turned out to be, Poher again demonstrated the remarkable individuality of French politics and political life, in which a complete unknown with no organization and without the backing of a single major political party or leader can suddenly emerge and overnight become a leading candidate for the highest office in the land.

Although Poher has now returned to the relative obscurity of the presidency of the French Senate, his brief moment was not without its impact and importance. A senator since 1954 and a minor figure in several governments of the old Fourth Republic, Poher was elected Senate president in October, 1968, through the efforts of a quiet political coalition in which Jean Monnet played an influential role. The constitution of the Fifth Republic designates the president of the Senate to succeed as interim President of the republic should the chief of state die or retire from office. Since De Gaulle had made it known for a long time that he was determined to change this order of succession, the French Senate was well aware that it was heading for a constitutional showdown with the French President. In particular, De Gaulle detested the former Senate president, Gaston Monnerville, an intelligent but waspish Cayenne Negro whom De Gaulle would not even permit inside the Elysée Palace. The senators accepted, therefore, that it would be politically wise to remove their principal target, Monnerville, in the showdown which was clearly coming.

Poher, a modest and unassuming man, had not even thought of trying to become president of the French

Senate until it was urged on him. In domestic affairs, he had a record of consistent independent support for De Gaulle, but more important to the Monnet group and to the political developments which followed, he was an ardent European of the old school of Robert Schuman, whom he had served as a junior minister in the days when the European Coal and Steel Community was born. Support coalesced around Poher, and while the De Gaulle government was preoccupied with the mounting financial crisis of last October-November, Poher slid into position as De Gaulle's constitutional successor. When De Gaulle then got around to his referendum six months later to abolish the Senate as a legislative body and make the Prime Minister the presidential successor, Poher immediately rose to the challenge and proved to be a formidable and effective defender of constitutional traditionalism. Had Monnerville still been Senate president, his opposition could have been dismissed by the Gaullists as the attitude of an embittered politician who had opposed De Gaulle every step of the way. But Poher had supported De Gaulle, and his campaign against the referendum was serious and effective. In his final television broadcast on the eve of De Gaulle's defeat, he told the French people:

Nothing obliges General de Gaulle to renounce his mandate if the referendum is defeated. He has been elected for seven years. That is why I regret his determination and I hope that he will reconsider his decision. For my part, I have absolutely no wish for the functions of interim President, but if I assume them I will carry them out with all the firmness necessary because that is my duty as a republican and a democrat.

So much for the "chaos" warning from the man who would succeed De Gaulle. Poher's calm words seemed to reflect exactly the mood and attitude of a majority of the French people, 53 percent of whom voted against the referendum.

When Poher arrived at the Elysée Palace the afternoon after the referendum, he modestly set up in the office of the secretary-general of the palace rather than take over the desk used by De Gaulle. But his first acts were to dismiss the chief of De Gaulle's private secret service,

Jacques Foccart (who was later brought back by Pompidou), and to order the state television and radio service to open up its news programs and report all political activities of all candidates fully and impartially. In the presidential election campaign which followed the referendum, Poher's greatest impact came on the European issue—which is precisely what the Monnet forces had anticipated when they backed him as the interim successor to De Gaulle. During the election campaign he stated:

France is not called upon to play a role of domination. For ten years we have disconcerted our traditional friends without convincing new ones. If I insist on the need to create a living Europe, it is to give our country the economic power indispensable to a great modern nation, a power which is the only means of ensuring our independence. Isolated we cannot have influence. Jointly responsible within a community, our country can play a decisive role.

This was scarcely De Gaulle's approach to France's role in Europe, but it hit such a responsive note with the French people after eleven years of *gloire* that Poher momentarily surged into a public opinion poll lead ahead of Pompidou. The effect on Pompidou was immediate. He began to make more flexible noises about British entry into the Common Market and European policy in general.

Although Poher never stood much of a chance, he did offer the French voters a genuine democratic choice when they went to the polls. He did not leave the Gaullists and the Communists alone in the political arena, and his center-left political stance and appeal were strong enough to kill Pompidou's hopes for an instant first-round victory. Not only did he force Pompidou into a runoff; he also forced him to respond to political issues which Pompidou probably would just as soon have avoided. In fact, when the drift of the campaign on European questions became clear, the old-line Gaullists, alarmed at the stances Pompidou was taking, formed a "watchdog" committee for the preservation of Gaullist policy. Poher's moment was brief, and he is back in the obscurity of the French Senate, but he served his country well and made the most of his opportu-

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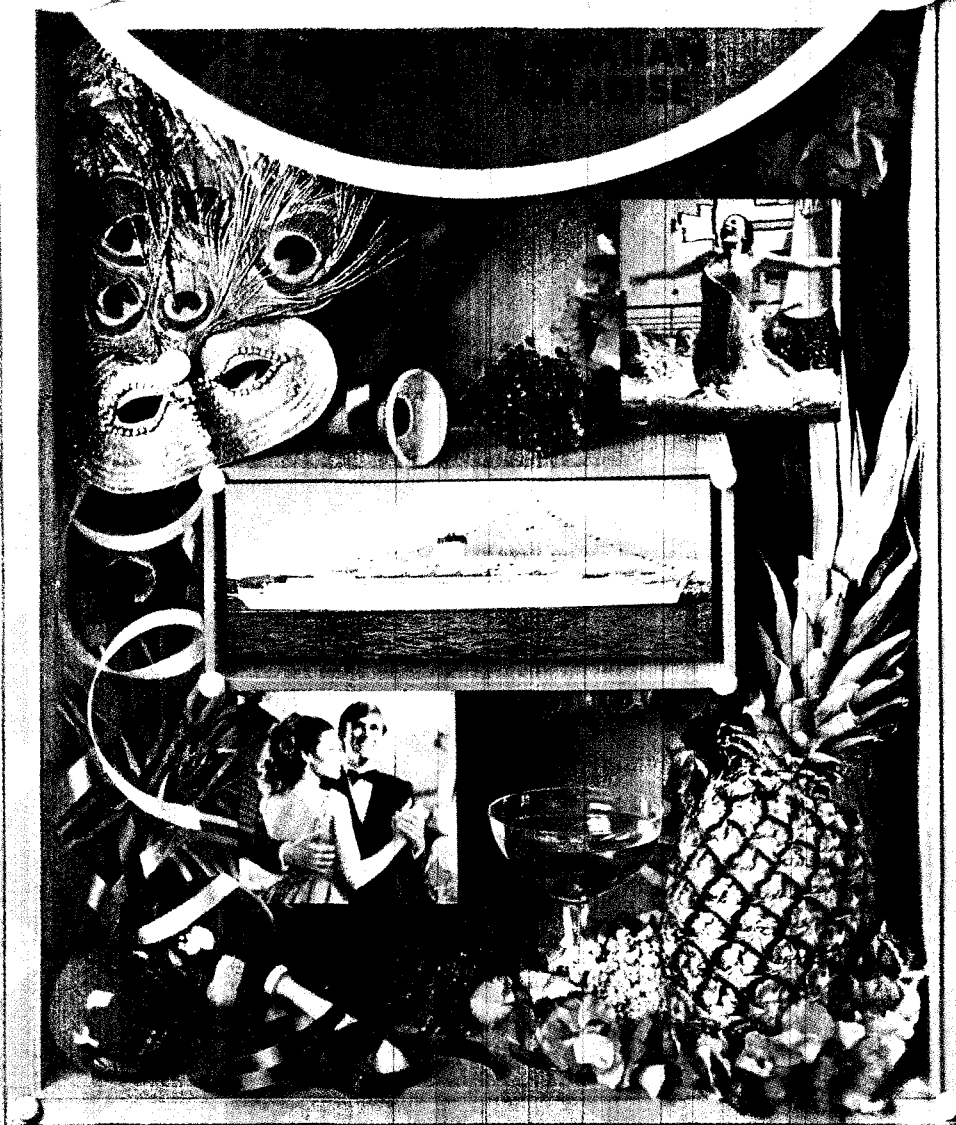
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France

nity when it came, and he deserves a footnote in history.

Pompidou, indeed, probably owes Poher an indirect debt of political thanks. The fact that he found himself in a real election contest and not just a walk-in meant that he went out and established himself as a political winner in his own right. General de Gaulle, who took himself off to Ireland until the voting was over, did not lift a finger to help his former Prime Minister, which was probably just as well for Pompidou. He owes no political debts on that side of the ledger, and the fact that he had to make certain commitments to flexibility and the need for change in the other direction to win his seven-year term of office not only gave him his own political identity but also gave him room for maneuver when he arrived at the Elysée Palace.

Pompidou clearly stands in no particular awe of his great predecessor. Indeed, as time goes on there is more and more evidence of a fairly deep antagonism between the two men. The new President scarcely conceals the fact that he feels there were many mistakes in the conduct of French affairs under De Gaulle, whatever his place in history. The manner in which De Gaulle summarily dismissed him after more than six years as Prime Minister certainly rankles Pompidou, even though the break turned out to be a lucky one. Pompidou's choice of date for his first press conference after he became President—the first anniversary of his dismissal as Prime Minister—was a typical Gaullist gesture which certainly could not have been lost on the General. At the same time, De Gaulle remains unbending and unforgiving toward Pompidou for the persistence with which he made himself available for the presidency, instead of disavowing and forswearing all intentions or ambitions as long as De Gaulle remained on the scene.

Nevertheless, the rapidity with which Pompidou has dumped many of the Gaullist policies which he inherited has taken the French by surprise and left the General's ultra-supporters sputtering. Pompidou certainly did not serve under De Gaulle for six years for nothing. The

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style is markedly different, but the Gaullist weapons of intense secrecy, sudden surprise, and attack, attack, attack are very much part of the political armory. This was seen most sharply, to the astonishment of the French and the rest of the world, in the abrupt, well-timed, and skillfully executed devaluation of the French franc on August 8, barely six weeks after Pompidou took office. But the preliminaries to devaluation had certainly shown clearly that Pompidou intended to govern in his own right and not sit looking over his shoulder at the long shadow from Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises.

This was immediately apparent in Pompidou's choice of Prime Minister and the formation of the cabinet. In place of the aloof, austere, Huguenot intellectual civil servant and diplomat Couve de Murville, he named Jacques Chaban-Delmas, a dapper, handsome, ambitious, energetic, extrovert politician. For eleven years Chaban-Delmas had served the Gaullist regime loyally in the awkward and trying position of president of the National Assembly, but he had become increasingly outspoken and critical of De Gaulle's indifference and disregard of the legislature and its political mood. His elevation to the prime ministership therefore signaled that the Pompidou regime intended to take its relations with Parliament a great deal more seriously and work at smoothing out political issues instead of riding roughshod as De Gaulle always did. After that, non-Gaullists or men of independent record of support for De Gaulle moved into the key policy-making ministries of the government: foreign affairs, finance and economics, agriculture, labor, and justice. Old Gaullists were retained in posts which are largely concerned with the internal operations rather than formulation of the main lines of policy: interior, defense, social security, industrial development, cultural affairs, education, and relations with parliament.

The trickiest political problem was the shunting to one side of Michel Debre, a former Prime Minister, minister of finance and economics, and minister of foreign affairs who is the chief remaining

"ultra" Gaullist in the government. After much maneuvering, he accepted the post of minister of defense in the end, upgraded to No. 2 in the government, where presumably he will keep the French military from getting too chummy with NATO once again, and fight for funds to keep the Gaullist *force de frappe* flying.

But Pompidou, in his first big governmental decision to devalue the franc, did not even consult Debre. Only eight men knew what was impending: Pompidou, Chaban-Delmas, Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, the president of the Banque de France, Oliver Wormser, and four senior civil servants. The list was significant and instructive. It was a technicians' operation par excellence, on which no visions of Gaullist political *gloire* intruded. Pompidou is a former banker. Both Chaban-Delmas and Giscard d'Estaing were of the elite *inspecteur des finances* inner circle of the French civil service before turning to politics. It is an old rule of French financial management that the *inspecteurs* believe that devaluation, like death and taxes, is something inevitable, and that periodically it is best to anticipate it and act before it is forced upon you. And act they did, when more than half the country was on the traditional August holiday. Pompidou moved in the manner of De Gaulle: in total secrecy, with the weapon of surprise attack and *fait accompli* mounted swiftly while he was still in a position of political strength after his election victory. The Gaullists outside the government were reduced to indignant comment at this abrupt abandonment of the sacred "defend the franc" policy of the General's.

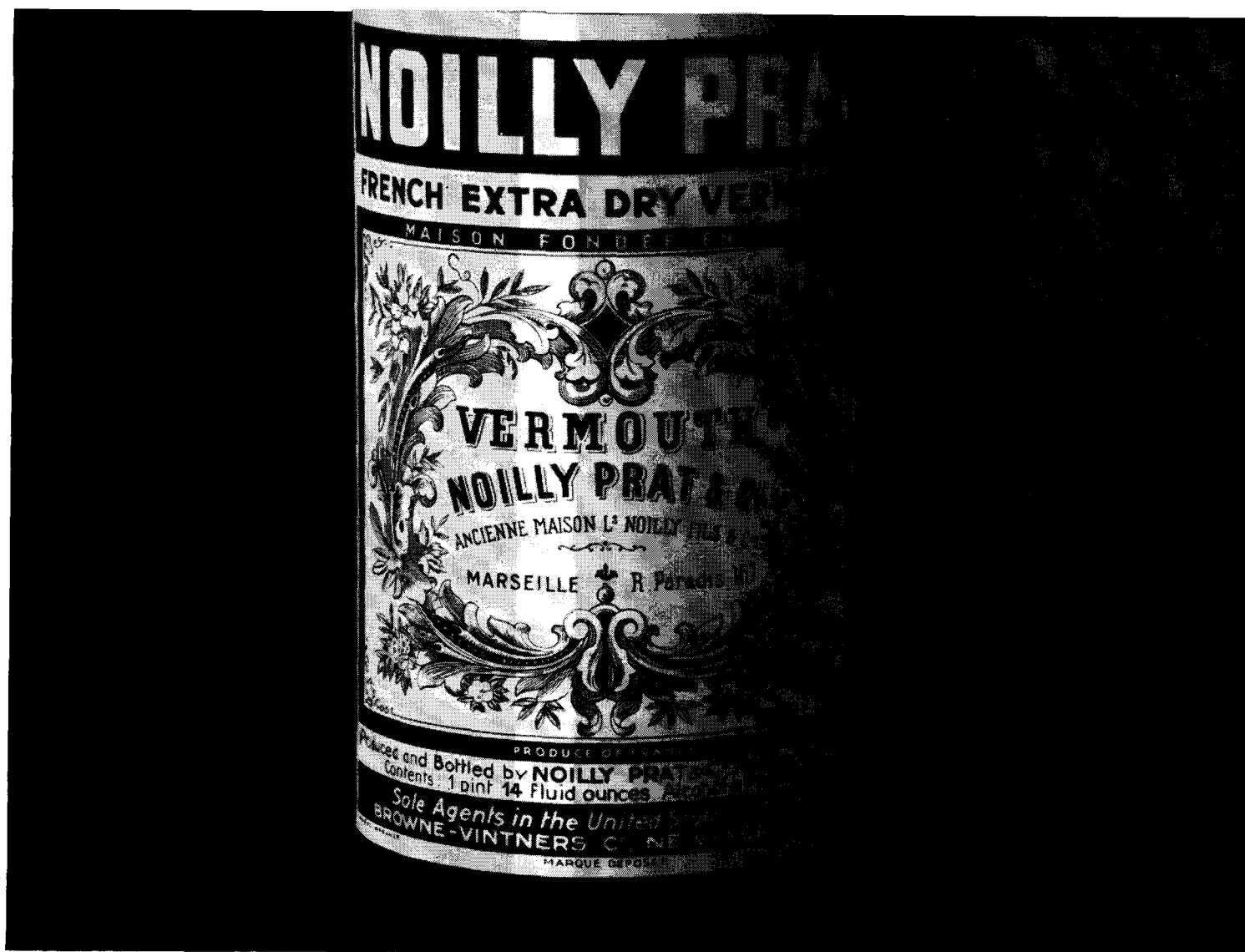
Devaluing Gaullism

On the economic front, devaluation in August certainly headed off a new round of speculation and monetary uncertainty for the French franc in October or November, and enables the government now to push forward to re-establish an atmosphere of confidence instead of crisis. But there was a great deal more to the move than just economics. Politically, Pompidou gained strength by acting swiftly and decisively to establish the fact that he is in power and intends to govern.

Above all, devaluation signaled an end to the Gaullist effort to establish France as the leader of a separate continental power center inside the Western world. It was always beyond France's economic means, and was sustained politically only by the extraordinary personal power of General de Gaulle. In short, it was not merely devaluation of the franc but devaluation of Gaullism as well. Other changes are also well under way: easing of the Gaullist total arms embargo against Israel; cooperation with the International Monetary Fund and acceptance of the Special Drawing Rights scheme which was so scorned by Debre when he was finance minister in March, 1968, just before the abrupt Gaullist decline began; a return to the Council of the Western European Union, which De Gaulle ordered boycotted in February, 1969; eventually a return to the seat at the disarmament negotiations in Geneva, which France has boycotted since 1961. With all of this, of course, there is a much warmer tone to relations between France and Washington. We may allow ourselves to be cynical about this, for it simply suggests once again a historic truism that when France has need of us, relations are good, but when France feels no need of us, relations have been sour.

On one Gaullist fundamental Pompidou remains firm, and it will take a major effort by every government concerned to get him to budge. That is Britain's entry into the European Common Market. Though he hasn't indulged in Gaullist propaganda about Britain not being "European" enough to consort with the Continent, Pompidou does believe that it is not in France's interest to have Britain in Europe. He has inherited from De Gaulle the closest thing to a Napoleonic continental system that France has achieved in a century and a half. Any enlargement of the Common Market automatically is a diminution of France's role in the Common Market.

In devaluing the franc, Pompidou has acknowledged that France is in no position economically to act as some European sun around which satellites might revolve. But it does not follow at all that he is prepared to see the Common Market enlarged. Unlike De Gaulle, however, Pompi-



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dou is counting on inertia rather than veto to keep the British out this time. The Pompidou line is that the other Common Market countries have been hiding behind the French veto to avoid looking at the problems which British entry would create for them as well as for France. When they examine it all clearly and coldly, their enthusiasm will diminish—so the French thesis runs. Moreover, Pompidou believes that the price which Britain will have to pay will now simply be too high, and that Britain's enthusiasm for joining Europe is going to wane along with the enthusiasm of its backers when the problems are really faced. His initial move on European political policy—to organize a summit meeting of the heads of government of the six Common Market countries—is designed with all of this in mind.

Whether things will work out the way Pompidou hopes and expects depends primarily on how the British and the other five Common Market countries elect to play the hand. On the part of Britain, it will certainly require determination and sacrifice, but all the evidence is that the British are no more willing to leave a Napoleonic system intact on the Continent, unchallenged, than they were in 1815. As for the other five, it is a question of their idealism about Europe's future against France's idealism. It is the Monnet concept against the De Gaulle concept still: the narrow Europe, no larger than the present grouping, or Europe of 250 million in one market instead of 185 million. Given the attitude of the new French President, the most encouraging fact is that the outcome of this new act in the drama can at least be regarded as an open question.

DON COOK

COAL MINING

1. The Union

When John Stofea, a loyal union man for twenty-three years, turned around in his seat on the first day of a recent United Mine Workers' convention, he couldn't believe what he saw. His boss at the U. S. Steel Company's coal mine at New Eagle,

Pennsylvania, was sitting behind him. Stofea had heard stories of his union's coziness with the coal industry, but this was too much. He headed for the nearest microphone to protest. But several men wearing miner's hard hats seized him and beat him into submission. He was led bleeding from the floor. While Stofea's experience was probably the worst, recent UMW conventions have been grim lessons for all among the rank and file who have opposed the will of W. A. "Tony" Boyle, the union's president since 1963. Boyle is the man the late John L. Lewis chose to carry on his policies when he retired after forty years as the UMW's president in 1960. Lacking the eloquence and bearing that made Lewis a legend among miners and a giant in the labor movement, Boyle has faced an increasingly restive membership. But he has stuck to the course charted by Lewis in the days after World War II when the coal industry was in dire economic straits. And he has taken strong measures to ensure that control of the organization rests with him, not with the men who dig the coal.

Today, some twenty years after Lewis made his decision that the UMW should permit, and even help finance, the mechanization of the nation's mines, the soft-coal industry has made a recovery from its postwar slump. The comeback of coal has been costly, however, and the miners have paid the highest price. Mechanization, which has kept the price of coal almost steady for the past twenty years, has reduced employment in the soft-coal fields from 440,000 men in 1948 to fewer than 140,000 as this year began. Mechanized coal operations have prospered, but many once-busy mining communities have become ghost towns. The burden of poverty in Appalachia, where most of the nation's coal is produced, has gotten worse. Although the UMW's actual membership is a closely guarded secret, knowledgeable U.S. Labor Department officials estimate it has dropped below 100,000 active miners, a sixth of what the union boasted in its heyday.

The accidental deaths for which mining is notorious have continued unchecked. They may even be increasing. Last year, 307 men were killed in soft-coal mines, 94 more than in 1967. Another 9000 were in-

jured. These figures, which rank coal mining as the nation's most dangerous industrial occupation, do not include those killed or disabled by the epidemic of "black lung" disease, which the U.S. Surgeon General has said may afflict as many as 100,000 active and retired miners. Known medically as coal worker's pneumoconiosis, "black lung" is caused by the inhalation of fine particles of coal dust. It is an incurable ailment that gradually destroys the lungs' ability to transfer oxygen to the bloodstream, leaving its victims chronically short of breath and vulnerable to emphysema and heart failure. "Black lung" has been recognized as an occupational hazard of coal mining in Britain for twenty-five years, but is only beginning to receive serious attention in this country.

Coal miners today are among the highest paid workers in American industry, with wages of more than \$30 per day. But the contracts which have provided these wages lack benefits which other unions have had for years. There are, for example, no sanitary facilities in the mines and some mines are without bathhouses. Sick or injured workers receive no pay while they are off the job. The UMW's Welfare and Retirement Fund provides free medical care to many miners and their families, but these benefits are cut off after a year if a man becomes disabled before reaching retirement age. The fund's pensions, which were recently raised \$35 a month, are still less than \$2000 per year.

The UMW is divided into twenty-three geographical districts in the United States, each with a set of officers whose job it is to enforce contracts with the industry. A complaint heard throughout the mining regions is that these officers, virtually all of whom are appointed by Boyle, not elected, seem to feel their job is to keep the coal flowing rather than to look out for the men. In one instance this year, the UMW's vice president was called in by district officers in Kentucky to add muscle to their efforts to end a wildcat strike at a large mine. The same officers, however, have done nothing about the fact that a number of mines in the same area have not paid union wages for years.

Rank-and-file dissatisfaction with recent contracts and their enforce-

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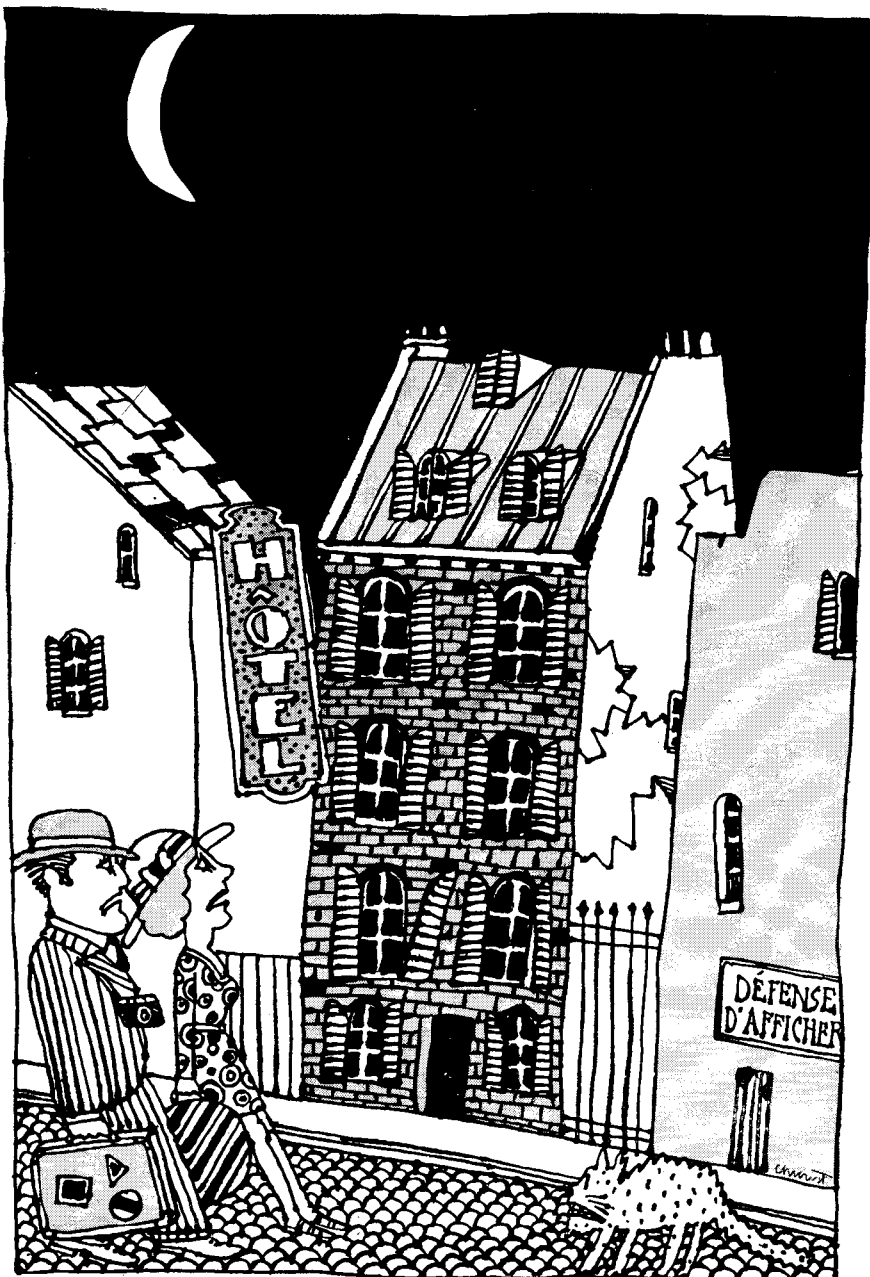
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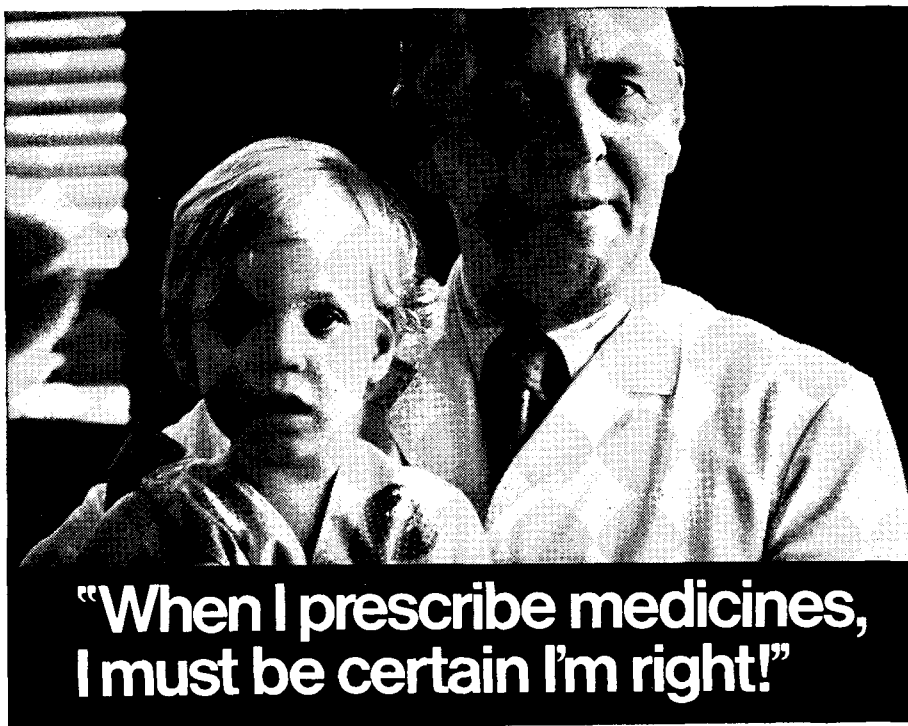
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Coal Mining: Union

ment has led to countless wildcat strikes in the past six years. Discontent is also hurting the industry in another important way. Some 50,000 new miners are expected to be needed to meet growing demand by 1974. But such is coal's reputation that even in the one-industry economy of Appalachia, many young men are refusing to go into the mines.

Despite the legacy of death, discontent, and poverty which Lewis left in Appalachia, few who know the coal industry question his wisdom in encouraging the mechanization of the mines. The conversion of railroads to diesel power and the loss of the home heating market to oil and gas put coal in deep competitive trouble in the late 1940s. The only hope seemed to be large-scale automation which could hold down the price of the fuel and make it attractive to utility companies for use in steam-generating plants. Moreover, Lewis' decision was not made without important concessions from the industry. The Welfare and Retirement Fund was established in 1948 and was regarded at the time as a stunning bargaining achievement. Financed by a royalty (it has been 40 cents since 1952) on every ton of coal produced in union mines, the fund made UMW members among the first workers in American industry to receive job pensions and free medical care. But the fund also gave the union a vested interest in coal production. This has led some to wonder if the fund, coupled with the union's desire to see the industry healthy again, has not caused the UMW's assistance to the major coal companies to go beyond cooperation to collusion. This view has been supported by two recent federal court decisions which found the union guilty of a collective bargaining conspiracy with certain large coal companies to give them a monopoly in the industry. The courts awarded more than \$10 million to small mining concerns which they ruled had been put out of business by UMW contracts tailored to the needs of the big producers.

Lewis seemed to feel the mechanization and consolidation of the industry could be accomplished with only a minimum impact on the



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PLAYBOY, COMING UP

NOVEMBER ISSUES

"Reader, suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself."

Neither the late Drew Pearson nor U.S. Representative Richard C. Bolling is quite as withering as Mark Twain was about the intelligence of our national lawmakers, but both demonstrate, in their tandem articles in November's **PLAYBOY**, that the art of criticizing Congress remains a lively one. Pearson's *The Senate*—an appropriate parting shot after more than 40 years of spinning riders on his Washington Merry-Go-Round—excoriates what he calls "the stench of putrefying ethics that hangs over the Capitol today." *The House*, by the respected Missouri Democrat—a veteran of 21 years in the lower chamber—authoritatively indicts an archaic and often corrupt committee system that caters to special-interest groups at the expense of the electorate. Both men propose radical (yet practical) reforms designed to give all the people a fairer shake in the halls of power.

* * *

"There is now no Anglo-Saxon writer alive," Sybille Bedford wrote in her review of *The Comedians*, "who can tell a story better than Mr. Graham Greene"—a proposition we think you'll agree is confirmed by a delightfully contrasting companion to Greene's currently best-selling *Collected Essays*. It's a novel called *Crook's Tour*, and you'll find the first installment in **PLAYBOY**'s November issue. A meek British bank clerk in early retirement, his thoroughly surprising aunt and her African manservant are the principal characters in a rollicking *Our-Man-in-Havana*-like tale permeated with—and every bit as heady as—*cannabis*. The emphasis this time is on humor, but the familiar Greene sense of urbane malignity is delightfully in evidence, too: It's as if Dostoevski had edited a P. G. Wodehouse story.

* * *

"He is a big man with an imperial manner. The head is leonine and the facial expression at once fierce and sullen. He was dressed, like a Mod black emperor, in a brilliantly colored dashiki, bell-bottom jeans and high-top country shoes . . . For over an hour, he delivered a passionate sermon that described the black man's plight in white society. It was filled with street talk, down-home slang and quotations from The Bible—but its effect was Greek tragedy with soul."

Thus runs part of the introduction to November's *Playboy Interview* with the Reverend Jesse Jackson, the 27-year-old economic director of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference and head of Chicago's Operation Breadbasket. Like our January 1965 conversation with Dr. King, whose pre-eminent place in the civil rights movement Jackson seems likely to inherit, the interview itself probes behind his "country preacher" oratory to the tough-minded political savvy—and the passionate humanity—of a powerful new black leader.

* * *

Alternatives to Analysis, by Ernest Havemann, a survey of the off-beat new regimens employed by post-Freudian therapists, and *Head Stone*, a cliché-free look at rock-'n'-Rolling Stone Mick Jagger by *Punch*'s Deputy Editor Alan Coren, are two other disparate elements in the November **PLAYBOY** mix—but that's enough for one short column. Enough, that is, to assure old friends that the new issue lives up to **PLAYBOY**'s catholic and literate standards—and enough, we hope, to make a few new friends as well. Like yourself?

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Coal Mining: Union

mining regions. The larger companies, many using capital furnished by the UMW, would gradually take over and modernize most of the coal production. Displaced workers would be absorbed by the expanding postwar economy. It was to be an orderly process, and for a time, it was. But the recessions of the late 1950s disrupted the program, reducing coal demand, increasing layoffs, and making other jobs extremely scarce. The result was that many small mines which had closed because they could not meet the terms of UMW contracts reopened, using labor supplied by the layoffs at the large mines. The union contract was no longer an issue. Men were desperate for jobs, and, primitive though they were, these so-called "dog-holes" offered work. Soon these nonunion operations had taken over a sizable share of the coal market by undercutting prices charged by their larger competitors. Lewis never seemed to doubt that his plan was working. "It has not been a social revolution of any magnitude," he said in 1960 of the impact of automation. That year, 10,000 men were put out of work, and union membership declined sharply as coal struggled with its worst slump since 1949.

The passing of the recession and the extraordinary growth of the electricity market put coal, union and nonunion, squarely on its feet by 1963, the year Tony Boyle took office. If it seems surprising that the shrewd Lewis never lost faith in his policy of working closely with the major coal companies, it is perhaps more surprising that his successors have not come up with a new program.

Out of place

In contrast to life in the coal regions is the scene at UMW headquarters in Washington, where the union hierarchy holds forth in a baronial old building that once housed a downtown men's club. With its paneled walls, high ceilings, and brass chandeliers, the six-story structure seems out of place in an age of glass-walled skyscrapers. But it is symbolic of the men who occupy it.

William Anthony Boyle is a volatile, five-foot-six-inch Irishman with a pallid complexion and sandy hair that has receded exactly halfway back on his head. The son of a Montana coal miner, he worked in the mines himself until his election as president of the union's district in his home state in 1940. Eight years later he was brought to Washington to become Lewis' administrative assistant and protégé. When Lewis retired, Boyle was appointed vice president of the organization, replacing the aging Thomas Kennedy, who became president. When Kennedy fell ill in 1962, Boyle became acting head of the union and automatically took over as president when Kennedy died in 1963. A dapper man, Boyle always sports a rose in his lapel and is fond of brightly colored shirts and ties. At sixty-four, he is the youngest of the three top UMW officers. George Titler, the cigar-chomping, three-hundred-pound vice president, is in his seventies and John Owens, the secretary-treasurer, is almost eighty. Owens, who has fallen a year and a half behind in his semi-annual financial reports to the membership, lately has been trying to project a more youthful image. He wears a powdery-looking gray wig which makes him unrecognizable from earlier photographs which show him completely bald.

There is a fourth member of the hierarchy who may be more important than all the rest. She is Suzanne V. Richards, a bossy, capable, forty-two-year-old spinster who is Boyle's executive assistant. A self-made woman who worked her way up from clerk-typist, she now holds a law degree and is paid \$40,000 a year—as much as Owens and Titler and only \$10,000 less than Boyle himself. Reports of Miss Richards' authority vary, but few doubt that Boyle relies heavily on her judgment.

Since taking office, Boyle has worked diligently to improve the economic lot of the coal industry. He is chairman of the National Coal Policy Conference, an unusual joint industry-union lobbying organization to which the UMW annually contributes at least \$75,000. He makes frequent trips to Capitol Hill to warn against the dangers of atomic energy, which is regarded as the chief threat to coal's future. Until the Farmington disaster, the



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Coal Mining: Union

Boyle regime did not support a single piece of new mine safety legislation. It did vigorously endorse a measure to bring mines employing fewer than fifteen men under the jurisdiction of existing federal laws, but even this effort reeked of collusion with the big companies, which had long chafed at the small mines' exemption from the laws. The National Bank of Washington, which the UMW controls, has loaned millions of dollars to coal companies to help them modernize. A UMW-owned holding company, Lewmurken, Inc., has also invested in coal. The hierarchy justifies these capitalist adventures as efforts "to enhance the employment opportunities of UMW members." But in at least one case, the opposite has occurred. Lewmurken has loaned \$375,000 to a firm called the Freeport Coal Company to enable it to keep intact a 20,000 acre tract of coal land in northeastern West Virginia. The investment has been unprofitable and Freeport has yet to pay back any of the money. Furthermore, it is now leasing the land to a nonunion operator.

It would no doubt create quite a stir among miners if it became known that their dues were being used to support a nonunion operation. But the union's official organ, the *United Mine Workers Journal*, tells the membership only what the hierarchy thinks it should know. The *Journal* publishes no letters to the editor and devotes much of its space to a Chinese-wall-poster-style glorification of Boyle and his fellow officers. "The big three," it adoringly calls them.

"More democratic"

The rank-and-file voice in union policy is supposed to be heard at the UMW's quadrennial conventions, which Boyle says are "more democratic than the United States Congress." In practice, as John Stofea learned in 1964, the conventions operate quite differently. The hierarchy has kept in existence about 600 locals composed entirely of inactive miners, despite clear provisions in the union constitution that such locals be disbanded. The delegate credentials for these locals are

distributed by the international officers to members friendly to their cause, and they attend the conventions without being elected. To make the trip more pleasant for the hierarchy's handpicked delegates, they are often appointed to one of the more than 500 \$60-a-day convention jobs, such as acting as ushers or serving on various committees. The exact number of appointed delegates varies, but there is little doubt that it is at least a majority.

In 1968, the convention was flooded with resolutions drawn up by the international but signed with the names of various locals. These boiler-plate measures called for Boyle's election to a life term (which would be illegal) and the doubling of his salary. Boyle modestly turned them down. Meanwhile, certain controversial proposals, calling for such reforms as the election of district officers, mysteriously got lost and never appeared in the records of the convention.

Nevertheless, there is hopeful talk these days among reform-minded UMW members. Representative Ken Hechler of West Virginia and Ralph Nader, the consumer and safety advocate, have embarrassed the hierarchy with a series of well-publicized attacks on its close ties to the industry. And Joseph Yablonski, a respected member of the union's executive board who is opposing Boyle in the union's elections in December, has won a fight to gain enough local union endorsements so that his name will appear on the ballot. (Boyle pushed a constitutional amendment through the 1964 convention raising the number of local endorsements needed from five to fifty.) Whatever the outcome, Yablonski's candidacy is the first serious challenge to an incumbent UMW president in almost fifty years, and that alone might be enough to produce some major changes. If not, reform may come anyway—by court order. The government's long-delayed suit to force the election of district officers is expected to be decided this year. And a group of miners and widows filed a sweeping \$75 million federal suit in Washington in August against Boyle and his fellow officers, the welfare fund, the union's bank, and a number of coal companies. The suit charges that the fund has been "plundered" in recent years to ad-

vance private economic interests (not specifically named) at the expense of the rank and file. The union officers are apparently taking the matter seriously. They have hired Edward Bennett Williams to defend them.

A. BRITTON HUME

COAL MINING

2. Benton, Illinois

A cross-country motorist might not notice anything unusually bleak about Benton, Illinois, compared with West Virginia, eastern Kentucky, and Pennsylvania coal towns. You don't see all that soot and coal dust making the white frame houses black. "To the innocent urban eye it looks very much like any small town in Illinois; one has to go to the unincorporated fringe, or to a tavern in an obscure alley off the square, to see what almost ten years of poverty will do to human beings." Thus *Trans-Action* magazine described Benton (fictitiously named Clyde) in its cover story two years ago on the decline of small towns. Reflecting on growing up there, I recall that obscure alley, the tavern, nearly everything. It's a pleasant recollection filled with nostalgia; doesn't everyone think of his hometown this way? Yet there is something unusual about Benton. It bears a scar of disaster.

The time was four days before Christmas, 1951. Winter had officially arrived, and a large shift was busy mining coal at Orient No. 2, between Benton and West Frankfort. One loud blast and Orient No. 2 had blown. After a four-day vigil, 119 miners, all but one on the shift, were counted dead. West Frankfort (the mine is slightly closer to it than to Benton) became a household word.

West Frankfort has now been joined by Farmington, West Virginia, the most recent tragedy in a series which includes Monogah, West Virginia, scene of a mining disaster in 1907 that took 362 lives, the highest death toll recorded in this country. Each of these tragedies tends to bring token ameliorative action. After Monogah, the U. S. Bureau of Mines was created. West Frankfort led to the watered-down Federal Coal Mine Safety Act of

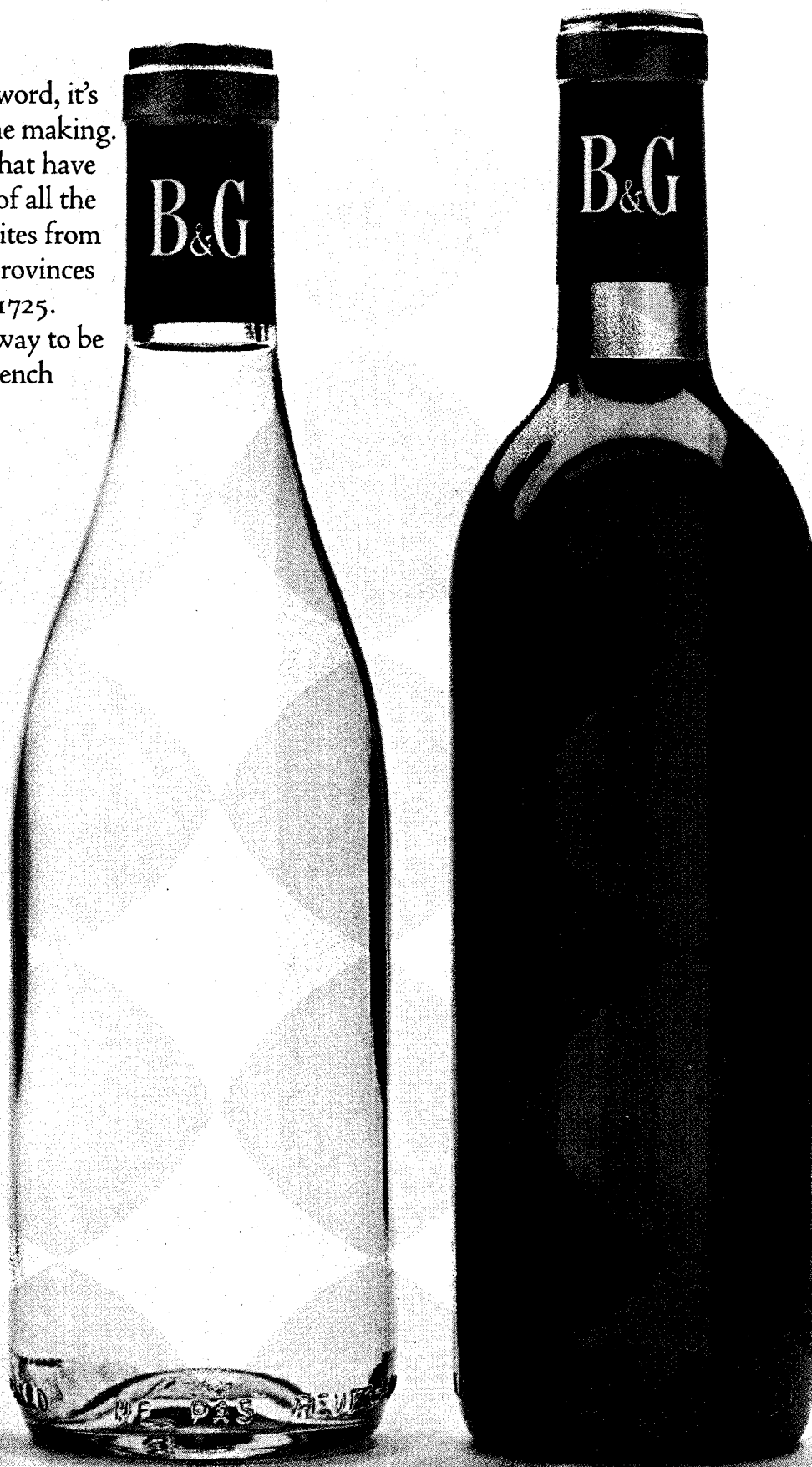
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Coal Mining: Illinois

1952. There is hope that the public outrage and miners' strike in Farmington following the explosion there last fall that killed 78 men will produce meaningful mine reforms.

Benton is located in the heart of Little Egypt, 300 miles due south of Chicago and 100 miles east of St. Louis. Driving from St. Louis takes under two hours if you know the shortcuts, along stretches of dirt road. No trains go directly from St. Louis, or from Chicago anymore, but there are a few Greyhound bus runs.

Benton borders on Williamson County, described by Paul Angle in *Bloody Williamson* as the place where 500 striking miners massacred 19 strike-breaking miners in 1922. It happened, one of the worst episodes in U. S. labor history. No one is proud of it. That kind of violence is gone.

Four in the morning

There's no doubt coal *was* dominant in Benton. Today, even though the demands for coal have increased, southern Illinois mines are on the decline. The overworked veins have been depleted. Strip mining has moved in. Many miners are no longer needed in John L. Lewis country. (His late brother, Howard, was mayor of Benton.) Economic death is now a certainty for many family heads. Why, then, do so many stay, seeing hope in hopelessness?

Few outsiders, I think, can understand. Mining seems to offer almost nothing. Sociologists have made careful studies (for example, Herbert Lantz, in *The People of Coal Town*), but an explanation of what motivates miners remains obscure. Perhaps the miner's daily routine helps one understand them.

It's four in the morning and dark in Benton when the miner and his wife awaken. Breakfast is large for a long, arduous day in the pit: heaps of eggs, bacon and ham, biscuits, pancakes, potatoes. All of it is greasy; almost everything is fried in bacon grease. Breakfast is finished, but still there is no sunlight. Soon the miner's ride will come for the drive to work of several miles. It's

often a car-pool arrangement, as in suburbia.

The miner takes his lunch in a dull-looking rectangular-shaped box with an oval lid. Color it black. Inside is a thermos bottle usually filled with hot coffee. Alongside are sandwiches, cookies, and perhaps an orange, grapes, or a banana. He'll eat lunch (called dinner; the evening meal is supper) around 11 A.M. His wife usually prepares it the night before, unless perishables are used. Often there is no light. He'll eat quickly down below. There is no guaranteed hour for lunch. There's not much for him to do or see anyway after he has finished eating.

Working in a mine must feel like living entombed, or rather working entombed. Although specific jobs vary, most are physically demanding. The miner must hammer and chisel. The stooping alone is hell on one's back and legs. It's literally back-breaking. Ventilation is poor. Miners inhale harmful quantities of gaseous fumes without relief.

Time passes slowly. No matter how busy the miner is, his body reminds him that it's being punished. The boredom of doing tedious chores may set in, but lack of attention to his work for a second could mean instant death, or at least crushing a leg or losing a finger.

Leaving work around 3 or 3:30 P.M., the miner returns home with his car pool; again as in suburbia. He's tired, often exhausted, and hungry. Awaiting him is a heavy meal prepared by his wife. He may relax for a few minutes with a beer watching television, but he'll eat within half an hour. By five, usually earlier, he'll be finished, capping the workday as it began with heaps of food. Fried chicken, mashed potatoes with giblet gravy, corn bread, biscuits, and green beans are common. After supper he reads the local paper, talks with his family, and watches television. He doesn't see the late shows; he goes to sleep no later than 9 P.M.

Coal town is insecure. It sees that people elsewhere have more opportunities and that it is education and savoir faire which enable them to get the "soft jobs." The miner feels exploited, and this was true even when he was paid a wage which satisfied him. His efforts converted

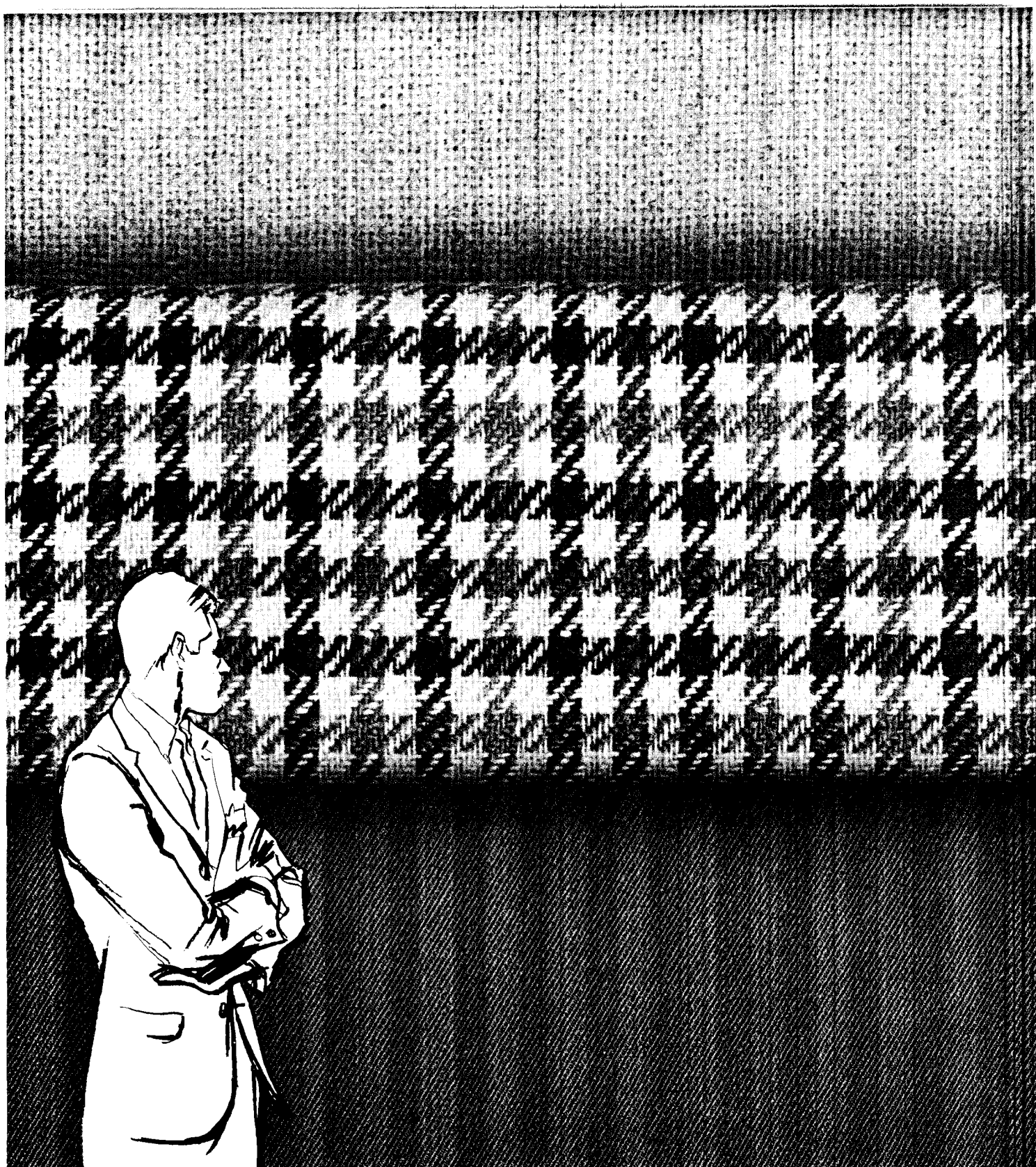
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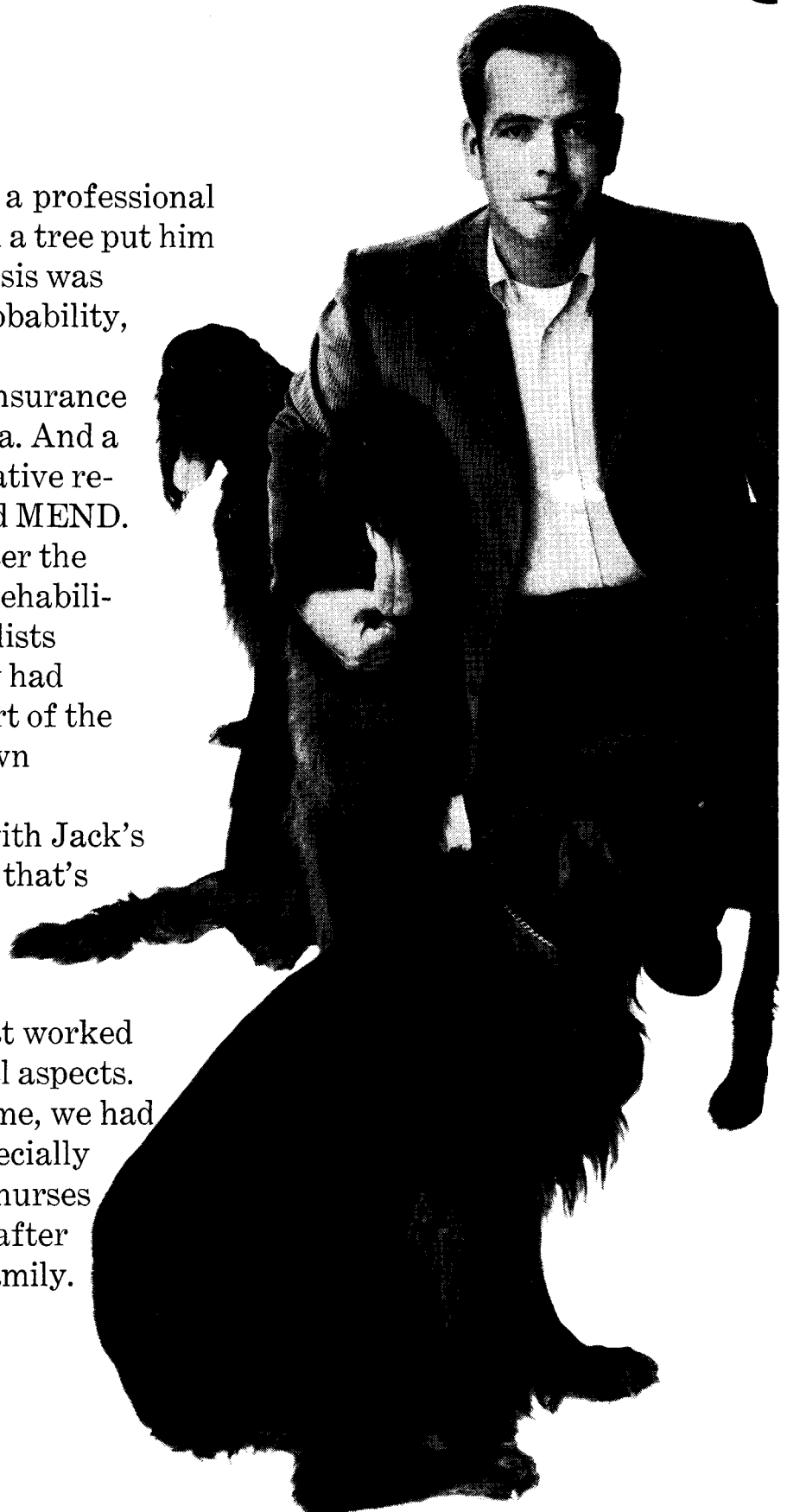
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As a rehabilitation concept, though, MEND goes still further. Recently we created the INA MEND Institute where creative research is helping us learn how to make rehabilitation in the future broader and more effective.

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Coal Mining: Illinois

a plentiful but useless natural resource into a much needed valuable product. Although times were not too hard, others seemed to reap a higher return than he did: physicians, merchants, and lawyers, who didn't break their backs or risk their lives down below, and therefore didn't really deserve the money.

He's not proud of being intolerant of lawyers who live well, or absentee mineowners in St. Louis, Chicago, or New York. But the coal industry is dying. Any automated innovation which gives it a lease on life relegates him further down the ladder, even though he's toiled for years in the pits. He's now in his fifties, tired, sick, and unable to be retrained. Even if he were able, for what would he be retrained? Few new industries are being attracted in coal country, and if they were, young men would be wanted, not a worn-out has-been.

Coal town's history has always been marked by discrimination and intolerance. A sizable group of miners who justifiably felt they were sec-

ond-class citizens were the immigrants. In the 1930s large groups of Italians and Eastern Europeans migrated to the thriving coalfields. Hard work was not anathema to them, and the coalfields' high wages were to be the promised land. Financially, they fared well, but not without harassment and humiliation from the indigenous working force which saw them as a threat. Italians were "encouraged" to live in segregated parts of town, and then accused of being clannish and lazy, doing nothing but guzzling beer and playing *boccie* ball.

Eastern Europeans fared worse. Mostly from Poland and Hungary, they were often not even permitted to settle in some sections of town. Entire settlements or company towns were set up. Here, as in Orient, Illinois, ten miles southwest of Benton, these Eastern European immigrants lived in small wooden dwellings owned by the coal companies. European customs were maintained, and many did not learn to speak English. Blacks in Williamson County worked mainly in segregated, nonskilled jobs.

Coal still employs more people

than any other industry in this area. There are people living in Benton who earn a living some other way, yet coal affects them, if only indirectly, and they must be seen in terms of their everyday relationship with the men who work down below the earth.

No mix

In Benton a coal miner has status, at least compared with his blue-collar counterpart in the city. He lives next door to lawyers, doctors, and businessmen. They talk together about how things are at the courthouse, prospects for the forthcoming high school basketball season, their sons' and daughters' social lives. Maybe there's even a perfunctory, "How are things down below?" "OK, things could be worse." There's really not much else to say.

Small talk, living next door, might appear to be real camaraderie for the miner and the "professional folk." Actually, it is superficial. In the city, white- and blue-collar workers aren't neighbors, and the boss and his employees talk only on the job.

Socially in Benton there's the same gulf, and when it comes to real mixing, a line is drawn. "Those rich folks dance and carry on at the country club. We just play cards at the American Legion. They don't really want to be with us." There's truth here.

Years ago miners married young, usually about twenty-one, after two or three years of Army duty. They often chose a miner's daughter. "We already had something in common. Hell, no lawyer's girl knew what it's like to work." The other girls weren't available very long past high school, anyway, for many went to St. Louis or Chicago to work as secretaries or airline stewardesses, and some went off to college. The miner's daughter stayed at home. She also married young. There weren't too many bachelors left if she waited much past twenty-five; if she did, it was quite likely that she would never marry.

These days, even though being neighbors hasn't meant real social interchange for the banker and miner, their children have learned to mix freely in athletics and school activities. They date and often marry. Classmates often don't know a

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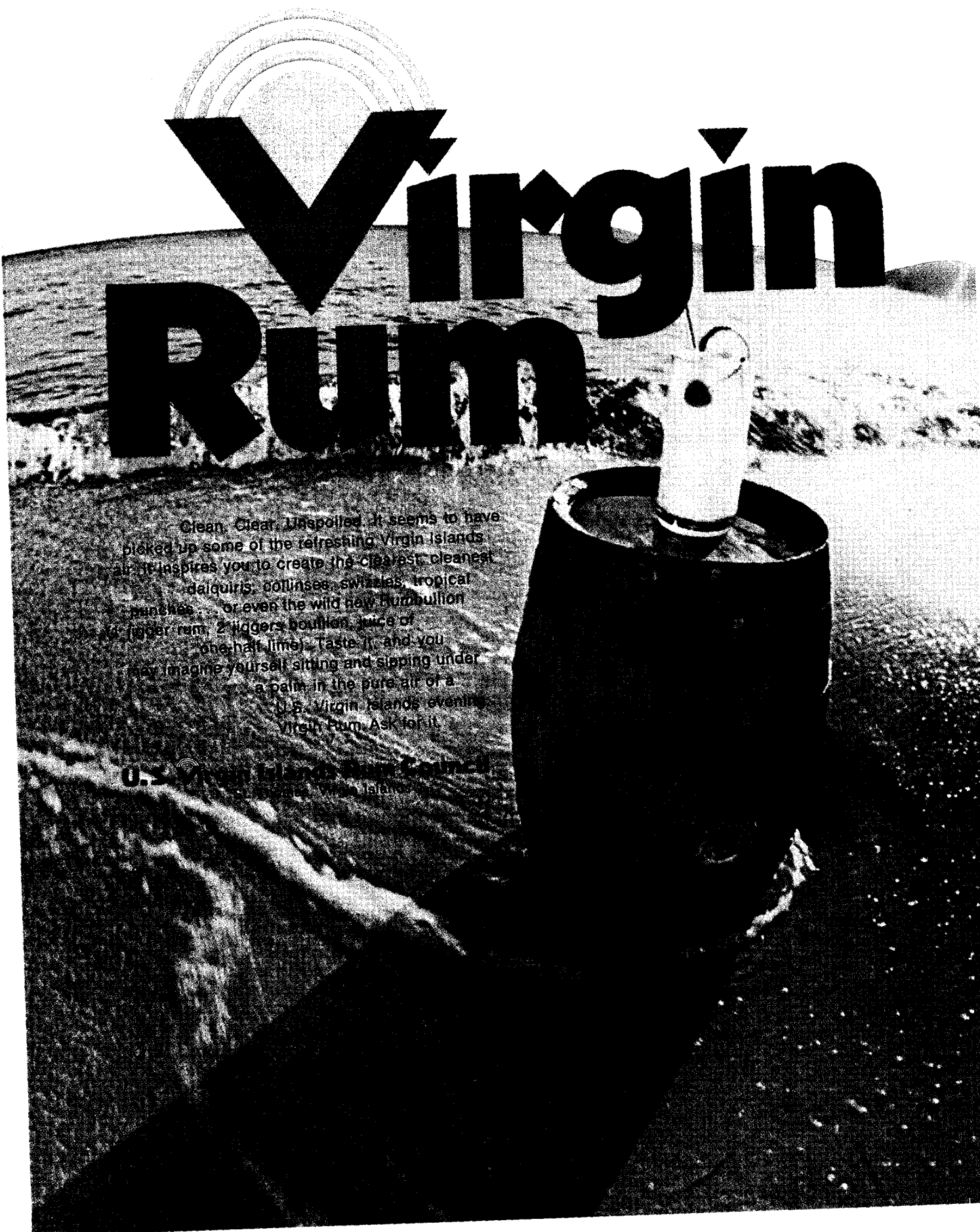
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Coal Mining: Illinois

friend's father's occupation, and if they do, it doesn't matter. These sons and daughters of miners now get an education. It's as sacred as in suburbia. They may attend junior colleges, or if they're lucky, Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. Scholarships elsewhere are scarce.

"Gotta Travel On"

The practical advantages of a college degree are readily recognized. Parents sacrifice. A surprisingly large percentage of their kids do get degrees and some go on to teach in universities, and others become lawyers and doctors. Education often works against the parents, for the educated children tend to move on. (The population is now 7023, down 1500 since 1950.) The ones who do return have legacies of a law or medical practice awaiting them, but there is no legacy in mining. And really the miner is glad. Mining's not suitable for the educated. Mining was good to him, at least in some ways. He has had his day. He's resigned. Relief and pensions have replaced work.

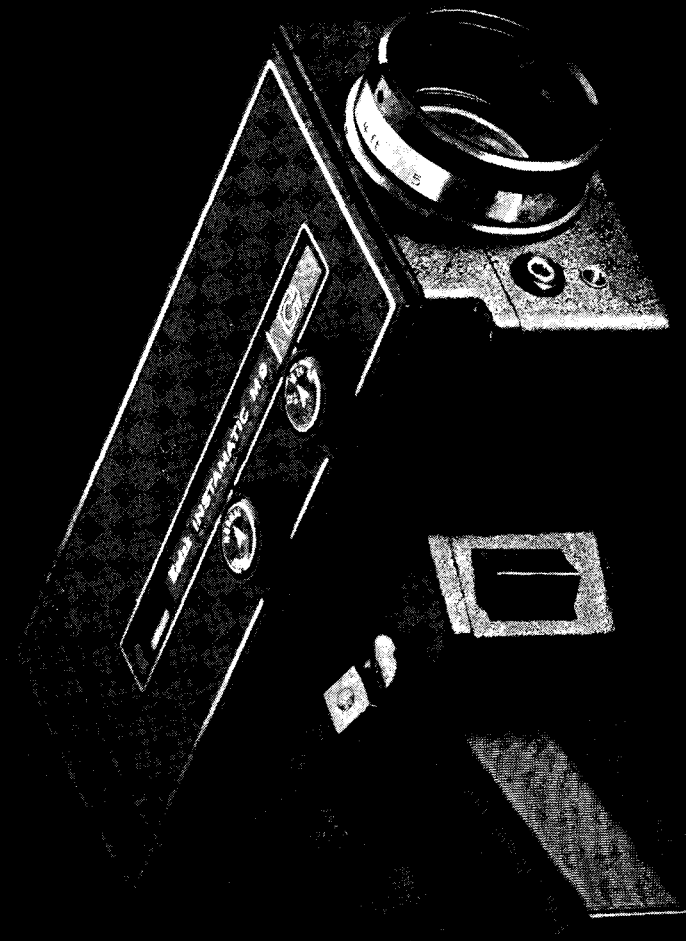
There are few claims to fame here other than children's accomplishments. A Benton native had a hit country-style record a few years ago, "Gotta Travel On." He and his Grand Ole Opry gang occasionally return to perform on the high school football field. Beatle George Harrison's sister lives there. People still talk about seeing George before he was famous.

Not too much else important has happened. People struggle daily to eke out a living in an industry which used to pay well and keep the employment level high. Twenty-five years ago the mine payroll was over \$1 million a month; now it's \$150,000.

The going is getting rougher each day for the miner, and his age is beginning to show. The stooping, lifting, chiseling. While he's working, he can't tell that hard times have come. Sure, he's slowed down a bit, but that happens to everybody—Stan Musial, Bob Pettit. The doctors and lawyers aren't what they used to be either.

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bad in Benton. It doesn't take a romantic to lose himself in thoughts of Huckleberry Finn: hunting, fishing, chasing flyballs all summer long. But it is deceptive, with integral pieces of the puzzle left out. It takes a hard look to see what ten years of poverty will do to human beings.

THOMAS GOLDWASSER

SURINAM

Last August there were reports from The Hague that 159 Dutch soldiers had been vaccinated in preparation for combat in Surinam. Surinam (formerly Dutch Guiana) and Guyana (formerly British Guiana) were squabbling over a five-thousand-square-mile piece of jungle near the Courantyne River, their common border. Guyana claimed that settlers from Surinam had "invaded" its territory. Surinam said the land belonged to Surinam. No one really knew who was right because of the continuous shifting of the river and the still unsolved problem of which of many tributaries is its true source.

Guyana had been more or less in control of the disputed area for almost a century. Problems arose when word got out that Surinam planned to build an airstrip there. A brief confrontation at the border followed, but no one was reported killed or hurt. In the end, Holland said it would send no troops to Surinam, despite the rumors, and that the matter should be settled in the UN.

Both sides were fortunate that no real fighting broke out. The trouble spot is buried deep in the equatorial rain forest—at least two hundred miles from the nearest highway. It would have been extremely expensive and almost physically impossible to have a war there. The region is practically uninhabited. Without an airplane it takes two or three weeks to get there from the coast, via riverboat, truck, and horse.

Perhaps the most valuable result of the feud along the Courantyne was that it made the newspapers. For this tiny land is almost unknown—a seemingly insignificant blob on the northeast shoulder of South America. Yet it has a unique

cultural history. Today it is one of the few truly successful multiracial societies in the world.

I met a young Negro from Iowa who had been in Surinam for just a few weeks. A Vietnam War veteran, he and his pregnant Filipino wife had left the United States because they were fighting a losing battle in what he called "the other war": racial discrimination at home. "Surinam ain't exactly heaven," he mused, sipping a beer on the balcony of a boardinghouse in Paramaribo, the capital (accent on "mar"), "but it's only about four steps away." The move to Surinam had been a good one for him. The baby had been born, and he had been hired as a mechanic by the country's local airline, Surinam Airways.

Surinam's flag tells the story. It has five stars of different colors, linked by an ellipse, over a plain background. The message is simple: harmony among the races. In Paramaribo you can sit on the terrace of a Chinese restaurant on a street named Keizerstraat and look at the Neveh Shalom synagogue across the street. Two doors farther down there's a Muslim mosque.

Surinam is almost as big as Illinois. It lies just north of the Equator, between Brazil and the Atlantic Ocean. Guyana borders it on the west and French Guiana on the east. Ninety-two percent of Surinam is tropical rain forest, and there are parts of the country that have yet to be explored. Even though it has one of the highest growth rates in the world (more than 4 percent a year), Surinam's population is only about 400,000. Of these, more than 70 percent live in or near Paramaribo.

Soon after the Dutch were forced to surrender New York to the British, the Treaty of Breda in 1667 awarded Surinam to the Netherlands in return. The Dutch ultimately got the better of the deal. England lost its prosperous prize to upstart revolutionaries, while Holland was able to hold on to its then unknown colony on the coast of South America.

Today Surinam is an equal member of the Royal Kingdom of the Netherlands, along with Holland and the Netherlands Antilles. When the Nazis overran Holland in World War II, Surinam could have declared its independence. Instead, it

remained loyal to the Queen in exile, and as a reward it was upgraded from colony to equal partner in 1954.

Surinam has its own flag, its own money, and its own national anthem, but it still depends on Holland for defense and foreign policy. There is representational, democratic internal rule (Surinam's Staten, or parliament, has been meeting peacefully for over 100 years), but the Queen still appoints a governor to act as general overseer of the country.

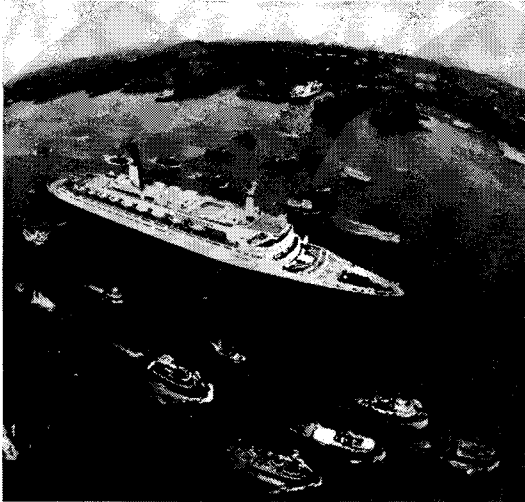
To understand why the people of Surinam reflect such a broad spectrum of colors, cultures, languages, and religions, we must go back to the seventeenth century, when white men first intruded on what had been for centuries the home of Arawak and Carib Indians.

Amsterdam merchants traded along the Guiana coast as early as 1613, but the first colonists were the English, who came from Barbados around 1630. The first really permanent settlers, however, were Portuguese Jews who had been expelled from Brazil in the 1660s. In 1685 they built a synagogue and established the town of Joden Savanne (Jewish Savannah) on the Surinam River. Economic hardships and tropical diseases slowly took their toll, and Joden Savanne withered away and was swallowed by the dense jungle. Today you can visit the ruins of the settlement and see the tombstones of those early pioneers. The Jewish influence, although small, remains in modern Surinam; there are two synagogues in Paramaribo.

Better deal

During the eighteenth century, when the Netherlands had a solid claim to Surinam, Dutch settlers began to trickle in. They were followed by slaves from Africa who were needed to work on the sugar plantations. Slavery in Dutch Guiana was abolished in 1863, and this led to a wave of contract laborers from India. This continued until the early years of the twentieth century, when the growth of the Gandhi movement put moral pressure on Britain to stop the export of Indian workers. The Dutch then turned to their former colony of Java for more field hands for Surinam.

When "Swinging London" crosses the Atlantic, we help guide her by satellite.



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Surinam

These immigration patterns explain the present-day composition of Surinam's population. The Creoles (35 percent) are the dark-skinned, mixed-race descendants of the African slaves. Most live in the cities and hold jobs ranging from dock worker to mining engineer. The descendants of the workers who came from India are known as Hindustanis (35 percent) in Surinam. This is to distinguish them from the native, pre-Columbus Indians, who are called Amerindians. Surinam's Hindustanis are hardworking and successful. You find them as farmers, policemen, merchants, bus drivers. There are Javanese (15 percent), most of whom work on the rice and sugar plantations and have not been assimilated into urban life. Their standard of living is lower than that of the Creoles and Hindustanis.

Chinese and Amerindians account for 2 percent each, and there are also small numbers of Lebanese, ex-Palestinians, and North Americans in Surinam. The Chinese have dedicated themselves almost exclusively to small grocery and dry goods stores and restaurants.

There is one other important population group in Surinam: the primitive Bush Negroes (as they are called in Surinam), who live in the jungles of the interior. There are 40,000 of them, or 10 percent of the total. Despite the similarity in skin color, these people have absolutely nothing in common with the literate, modern Creoles of Paramaribo. The Bush Negroes are said to be the only functioning African tribal society in the Western Hemisphere. They are the descendants of slaves who were taken forcibly to Surinam in the early 1700s, and who ran away as soon as they got the chance. The runaways penetrated so deeply into the jungle that their Dutch overseers were unable to bring them back to the plantations. The colonial government finally recognized their right to live as they wished, and signed a separate treaty with the runaways in 1761. The ex-slaves reverted to their African tribal and social patterns, and their descendants continue to live this way—just a few minutes away from modern society.

Thanks to a new road built by the Surinam Aluminum Company,

a subsidiary of Aluminum Company of America, it is easy for nonsafari-type visitors to see the Bush Negroes of the interior. They live in small settlements of from five to perhaps twenty-five thatch huts. The women, who wear nothing above the waist, spend their time carrying water and preparing food, while the men hunt and fish. The Surinam government provides medical care and offers food and other supplies when they are needed. But mostly it leaves the Bush Negroes—and the Amerindians, too—alone.

This seems to be the key to racial harmony in Surinam. There is complete racial and religious integration and toleration, but there is little cultural assimilation. Surinam is in fact an anthropologist's paradise. Bush Negroes burn exotic designs into their faces and chests. Amerindians paint their bodies. Javanese mothers put blue dots on their babies' heads to keep evil spirits away. An old Muslim sings from the Koran every night in the doorway of a downtown Paramaribo store. Creoles congregate in a waterfront bar to listen to "The Mighty Sparrow" on the juke-box.

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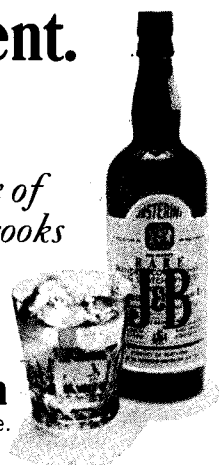
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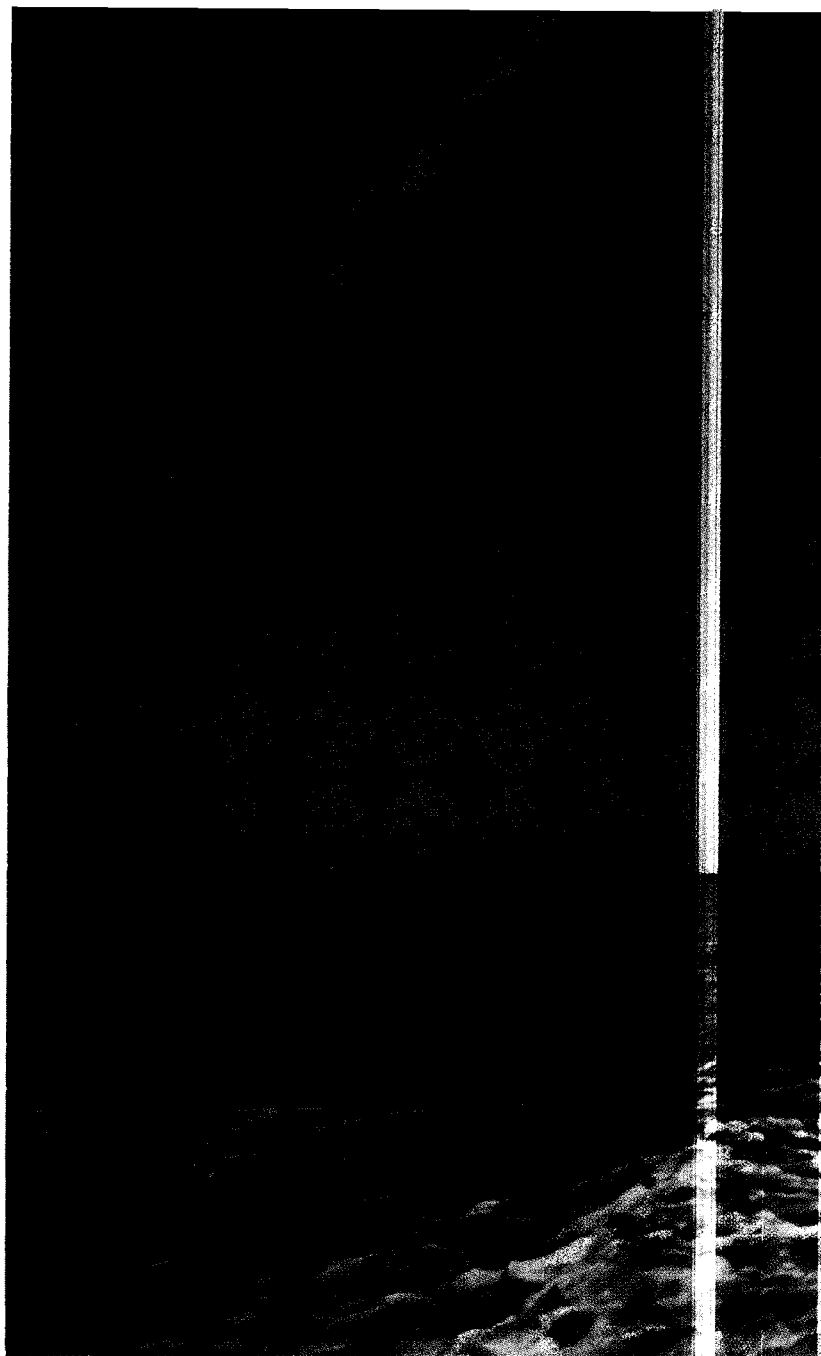
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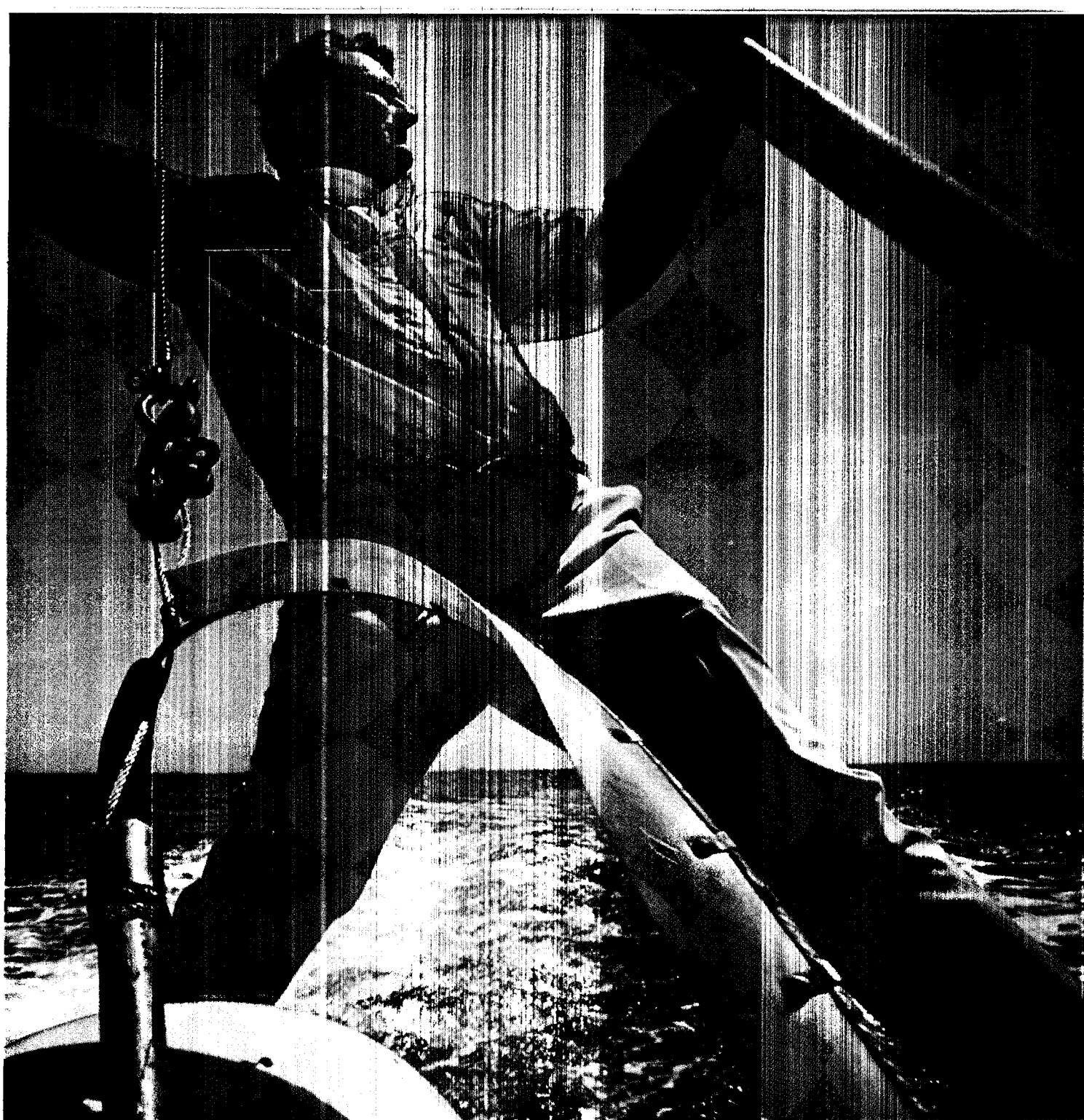


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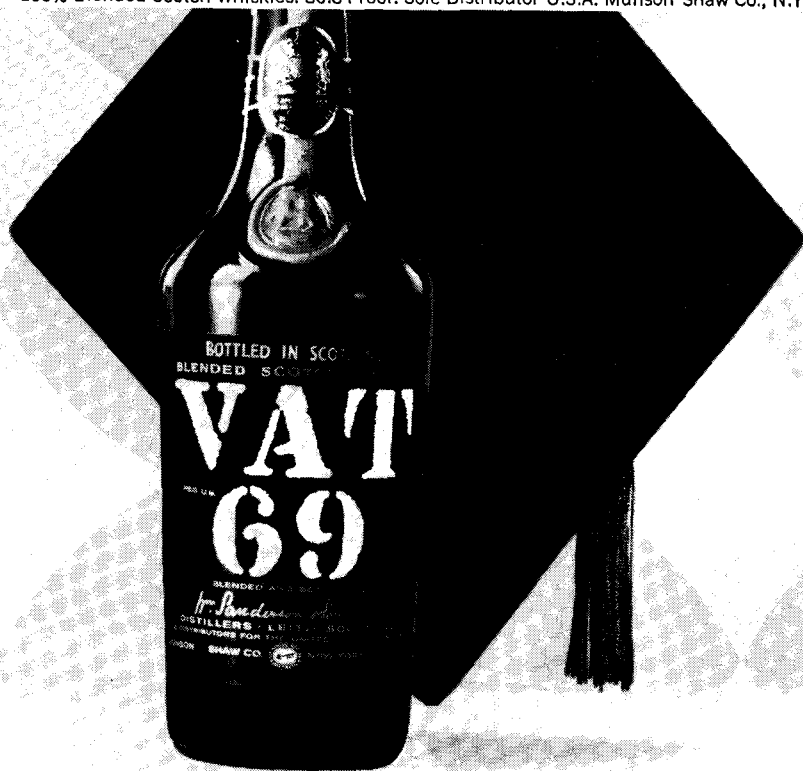
"For centuries, the oceans have been a good friend to man," says IBM oceanographer Coughran. "They have been his highway, hunting ground, playground and, unfortunately, his battleground and dumping ground. The job of the oceanographer is to try to understand the oceans better and to add his information to the existing body of marine knowledge.

"We still need to learn much more about the sea in order to insure long lasting use of its resources. How do temperature changes affect marine plant and animal life? How do the deep waters, below the level that man can see, replenish life in the ocean? How long can fish and other marine life continue to live with the debris we pump into the sea?

"The bits of information we collect require thousands of calculations before conclusions about them can be made. And so we run them through our sea-going computers. What oceanographers hope to do with the help of computers is build a mathematical picture of the oceans themselves, to predict their future behavior.

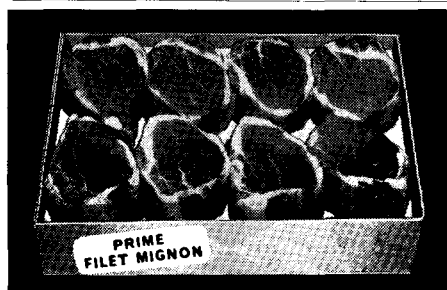
"The seas give up their secrets grudgingly, challenging men to get what they can. But this is the kind of challenge I like. It may take many more years of work to get the answers to our questions. But when we do, we'll know how to use the sea in a way which will preserve its resources for generations to come."

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Surinam

The official language is Dutch. The three daily newspapers are in Dutch, as are most of the radio and TV programs. But really, to get around, you need to know at least two languages. Many Surinamers speak three, four, or five. A lot of people in Surinam know a little English, and members of each ethnic group still retain some of their native language, be it Lebanese or Javanese. But the real unifier is a remarkable street language known as Svanang-tongo, or more simply "takki-takki." Takki-takki is said to contain elements of Dutch, English, African tribal dialects, even Spanish. With a superficial knowledge of takki-takki, you are guaranteed of being understood by just about anybody.

A little odd

Surinam is full of little oddities. A few examples:

—Traffic circulates on the left, although in Holland driving is on the right. Nobody seems to know why this is.

—Five-cent pieces are square, but the rest of the coins are round.

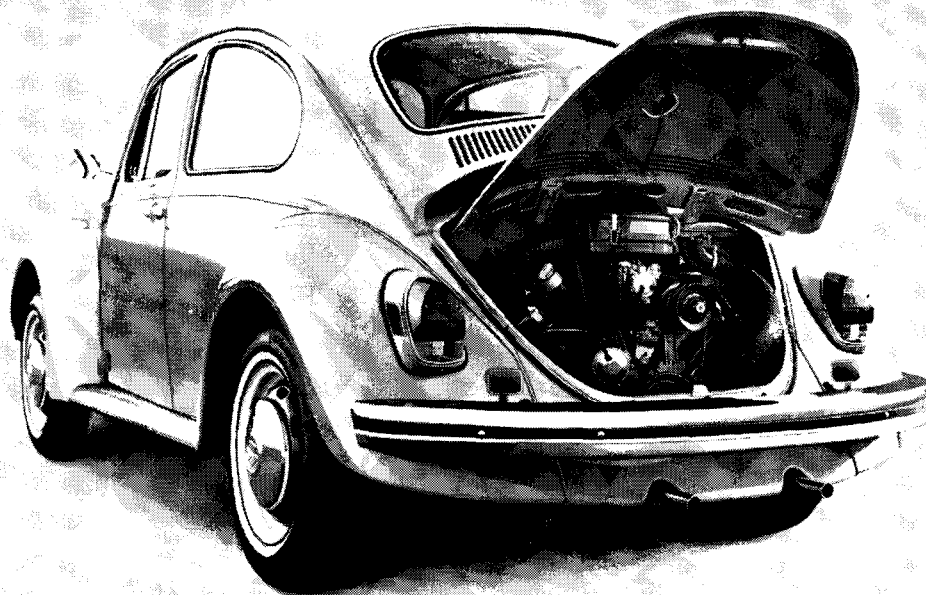
—Surinam time is 15 minutes ahead of Guyana, but 30 minutes behind French Guiana and eastern Brazil.

—Paramaribo takes a Latin-style siesta every afternoon, and stores and businesses reopen at 4 P.M.

—Surinam exports balata gum, which is used in making golf ball covers.

—There is a German ship scuttled in the Surinam River, in plain sight of downtown Paramaribo. The Nazis sank the ship on purpose in 1940 to try to block bauxite exports from Surinam to the Allies. The strategy didn't work, because the river formed another deep-water channel away from the ship. The rusting wreck is still there.

Earlier this year, high school students and their teachers brought Surinam's government down. In what was probably the least publicized "revolution" in South America, Premier Johan Pengel and his entire cabinet resigned in March, 1969, following a five-week strike by grade school and high school teachers. The teachers refused to work when a long-promised pay raise did not ma-



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Surinam

terialize. The government replaced the striking teachers with whatever substitutes it could find, and this proved to be its undoing. The replacement teachers were so incompetent that the students left school and demonstrated in front of the government buildings—in support of their former teachers! Pengel gave in and quit. The governor appointed interim cabinet ministers to serve until next year's regularly scheduled elections.

Prospects

Surinam's economy can be explained in one word: bauxite. Annual production is over four million tons, and experts say that when the present mines run out another one billion tons of bauxite remain to be extracted. The Surinam Aluminum Company, known locally as Suralco, recently spent more than \$150 million for a dam across the Surinam River at Affobaka, sixty-five miles inland from Paramaribo. A road lined with high-voltage power towers leads from the dam to the company's smelter at Paranam, twenty-two miles from the capital. Suralco says this is the only place in the world where bauxite is mined, processed into alumina, and then transformed into aluminum in the same operation.

Suralco has been in Surinam for almost fifty-five years. The discovery of bauxite saved the country's deteriorating agricultural economy, and during World War II most of the aluminum used in U. S. airplanes came from here. Today most of Surinam's aluminum is exported to Europe. Surinam is an associate member of the Common Market, and consequently gets tax and tariff concessions from the Market.

Industrial prospects for the future are oil and timber. Royal Dutch Shell and ELF, a French company, have spent \$8 million since 1965 on offshore explorations for petroleum deposits. Their scientists are optimistic, but no major finds have yet been made. Surinam is covered with forests, but because of lack of roads it is almost impossible to get the wood out. One company, however, has built a sawmill and is now turning out plywood, particle board, and par-



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Surinam

quiet. The coastal lowlands are perfect for growing rice; the land and the climate are similar to those of South Vietnam. Much of the coastal area is below sea level, and it has to be protected from flooding by an elaborate system of dikes and polders. But the Dutch are old hands at this.

The Surinam government is anxious to attract foreign investors and is willing to offer tax holidays of up to ten years. It will also forget about import taxes on certain key items. The U.S. State Department, under an agreement with the Surinam government, will even pay up to 50 percent of the cost of a survey for a U.S. businessman who may be thinking of expanding into Surinam.

Surinam has a small tourist industry. Paramaribo has one superluxe luxury hotel, complete with casino, and there's a new guesthouse in the interior at a place called Stoelman's Island for travelers who want to see the jungle without actually working up a sweat. Even though most manufactured goods have to be imported from Holland, prices in Surinam are moderate. There's enough local industry to keep the cost of living down to a tolerable level.

Despite the recent trouble with Guyana, life in Surinam goes on at its usual tranquil pace. The border confrontation gave the Surinamers something new to talk about, but all-out war seems unlikely, if not preposterous. So it is possible to sit on a bench in the Oranjeplein, Paramaribo's quiet, green main square, watching the people coast by on their bicycles, and contemplate how strange it is these days to find a place where things appear to be going so right.

BRUCE HANDLER

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew is the *Atlantic's* Washington editor. Don Cook is Paris correspondent for the Los Angeles *Times*. A. Britton Hume, who has reported for the *Baltimore Sun* and the *Hartford Times*, is at work on a book about West Virginia miners. Thomas Goldwasser is a Washington-based freelancer who grew up in Benton, Illinois. Bruce Handler writes from South America for the Associated Press.

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The consumer-owners of America's nearly 1,000 rural electric systems call upon our President, our Congress, and our country's leaders to adopt AN AGENDA FOR RURAL AMERICA — a national agenda relevant to the total welfare of our nation ... relevant to the future ... relevant to the great potential of America's spacious countryside — **with these priorities.**



- We urge the President to appoint a National Coordinator for Rural Community Development ... and we urge consolidation and upgrading of existing community development programs now administered by many different Federal agencies.

- We urge development and implementation of programs to meet the following urgent problems of rural America and its people:

Rural Housing. Over half the nation's substandard homes — more than four million — are in rural America. Many who live in these homes are old. Many are poor.

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Action now on this AGENDA FOR RURAL AMERICA will lead toward the solution of many of our nation's ills — in the cities and in the rural areas. The urgency of these problems demands the best efforts of us all, acting together with Federal, state and local governments, as well as the private organizations in urban and rural America.

Across the land, the members, directors and employees of the nation's nearly 1,000 consumer-owned rural electric systems are providing leadership in their communities ... leadership to develop central water systems, start housing programs, spearhead drives for community colleges and recreation projects, and much more. And all the while rural electric systems continue to supply low-cost, dependable electric power to even the most remote areas.

But the welfare of America — all America — is everyone's responsibility. So, wherever you live ... whatever you do ... whoever you are ... you, too, have a stake in rural America.

AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

Owned and controlled by the people they serve

THE MAIL:

The Spock Trial

SIR: As the chief prosecutor (no longer in federal government) in the Spock trial, the one overwhelming impression I have after reading Jessica Mitford's article in your August issue ("Guilty As Charged by the Judge") is that emotional involvement in a matter makes it so easy to see what is *wanted* to be seen and to hear what is *wanted* to be heard. A couple of examples:

Miss Mitford is scandalized that the press learned of the indictment before the defendants did: "The Justice Department," she says, "with a fine flourish of incivility, hand-delivered its releases to the media and then mailed the indictments to the defendants' homes." What Miss Mitford fails to point out is that the indictment was a public record the moment it was returned in court by the grand jury. The government *could* have requested a *secret* indictment, then had the defendants arrested, handcuffed, and brought under guard before a judge to have bail set. That way the defendants would have been among the first to know about their indictments. Instead, the government mailed each defendant a copy of the indictment, telling him he would be further notified by mail—as soon as the judge had set a date—when to appear in court for arraignment. What the government considered to have been an act of courtesy—a courtesy extended to every federal criminal defendant in the District of Massachusetts whenever practicable—Miss Mitford sees as a gross affront.

She also says in her article that a newsman approached me during a court recess, indicating that since the media helped spread the Spock message to the whole draft-age male

population, is not a reporter who files a story about a demonstration, a television crew that films it, a news photographer who snaps it, part of the conspiracy? Miss Mitford reports, "Mr. Wall, now rattled, avoided a direct answer. There is 'no intention,' he said, of indicting the media men." What I actually said was that "there is no *intent* on the part of the media men." (Anyone with the least bit of knowledge about the case would know that intent to participate in the crime charged was an essential element to be proved by the government. The only intent indicated by the newsmen was to report the news.)

JOHN WALL
Boston, Mass.

SIR: Since the Spock trial has historical interest, it might be of value to set the record straight as to the more important of Jessica Mitford's particulars regarding the background of the case.

Almost immediately after the indictment was returned, the Justice Department was besieged by newsmen asking whether or not President Johnson and/or General Hershey had pressured the Department into the indictment. I was authorized to speak to newsmen about nonevidentiary matters, and informed Miss Mitford and other members of the press in April, 1968, that, to the best of my knowledge, President Johnson and the White House did not know of the indictment until the date of its return in Boston. The decision to indict the Spock defendants was a Justice Department decision, Miss Mitford's unidentified federal judge to the contrary.

Nor was the Spock indictment dictated or pressured by General Hershey. There can be no question

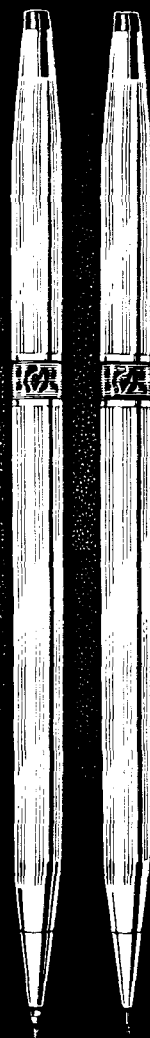
that General Hershey was concerned about the escalation of Selective Service violations, and his public pronouncements evidence that. The Justice Department shared this concern and agreed that a great Justice Department and Selective Service System effort would be required to meet the increasing backlog of Selective Service cases in the U.S. Attorney's offices and in the courts.

This mutual concern surfaced in the December 9, 1967, joint statement of the Attorney General and General Hershey, which, in a somewhat indirect way, also rescinded that portion of General Hershey's well-known October 26, 1967, letter to local draft boards, which had suggested reclassification of those participating in "illegal demonstrations," grounds not specified in Selective Service regulations, as a basis for use of the delinquency provisions. This rescission proved to be generally effective.

That joint statement also announced the formation of the special unit which I headed. Its mission was to accelerate the effort to keep up with the growing Selective Service case load and to coordinate investigation and prosecution of card-burning and card-mutilation cases, as well as counseling, aiding, and abetting violations. While the press of events led to the formation of the unit, in my judgment the timing of the announcement of its creation coincident with General Hershey's rescission gave the General the opportunity to make a more graceful retreat than would otherwise have been the case.

As to the Spock prosecution, activity had commenced in the Criminal Division following the October 20, 1967, draft-card turn-in, with the result that by December 9,

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substantial investigation and research had been expended on the matter. When it became evident that available evidence existed upon which a prosecution could rest, the case was reviewed in the highest levels of the Justice Department, and prosecution was approved. At no time were General Hershey or his aides consulted about their prosecutive views of this case. No consideration was given to whether *the prosecution* would result in a "graceful way out for General Hershey," nor was Miss Mitford so informed. Rather, the Spock case defendants were indicted because Justice Department attorneys believed that a violation of federal law had been committed by the defendants, that there was sufficient evidence to prove it, and that prosecution was warranted.

JOHN VAN DE KAMP
Los Angeles, Calif.

Advice and Consent

SIR: Your editor Michael Curtis says he visited Detroit's "most blighted" black slum, located in Forest Park. (See "Travels With Mr. Charlie" in the August *Atlantic*.)

But there is no Forest Park in Detroit. How accurate, then, can his report be, when the very location he describes is nonexistent?

But whatever location Mr. Curtis had in mind, his description ill fits the true situation in Detroit. The black residential sections were mostly all beautiful tree-shaded streets, with lovely middle-class homes—the houses I and my friends occupied until recently. The same is true of the fine school buildings and the excellent educational system of Detroit.

The real sociological problem is the deterioration of the white neighborhoods and schools, so soon after the take-over by the blacks. Most of the black population have made enormous strides in Detroit, in employment and in living conditions. Strangely, virulent demands seem to be a reflection of the upward trends in the well-being of our black fellow citizens.

LAWRENCE CROHN
Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Curtis replies:

Forest Park is an enclave encompassing 160 acres and some 8000

people, roughly 1 to 1.5 miles from Detroit's City Hall. It is bounded on the west by the Chrysler Expressway, on the east by the Grand Truck Railroad and DeQuinder Street, on the north by Warren Avenue, and on the south by Mack Avenue. Forest Park residents will likely marvel at Mr. Crohn's description of their "beautiful tree-shaded streets," and "lovely middle-class homes."

SIR: I am most grateful to Gilbert B. Friedman ("Why Automobile Insurance Rates Keep Going Up," September *Atlantic*) for his exposé of the dual accrual and cash statutory accounting, which is now being improperly used by many of the property and casualty insurance companies. But he seems to have overlooked two very important and interesting questions.

1. If these insurance companies are making such phenomenal profits, why are their stocks so undesirable? Ask your own stockbroker if property and casualty stocks are currently a good investment or give a good return.

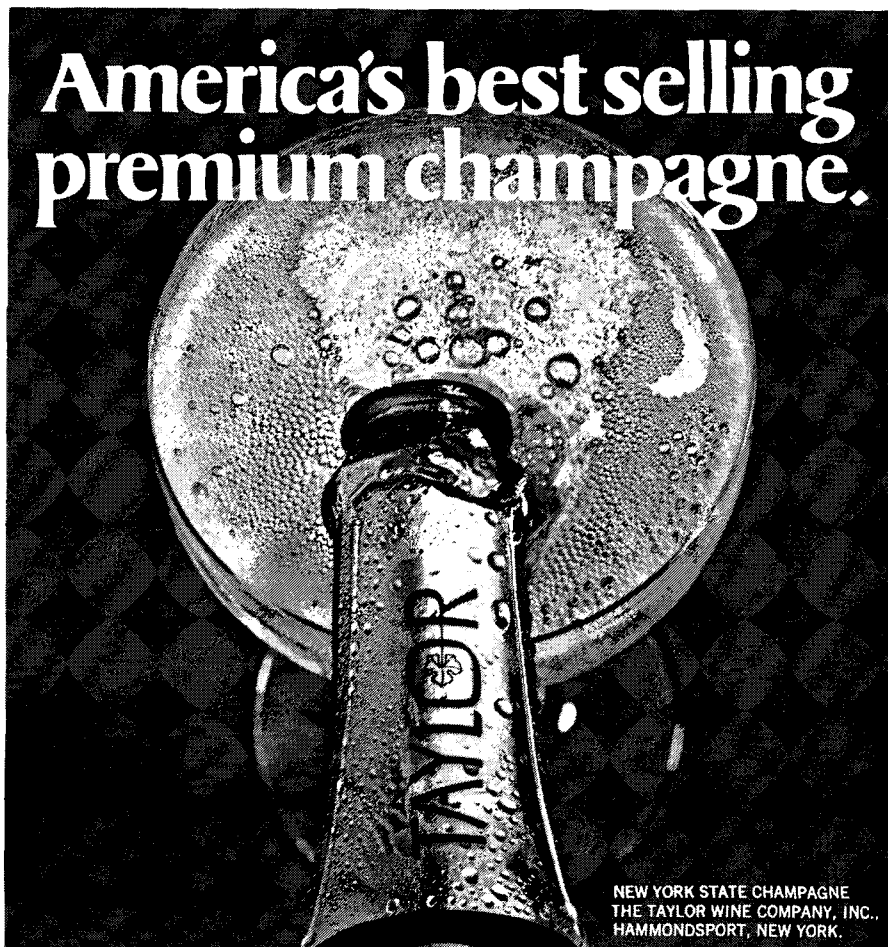
2. Why as never before are these insurance companies merging, restricting their underwriting, and being picked up by conglomerates to drain off huge sums for other investment purposes if the business is so highly profitable? Big-money investors aren't that stupid!

STANLEY W. LEBENS
Yakima, Wash.

SIR: I believe Dan Wakefield ("The War at Home," October *Atlantic*) articulates the feelings of many people, including myself, who are at a loss to explain the peculiar hatreds and resentments we face each day.

If I could add anything to Wakefield's ideas, it might be just a note on his subconscious paraphrase of Tennessee Williams: "Future anthropologists may well conclude that the greatest internal conflict in America in the late 1960s was not between the rich and the poor, or the black and the white, or even the young and the old, but the people with long hair and the people with short hair."

In *Sweet Bird of Youth*, Chance says to the Princess: "The great difference between people in this world is not between the rich and the poor or the good and the evil,





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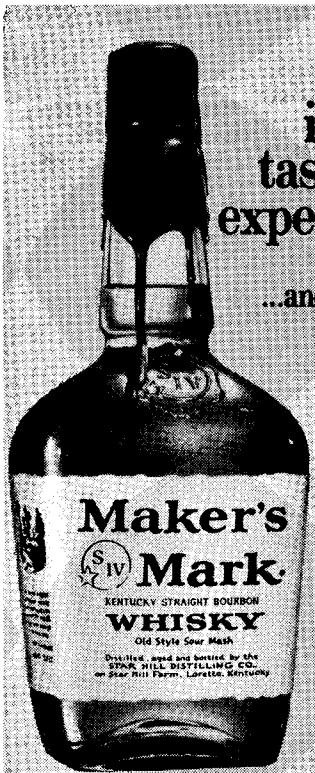
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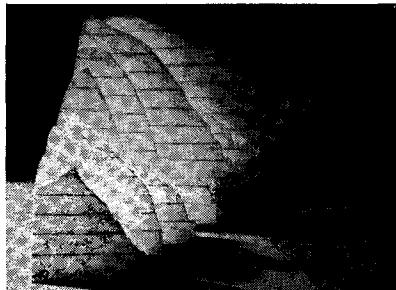


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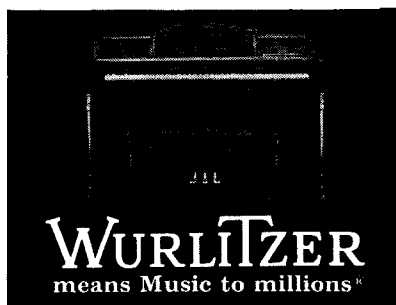
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the biggest of all differences in this world is between the ones that had or have pleasure in love and those that haven't and hadn't any pleasure in love, but just watched it with envy, sick envy."

DIGBY DIEHL
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: The Report on Baker's Island (August) was a very moving plea against the despoiling of our land with garbage and solid waste.

Just about everybody agrees that the best solution is to salvage everything in the way of metal that can be saved from solid waste and make the rest into compost with which to enrich millions of acres of ravaged and eroded soil. Or, for smaller communities, the compost can be given away or sold to gardeners, farmers, householders. It can be used in city flower beds, to remake playgrounds and parks, or just to pile up as a storehouse for some future date when large amounts of good, rich, crumbly, fertile soil are needed. A number of American cities, even more in Europe, are presently composting their solid waste and selling the salvaged metals. The only drawbacks to this elegant, sensible plan are the stubborn objections of some city politicians who find they cannot make handsome profits disposing of their compost. Why should they?

Considering the cost of incinerators, the lack of suitable land for landfills, the absolute necessity for avoiding the horrors of plain dumping, composting seems the ideal solution. For *Atlantic* readers whose communities are facing some kind of waste-disposal crisis, we will be glad to send a copy of our publication, *Compost Science, Journal of Solid Wastes and Soil*, which can sometimes work near miracles with baffled and/or recalcitrant city governments. Address us at Emmaus, Pennsylvania, 18049.

RUTH ADAMS
Emmaus, Penn.

SIR: My observation (Report on the Middle East, September *Atlantic*) that *Fedayeen* action had injured Israel's tourist business has been overtaken by the late summer's events. Why there should have been a record flow of tourists in late July and August I cannot explain, but it seemed to me clear that as summer

ended Israel would sink to the level of the Dead Sea under the weight of one more visitor.

ALFRED FRIENDLY, SR.
London, England

SIR: Congratulations to Adrian Taylor and Dale Wilson Smith for the beautiful September cover.

I just couldn't keep my eyes off it—I'm framing my copy.

MILDRED V. PAVLIK
Newburgh, N. Y.

SIR: It is certainly true, as Ronald Steel asserts in the September *Atlantic* (Report on Haiti), that in Haiti today "everyone is waiting for something to happen." What Haitians are waiting for, however, is *not* something so chimerical as a plant for "turning bauxite into tin," though by now many of them must feel that aluminum ore is sooner turned into tin than a reigning tyrant into a historical figure.

GEORGE P. CLARK
Hanover, Ind.

Mr. Clark and several other readers have us and Mr. Steel deep down the mineshaft without a lantern.

The Editor

Peru: Two Views

SIR: We read with surprise and displeasure your recent Report (May, 1969) on Peru by Ward Just. It was highly inaccurate and revealed a lack of understanding and appreciation of American and Peruvian culture.

"The men," Just says, "look half dead." The fact is that most of the men of Peru in general and Puno specifically are not even one fourth dead. Coca chewing is a problem, as is malnutrition, but it is not the total picture Mr. Just implies; large portions of the campesino population have an adequate diet.

American tourists are richer than Peruvian peasants; this unfortunate fact does not make visiting Peru equally undesirable, nor does it require Americans to act suddenly like poor farmers. Tourist behavior always leaves something to be desired, but tossing coins to children is not immoral. In fact, it is a time-honored custom in rural Peru to throw coins and candies to children on festive occasions.

Mr. Just's description of the Maryknoll house as an "enclave," a

The shutterbug's guide to Paris.

le Voyage par Air France

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forever. Panoramic shots are best done an hour before sunset. Try your hand at different angles of the tower itself.

Sacré Coeur. If you climb to the top of the dome you can get some wonderful pictures of 30 miles of surrounding countryside.

Musée Rodin. The statues of Balzac and the Thinker inspired Edward Steichen's photographs.

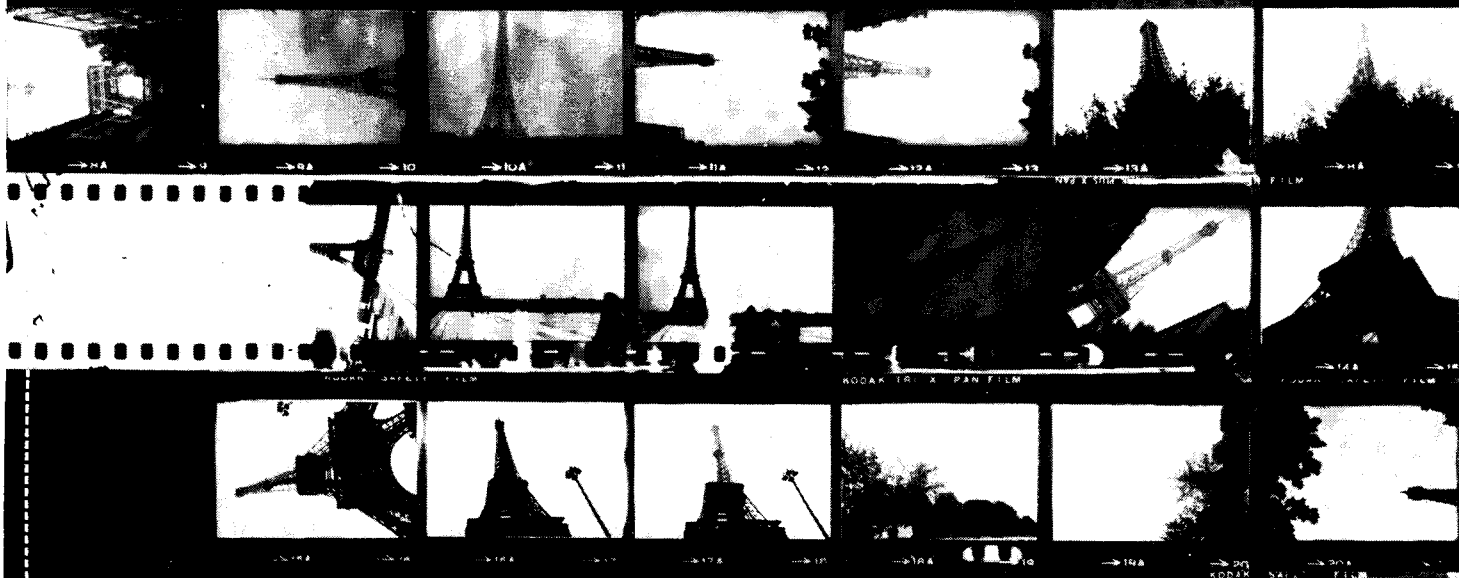
Arc de Triomphe. You can get some

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les U. S. Customs

If you're taking a camera that was made abroad, be sure to register it with the nearest U.S. Customs office or at the airport before you leave. If you don't, you may have to pay 15 to 20 per cent import duty when you try to bring it back.

les Douanes françaises

It's the custom of French customs to be particularly lenient with visitors. Especially visiting cameramen. The following photographic concessions are allowed: two still cameras, one movie camera, a total

have film developed, drop it off at: Central Color 10, rue Pergolèse. Arphot 3-bis, rue des Beaux Arts. Inter-Phot 20, rue de Mauberge. If you have movie film you can have it developed and see it free in the projection rooms of Kodak-Pathé, S.A. 37-39, ave. Montaigne. Need a model? Beautiful mannequins can be obtained from Agence Servane Régine 129, rue de la Pompe. Want some celebrity shots? Just contact Celebrity Service 12, rue de Port Mahon. For any kind of help, information, or inspiration drop by the Société Française de la Photographie 9, rue Montalembert.

les Grands clichés

Paris has more beautiful photographic subjects than you can shake a light meter at. Try your own unique treatment of some of these famous landmarks: Eiffel Tower. On a clear day you can shoot

nighttime shots of the 12 avenues that radiate from the Etoile to form the star.

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Don't despair if something goes wrong with your camera, Brownie or otherwise. You can have it repaired at any one of these: Bischoff 41, rue Pierre-Nicole. Chambeaux 16, rue J.-J. Rousseau. Brouard 7, rue Flatters. Or get a new one from Vendôme Flash Studio 12, Place Vendôme.

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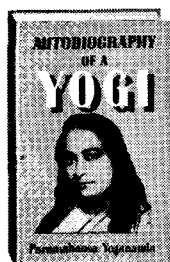
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"society within a society," is imperceptive and an injustice to his hosts. Mr. Just visited Peru during a period of tense U.S.-Peruvian relations, and he characterizes Maryknollers as alien and uncomfortable in a setting where they are "first and last" Americans. Peruvians did not see the Maryknollers in the same light, even during this period. A group of volunteers and missionaries in Peru, including twenty-seven Maryknoll priests and seventeen Maryknoll sisters, wrote to the U.S. Congress supporting Peru in its expropriation of IPC.

Mr. Just decried the fact that Maryknollers spoke English at the dinner table. It would have been surprising had they spoken anything else with an English-speaking guest. Our experience is that Maryknollers are extremely sensitive to the courtesy of language. They speak, preach, and counsel in Spanish and Aymara continually. Even with only one Spanish speaker present, that will be the language spoken.

Mr. Just says, "More of Peru's economy is controlled by foreigners . . . than that of any country in the world." (And Kuwait?) He says, "Decisions are not made in Lima but in New York." Take the case of IPC. The record shows that from 1933 to the present government's seizure, the Peruvian government imposed on the company an income tax, maintained a severe and limiting price control, forced IPC to pay more taxes than other oil firms, retroactively collected a tax previously exonerated by the government, refused despite several IPC requests to regularize its legal status, and based its profit taxes not on real profits but on an estimation based on sales. The Velasco dictatorship simply topped this off by alleging a huge debt which cannot be tested in the courts until IPC pays it, expropriating the company without compensation, and ordering its officials out of the country. The IPC strenuously objected to all of these decisions. Where in New York were they made?

Investors in New York, Rome, Tokyo, etc. depend on conditions for profit in Peru. The investment climate is largely determined by the government in Lima. Belaunde encouraged private capital, industrialization was rapid, and so was growth. The "dazzling perfor-

mance" of Velasco, to use Mr. Just's phrase, has resulted in virtually no new investments and economic stagnation. (This, too, is an exaggeration, as we found much to criticize in Belaunde and much to respect in Velasco.) Incidentally, the generals who run Peru are, if anything, left-wing, and Velasco is about as undazzling as Latin-American politicians get. He has failed to arouse personal popularity while promulgating some of the most appealing policies in Peruvian history.

SHERMAN LEWIS
SUSAN BOURQUE
Lima, Peru

Mr. Just replies:

Most of Mr. Lewis and Miss Bourque's objections are frivolous, and can be dismissed. (There were no baptisms, festivals, or housewarmings on my train; just a bunch of American tourists tossing money at kids and thinking it was funny.)

More important is their objection to my treatment of the Maryknoll Fathers. No one has more respect for them as men or as missionaries than I. As a progressive force, in Peru and elsewhere, their importance cannot be overestimated. But that is not to say there is very much progress on the *altiplano*. In fact, I found abundant evidence that there was very little, despite the best efforts of the Maryknollers—and the more tragic because of these efforts, which are conducted quite unselfishly and amid extremely difficult circumstances. This should have been made clearer in the article, and I regret that it was not.

I do not know what I am to do about Belaunde and Velasco. Should I have been kinder to Belaunde and meaner to Velasco? The reverse? In Washington (and I believe Lima as well) the Velasco performance has been, indeed, a dazzling one.

IPC? I refer my correspondents to Mr. Richard Goodwin's thorough article in the *New Yorker* as to the nature of IPC's business, and who was taking whom in Peru.

The *Atlantic* welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.



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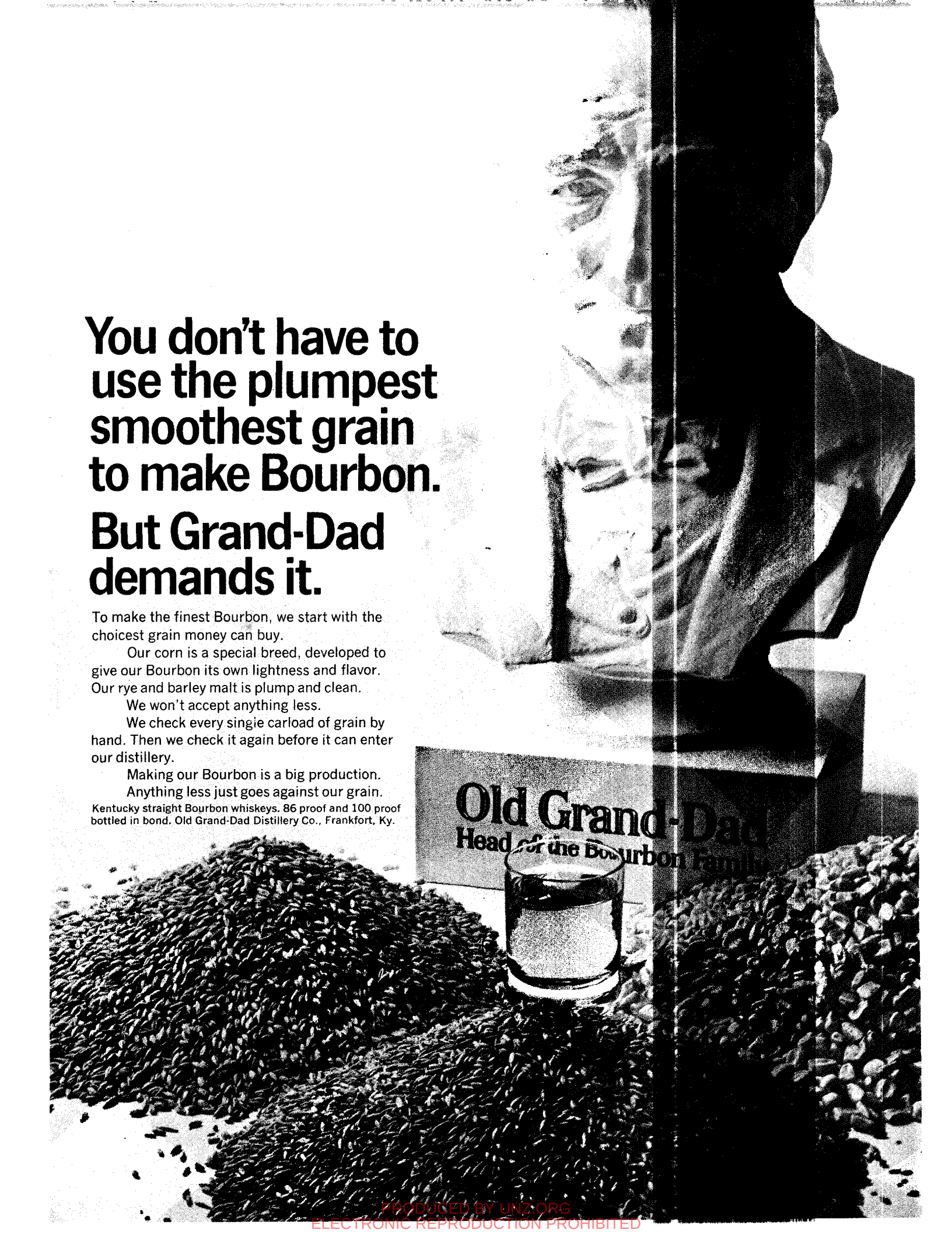
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The New American Jesuits

by John L'Heureux

"Absolute obedience" was the command on which Ignatius Loyola founded the Society of Jesus more than four centuries ago. Today the word "obedience" is rarely uttered when young Jesuits get together. Their ranks include protest marchers, draft-card burners, bishop-baiters, and jailbirds. The community of 8000 American Jesuits is caught in profound internal ferment, as one of them here explains.

"What we've really been saying is that we're fighting over the last deck chair on the *Titanic*."

The Jesuit who spoke was summarizing the first day of discussions about the situation of the Society of Jesus—the Jesuits—within the larger context of the American Church. Ten Jesuits, all of them around thirty and all of them friends, came together during the Easter holidays to talk about the future of their religious order, and—more important to them—what their future within that order might be. An extraordinary aspect of the meeting was that religious superiors who had been neither consulted nor informed nonetheless sent their blessings on the project and asked to be informed on opinions and decisions. More extraordinary still was that this meeting was convened at a time when vast overhauling of the structures of religious life was under way and when the occasions for expressing dissident opinion were prac-

tically unlimited. These young Jesuits were not concerned, however, about the opinions or plans of superiors or about expressing grievances. They were pursuing something far more essential to their lives: a way of living out their religious commitment which would assure some kind of effectiveness in their work, affectivity in their social life, and some sense of corporate unity more meaningful than merely the wearing of similar clothes and the sharing of a common house.

"All the Jesuits coming along have decided to do their own thing," one remarked. "They've even been encouraged to do their own thing. And that's fine. But if you're going to do *just* your own thing, be a spiritual loner, then you might as well do it outside the Jesuits. What we've got to discover is in what way we are a special group, what our corporate identity is. Because the Society of Jesus is going to be what we make it. We are the Jesuits just as surely as we are the Church."

What the Jesuits are is a phenomenon far more difficult to describe than what they do. Primarily they are educators. The largest order in the Church, the Jesuits today number more than 34,000 men, almost two thirds of whom are involved somehow in education, whether in teaching or administration or as students in Jesuit schools. Of the 8000 Jesuits in the United States some 2400 are studying for the priesthood and another 700 are vowed Brothers who live the religious life of the Jesuits but who will not be ordained priests. These 8000 men run twenty-eight colleges and universities, from the vast sprawling complexes of Fordham and Georgetown and the University of San Fran-

cisco to the relatively small and specialized Wheeling and Holy Cross. They also run fifty-four high schools, which enroll 38,000 students. Though surveys show that only 42 percent of American Jesuits are involved in teaching, these figures are misleading, since another 20 to 25 percent are preparing for teaching careers, and most of the men on mission duty also are involved in education.

Jesuits engage, of course, in numerous other occupations; in limited numbers they are retreat masters and army chaplains and editors of religious publications; in even smaller numbers they are employed as lawyers, psychiatrists, labor arbitrators. But their principal work traditionally has been and today remains education. And this is perhaps the single most debated point in the Jesuit program of renewal: whether they own their schools or whether the schools, limiting mobility, imposing huge financial and manpower obligations, have come to own the Jesuits.

The Easter meeting at which the ten young Jesuits discussed their own and their order's future was one of the more hopeful, positive signs of the dramatic changes occurring in the Jesuits today. For well over five years the Jesuit order has been under heavy and unrelenting attack from outside and from within. It is the men on the inside who have brought about the most impressive changes. Protest marchers, draft-card burners, professional rebels were at first rebuked by their superiors and some, like Daniel Berrigan, exiled by them. But time passed. Massive and highly publicized defections from the priesthood which once embarrassed Jesuit officials now merely dismay them. What remains utterly baffling is the new spirit of indifference. The new American Jesuit acts in consultation with his conscience and his friends; how his superior will react is not a matter of importance to him. This because, so he feels, authority has ceased to be a problem: by its years of righteous inconsideration for the individual it has phased itself out. Today the word "obedience" is rarely mentioned when Jesuits get together.

Yet it was upon the concept of absolute obedience that Ignatius Loyola in 1540 founded his Society of Jesus. The religious order he established was at once an amalgam of what he found effective in traditional religious orders and what he intuited would succeed for his times: a highly centralized monarchical government controlling widely dispersed and highly mobile apostolates. In such an organization, unquestioning obedience was essential, and it is not by accident that he chose the traditional monastic representation of that virtue as "blind" and compounded the image in his Constitutions: "Each one should convince himself that they who live under obedience must allow themselves to be carried and ruled by God's Providence through their superiors as though they were a dead body which allows itself to be carried in any direc-

tion and to be treated in any manner whatsoever." Ignatius had been a soldier before his conversion, and when he founded his religious order, he elevated and spiritualized military obedience; it remained total and unquestioning; only the motive for obeying was changed. It was his genius to make such absolute obedience a liberating rather than a constrictive force.

From the beginning Ignatius placed heavy emphasis on teaching and on missionary work. Though not founded as a direct response to the Reformation, the Society of Jesus won its greatest fame in combating the sweepingly successful Protestantism in France, Central Europe, and the Low Countries. And at the Council of Trent, Rome's belated response to Luther's success, it was again the members of the Society of Jesus who as *periti* prepared the speeches and framed the documents which made Church reform possible for the first time in centuries.

By 1650 there were on the Continent at least five hundred colleges run by Jesuits. This is the great baroque period when Jesuit drama, ballet, art, and music flourished. It is also the period when the accusations of "Jesuit pride" began, the political machinations of court favorites that would finally lead to the suppression of the Jesuit order.

The third century of Jesuit existence saw expansion of institutions and membership, but little of the brilliance or sanctity which characterized Ignatius' early Society. Not surprisingly after 1750, the Jesuits who had so fiercely battled heresies and the men who made them now found themselves battling for their own existence. But their schools and their pulpits were too great a threat to the absolutist monarchs of France and Spain and the Two Sicilies; cooperating for the first time in a common effort, they brought such pressure to bear on Pope Clement XIV that in 1773 he suppressed the Society of Jesus for unspecified reasons which were "suggested to Us by the principles of prudence and which We retain concealed in Our breast."

Restored in 1814 the Society of Jesus was at once the same and immensely different. Constitutions, ascetic ideals, and educational policies remained as they had been. But the spirit was gone. The effort to regain what was irrevocably lost led Jesuit superiors, and principally the Superior General Roothaan, to a blindly conservative dedication to rules and procedures; emphasis was on prayer and personal sanctity; social involvement of any kind not specifically spiritual was to be eschewed. The Jansenism against which Jesuits fought had influenced them more than they realized, and a spirituality of the will, mathematical and readily controllable, became a central part of Jesuit training. Inevitably, the absolute obedience upon which Ignatius insisted and which enabled him to deploy his men throughout the world, wherever their max-

imum effectiveness might be, now became not a liberating force but a restrictive one, a kind of personal trap which could be opened only by the word of the superior. Creativity in theology, philosophy, poetry, and art gradually withered. Tradition, with its safety and its aura of respectability, embalmed the restored Society of Jesus.

What had happened is what almost always happens when men try to revive lost institutions. In the attempt to get back to original ideals, they look to principles and structures, to the external formalities of lawbooks and censures, and the society they create is in imitation of a pure ideal which is unattainable and which never existed in the first place. This is what happened to Judaism after the Babylonian exile, and it is what happened to the Jesuits after suppression. The spirit was crushed beneath mountains of legislation, and the Jesuits became a group of dedicated and harmless school-teachers for the sons of the upper middle class.

When a few years ago change finally came to the Jesuits, it came with a rapidity and a violence for which neither they nor the Church was prepared. In 1957 the Superior General summoned a Congregation in Rome to enact, so it was whispered, "sweeping legislation." Whatever the General's supposed intentions, the Congregation came to nothing. Almost before the delegates could meet, they were told by Pope Pius XII that "either they remain as they are or they cease to exist," and aware of their desire for change, he gave them some: he told them to stop smoking. That was in 1957. Before ten years had elapsed Latin had disappeared from the Jesuit seminary classroom, Jesuit theologates had formed consortiums with Jewish and Protestant theological schools, a Jesuit was chairman of Harvard's Near Eastern language and literature department and another was chairman of the music department at Brown. Further, Jesuits were in trouble with shadowy undesignated people for fighting slumlords in Chicago, in trouble with chanceries throughout the country for advocating birth control; they were silenced for defying the redoubtable Cardinal O'Boyle, and were jailed for defying the United States government.

What had happened during those ten years is typified by Woodstock College, where in fact many of the changes actually began. The Jesuits' largest and most prestigious theological school, Woodstock in the 1960s boasted a faculty headed by such men as Avery Dulles, Gustave Weigel, John Courtney Murray, Joseph Fitzmyer, Walter Burghardt. Its student body, men engaged in the four-year study of theology required of candidates for the priesthood, was the envy of any graduate school: 85 to 90 percent had at least one M.A., many had two, and some 20 percent had completed work for a Ph.D. Many had published books, all had taught school, some were

already distinguished members of the artistic and literary world. Some two hundred and seventy of these men lived together at Woodstock in an immense stone fortress far outside the city of Baltimore.

Woodstock was the penultimate stage in the Jesuit course of training, which was a fifteen-year affair. Two years of novitiate, working and praying and becoming familiar with the principles of the spiritual life, brought the novice to vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience which marked the beginning of his properly Jesuit life. There followed two years of classical studies, three years of philosophy, three years of practical experience called Regency (usually spent teaching in a Jesuit school, though sometimes spent in getting an advanced degree), and three years of theology, after which the Jesuit was ordained a priest. Ordination was followed by another year of theology and a third and final year of novitiate. Today this lengthy course has been modified to something nearer ten years, although it varies with individuals.

In 1959 Woodstock was a fairly typical school of theology, though better staffed and far more liberal than most. Classes were still being conducted in Latin, lectures were dutifully delivered and just as dutifully transcribed and redelivered at exams (also conducted in Latin), courses were the same as they had been ninety years earlier when Woodstock was founded. Most oppressive was the enormous number of lectures required for each course, a number determined by Rome at a time when books were an expensive rarity and the learning process was rooted in the functions of memory. Canon law and moral theology were presented as eternally fixed bodies of truth; speculative theology was a precise science whose definitions preserved one safe from heresy. Liturgy was inflexible. Theology had nothing whatsoever to do with society or, for that matter, with living.

Given the student body and the generally high caliber of the faculty, change was inevitable. Professors were as much irked as students at the teaching strictures imposed by the Curia. But to annoy Rome was to invite reprimand, as Father Murray discovered when he published articles on Church-state relations and was forbidden to publish anything further on the topic. Though the fear of Rome's disapproval was great, pressure from the Woodstock student body and their own discontent finally obliged the faculty to abandon Latin. And after Latin, the deluge.

Students began to form committees to assess their theological training and to make recommendations regarding course content, number of lectures, new approaches to theologizing. They began to assign relative values: they questioned the significance of canon law, the validity of much of moral theology, the relevance of speculative theology to their own lives.

It was the mass defections, rising to fifteen in one year, and the almost universal unrest of the students that finally brought change. The president was removed from office in 1964. Class boycotts and sit-outs forced radical curriculum changes. Certain professors, brilliant in their field but unwilling or unable to change, stormed out in anger, vowing never to return to the theologate. For a year or more the men at Woodstock fought bitterly among themselves, forgave one another reluctantly and sometimes not at all; but what emerged from the chaos was a modern democratic religious institution in which, Rome and Jesuit history notwithstanding, students have a determining voice in their education and in their life-style.

Why all this began at Woodstock is unclear, though partial explanation can be found in the generally liberal cast of professors and the theological sophistication of most of the students. Another explanation is the presence of Weigel and Murray at the Vatican Council and their evident disappointment in the vacillations of Pope Paul. Perhaps the most basic explanation lies in Pope John, who, more than any other single influence, gave student Jesuits hope that sweeping change was not only good but immediately realizable; at his death these same Jesuits began to feel that if change were ever to come about, it would have to begin with their own efforts. These, of course, are external explanations. Fundamental to an understanding of the radical changes in the Jesuits—and in religious orders throughout the Church—is a realization of the sense of repression and frustration so many religious were experiencing. Legalistic evasions of the rules and the occult compensations of private pleasures did nothing to mask widespread discontent with the religious life. It was inevitable that in an age of unparalleled social and psychological freedom, the mind-bending rhetoric of the religious life would be challenged; and though the Woodstock reform was many years in the making, it is only within the past three years that all religious orders have found themselves under open attack from within their own structures.

The way in which change came about at Woodstock is the way in which it is only now coming about in the secular colleges of this country. There were no building take-overs—few theology schools have resident chapters of the SDS—and the violence was merely verbal. But the pattern is the same. It is, presumably, the way change will come about in the Church at large: men will determine their own actions in a way radically different from traditional Church teaching, an existential situation will be presented to the hierarchical Church of Rome, Rome will authenticate that situation by recognizing it—whether it be the practice of birth control, the marriage of priests, the validity of divorce.

Life at Woodstock is not paradisaal any more than life in the Church will ever be paradisaal. But the changes brought about by the insistence of the young Jesuits and the inspired leadership of the school's president, Felix Cardegna, have fostered a new kind of American Jesuit. He is a man intensely involved in the world around him; he demands a theology which is relevant to the problems of people rather than to the ancient and uninteresting debates of Scholasticism; he asks evidence of dynamic spiritual leadership in the men who are making decisions about his life and the life of his friends; he seeks a style of living consonant with the two most significant facts of his life—that he is a vowed religious, that he has only one life to live and it must be lived productively.

This is the positive side of the new Jesuit. There is another. He is also a man who admits to being profoundly uncertain about what being a Jesuit means and about what the religious life is or ought to become. His uncertainty often makes his commitment a tenuous one. His vows do not awe him as they did his predecessors, and he is aware that the stigma of the married priest exists no longer. In the more extreme cases he is likely to feel that, having given over ten years of his life to the Jesuits and with no pressing arguments to persuade him otherwise, he will go ahead with ordination to the priesthood; later, if it doesn't work out well, he will leave. "You follow the Spirit, keeping in mind that you're a very limited man."

This new kind of Jesuit has emerged from religious situations other than that of the seminary in revolt. In all age brackets, in all occupations, Jesuits have re-examined their motives and their ideals and have arrived at questions rather than solutions. Men in their fifties, painfully aware of the irrelevance of the theology they were taught, have returned to school to study the new theology. Others have suddenly broken out of a fifteen-year position on a Jesuit campus to work in a struggling Negro college in the South. And many, finding their priestly lives not so much open-ended as dead ends, have left the priesthood to marry. Regardless of age or background, the new Jesuits have a common experience. They are invariably men who have questioned all existing authority and found it wanting; and at the same time have found no adequate substitute for it. They are men who, in faith, are waiting.

What this new uncertain Jesuit takes most for granted is his freedom. He works hard. He is constantly involved with lay people. He very often has an active apostolate that keeps him out of the Jesuit community for a large part of the day or night. He is doing what he has chosen to do, for Christ he hopes, but in any case it is something that must be done and he intends to do it—whether it be living in the slums or arguing law cases for those who cannot afford legal aid or invading Dow

Chemical to expose and then destroy its records. Similarly he celebrates Mass in homes without authorization from Chancery, he preaches against the Vietnam War or, more dangerous for him, against the misapplication of the Pope's statement on birth control, he experiments with the liturgy to discover the most effective way of making Mass a meaningful event for his congregation. The question of obedience or disobedience never arises: these men are acting in conscience, and most of them have traveled so far from the authority issue that they have forgotten that for a great many others it still exists as a problem.

The freedom, the activity, the uncertainty of the new Jesuits seem to have grown out of three basic issues: the failure of the rhetoric of spirituality, a lack of spiritual leadership in the men who are making decisions, and an uncertainty about what religious life is or should be, about what the priesthood means.

The rhetoric of spirituality began to sound hollow on the day a Master of Novices explained that on the altar of obedience we make our lives a holocaust to God, and the novice asked if it wouldn't make more sense to use them in God's service instead. Once the questioning of the spiritual canards began, they collapsed altogether, and when the rhetoric collapsed, many of the practices it canonized, or at least justified, collapsed with it. The daily breviary, a collection of psalms and readings obligatory on all priests under pain of mortal sin, was largely abandoned as irrelevant to an active priesthood. The hour meditation and two fifteen-minute examinations of conscience were at first modified to something simpler and less time-consuming and finally abandoned in favor of prayer with other Jesuits—not communal recitation of printed prayers but a personal prayer shared with others. The annual eight-day retreat spent in silent contemplation has been for many supplanted by group retreats spent in discussion. Failure of the rhetoric of spirituality brought with it a distrust for all Church rhetoric, something which explains in part the new Jesuit indifference to Pope Paul's periodic laments about dissident priests and schism in the Church. "That's just Curialese," one Jesuit remarked at Easter. "What the Pope means is that, by God, we'd better all knuckle under to the thinking of a few conservative Roman cardinals. What he fails to appreciate is that the Church of Christ is far more extensive than the merely hierarchical Church, and if I have to choose one or the other, I'm afraid my allegiance is with Christ."

The new Jesuit, however he may appear in statements like the preceding, insists that he is profoundly dedicated to the spiritual; what he has no regard for is a spirituality sanctified by tradition alone—"because we've always done it, it must be right." And what he finds most lacking among the Jesuit hierarchy is spiritual leadership in the men

who are making decisions. The new Jesuit is not ready to say what spiritual leadership is or to propose ways to come by it, but he is certain that it is lacking. He points to decisions about Jesuit presence in a given geographical area—whether that presence involves retreat work or the construction of a university—and indicates that decisions about what to do and how to do it have more often than not been made pragmatically by men of limited vision and of limited concern for the men who are their subjects and for the people those men will serve. High schools have been opened, universities founded, missions undertaken without prior consultation with the men who will staff them, with the result that the new Jesuit feels his order is shackled by these institutions. Further, shackled or not, he questions their validity and their viability, asking how they differ from purely secular institutions, asking why so many highly trained Jesuits should be engaged in work that laymen do as well or better.

Some definite type of spiritual leadership, he feels, would emancipate the Jesuits from their schools and leave them free to engage in the kind of life Ignatius supposedly envisioned when he founded the order: an active priestly involvement in the social, political, religious issues of the present day. Seeing the nonimplementation of Vatican II, he has come to disbelieve in the likelihood and sometimes even in the possibility of change originating from the hierarchy. He suspects his highest superiors of clinging to the old ideas while talking glibly about the new. What actually is being done, he asks, to create programs for the poor, the Negro, the victims of the slumlords and the military-industrial complex? He asks, realizing he must create the programs himself, somehow coaxing the heavy machinery of the Jesuits into working order. Sometimes he shrugs and continues his work outside the order.

Finally, in his attitude toward the vows, the new Jesuit insists upon a positive orientation; he rejects altogether the idea of the vows as deprivation.

To a vow of poverty he prefers a firm commitment to use money and goods for others. He proposes a small community of Jesuits living together, pooling their incomes, using whatever is left over for communal projects which have something specific to do with involvement in a Christian community—rather than purchasing a fleet of cars or wall-to-wall carpet for the house. What he proposes, then, is a far more strict adherence to the essential spirit of poverty than now obtains in large Jesuit communities; it is more like the poverty of

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the early Society of Jesus. As traditionally lived, the new Jesuit complains, the vow of poverty does not focus on doing for others but rather on renunciation of money in such a way that formalism is its norm. If a man has his superior's permission for whatever he spends, he is legally observing his vow. This has led invariably to a situation in which individual religious consume a great share of this world's goods without ever actually owning any of them. The new Jesuit feels that the vow of poverty is a comfortable double standard which allows men to profess virtue without being inconvenienced by it.

Chastity is little problem for him. The sex issue has long since been solved; it takes only a year or more for him to discover whether or not sex is going to make the living of a chaste life impossible. He is aware that the sex drive is lifelong, and he does not expect it suddenly to disappear. Celibacy is quite another matter. The new Jesuit fears that not to marry may in some important way stunt his personal development, that he will be less the man he ought to be. And yet he realizes from the example of men who have preceded him that an effective life is not only consonant with a vow of chastity but is even necessary to sustain it. And love need not inevitably lead to sin or to marriage. By his vow of chastity, the religious is obliged to love—not all men and women, but individual ones, without demanding or even expecting a return of love from them. He hopes for it, of course, but he cannot count on it. The new Jesuit expects his assurance of love, of acceptance, to come from the religious community itself, and therefore that community must be small, open, warm, and generous. Unless it is these things, it cannot be a viable religious community, and his vow of chastity becomes an intolerable burden. But most new Jesuits do not concern themselves excessively with celibacy; they expect that within five years it will no longer be required for the priesthood.

Obedience, or the question of authority, has ceased to be the important issue it was only two or three years ago. The Jesuit is now encouraged to become the kind of person his talents and his shortcomings indicate he ought to be. When he has chosen what he will do with his life, how he will use it within the apostolates of his order or to create a new apostolate, then the superior ratifies the man's choice. In that ratification lies the subject's obedience.

Less well thought out is the problem of what the priesthood should mean to contemporary Jesuits. For most of them it means a life of service to others, not necessarily in social reform, although that is where their major efforts are concentrated, but in a life which is inspired by the Gospel message of Christ and which manifests that message. It implies a large degree of selflessness, a tendency toward revolutionary thought, an impatience with a religion

which tends to justify its divine claims rather than reveal the compassion of Christ. The priesthood for these men is not the safe harbor of salvation it was for another generation.

The new Jesuits are found not only among the young; they include college presidents, lawyers, theologians, scientists, and one luminous philosopher-and-superior who is seventy-six years old. At the other extreme of the new Jesuits are the not-new, who find those alarming men a stumbling block and sometimes a scandal. Having invested their lives in an immovable institution whose laws were their consciences and whose rhetoric was their deepest thought, they feel threatened and betrayed by what they see happening around them. They agonize, they condemn sometimes, but mostly they are sad. It seems to them that they are indeed on a doomed *Titanic*.

In the middle stand the large numbers of Jesuits who are neither new nor not-new. They applaud the work of the younger men, their involvement in politics and in social reform, and they see in them the realization of a Jesuit ideal. But their training has been conservative and rationalistic, and their willingness to shatter categories of thought or action is limited. They worry and they pray. They place great hope in the possibilities of reform by a natural process of evolution, and they center these hopes in the innumerable Jesuit congresses working for renewal. For these men the rest of their lives depends upon what will happen in the next few years.

In short the Jesuits today are a society in flux. It is as impossible to define a Jesuit as it is to define a Jew. Throughout the United States consulting agencies have been hired to advise the Jesuit hierarchy on restructuring the entire American organization—phasing out schools, redistributing manpower, turning colleges over to lay trustees. Major superiors are showing greater concern than ever before about the public face of their institutions and, simultaneously, greater concern for the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the individual Jesuit. They are prepared to do anything—abandon any outdated project, begin any new and valuable one—to make the Jesuits the dynamic Christian force they were at their inception.

But the new American Jesuit wonders if change has perhaps come too late. The giant overhauling of a vast and powerful religious organization is possible, he knows, but how long will it take and what will be the concrete results? Meanwhile, far from the machinery and the task forces and the immense outlay of Christian zeal being expended in his interest, he meets with his friends who are Jesuits and asks what their corporate identity is. Because the new American Jesuit is certain that whether or not change comes from above, the Society of Jesus is going to be what he decides to make it. □

John Steinbeck: Footnote for a Memoir

by John Kenneth Galbraith

Until along in the fifties I largely made my living out of the farm problem. This had been my preoccupation as a student, and I taught agricultural economics at Harvard. For anyone with these interests a giant figure just off-stage was John Steinbeck. All official compassion in farm matters until the late thirties had been for the family farmer—an oaken citizen who leased, or more often owned, his own acres, sat proudly under his own roof-tree, but who was bedeviled by debt, rising costs, the two great droughts of the thirties, and prices that, because of endemic surpluses, never reached that magic level called parity. The Southern sharecropper got a certain amount of ritualistic sympathy, but the independent farmer was the farm problem.

For many years a certain number of liberals who knew about agriculture had been telling each other, and anyone else who would listen, that the truly forgotten man in farming was, in fact, the hired farm worker. He added the misfortunes of his employer to a specialized collection of his own. Nor was his situation improved when his employer was not a family farmer but a big producer of fruit, vegetables, sugar beets, tobacco, or cotton. Unfortunately, no one did listen. Then *The Grapes of Wrath*, almost overnight, made the life led by these wretched people a national scandal. Thereafter, though they still might be ignored, they could not entirely be forgotten. It was a special stroke of genius to make farm workers in this novel not the Mexicans, Filipinos, Negroes, or Japanese, who, as Steinbeck knew better than anyone, had long followed and stooped and harvested the crops, but white Anglo-Saxon Protestants (WASP's as they were not yet called), who had once enjoyed the unbelievably better fortune of the debt-ridden family farm. These were basic Americans made untouchable—Okies for goodness sake—by economic weakness and resulting disaster. It could happen to anyone except Norman Vincent Peale.

I did not meet John Steinbeck until just after Christmas in 1953-1954. With my wife I had been in Puerto Rico at the university, and we went on to St. John in the Virgin Islands for a holiday. Caneel Bay, where we arrived late one night, was then a minor backwater of the Rockefeller benefactions; indeed, it was currently being operated as a kind of colony of Colonial Williamsburg. (Like,

I gather, everything else in the Western world, it has since been drastically developed.) There was a slight depression at the time, induced, as so often before, by the belief that where the economy is concerned, God will not let good conservative gentlemen down. The Eisenhower Administration had recently increased interest rates dramatically for no good reason, and business was off. In consequence an unusual number of Americans were taking the unprecedented step of remaining at home. My wife returned from her regulation dawn patrol to report that there was only one other couple in the hotel and adjacent cottages. Their name was Steinbeck. You don't suppose . . . ?

It was, and the beginning of a friendship. I can add little on Steinbeck as a writer, for he did not like talking about his work, at least to me. But I can tell quite a bit more about a shrewd and perceptive man, much interested in politics and contemporary anthropology and not only droll but very, very funny. He was a large man, still clean-shaven, exceedingly homely, and in 1954 looked older than I had imagined or he was. He spoke in a carefully subdued mumble. Elaine, his wife, was intelligent, tolerant, devoted, and lovely.

At Caneel Bay the Steinbecks too were on holiday, and John regularly took a mask and snorkel, and looking from shore like some terrible accident of marine miscegenation, went out along the reef to explore the underwater life. It was an interest which had developed many years before on the California coast near Monterey and is reflected in many of his stories. One day, however, my wife and I set out to tour the island on foot, and John abandoned the sea to accompany us in a jeep that he had requisitioned for the purpose, along with the owner. (The latter was an acquaintance who had secluded himself on the island to write a novel. In face of the failure rate it is astonishing how many people can be persuaded that solitude is a substitute for art. This was possibly an instance, but John deferred to the unhappy man as to Proust.) We explored the ruins of the old sugar plantations

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and heard of the great revolt of 1733. Then the slaves seized the island and penned their erstwhile masters up in a small enclave around Caneel Bay. Eventually a commando of soldiers righteously representing the several civilized powers with interests in the area was sent in to restore order. It was a fine example of international cooperation. The slaves, however, had the last word. They went to a high promontory at one end of the island and dashed on like lemmings into the sea. The island went back to wilderness. John thought, on any rational calculation of their personal future, that their decision was sound. He predicted that, within a measurable time, a similar calculation would be made by the inhabitants of Manhattan, and certainly of Miami Beach, with similar results.

Steinbeck differed from other novelists of his (or a slightly earlier) generation in being a controlled drinker. But he was also an appreciative one. Adlai Stevenson, in one of his great speeches in 1952, written I believe with the major help of James Wechsler, referred to the brief period every four years just before presidential elections when politics reconciles even the most obsolete men to the machine age. It was, he said, "a kind of pause in the Republican occupation that might be called 'The Liberal Hour.'" Thereafter those of us who were working on his campaign spoke of the time when we assembled for a drink as the Liberal Hour. I told John of this nomenclature, and he considered it carefully from every angle for several evenings. Then he told me he preferred his own term. He called it Milking Time.

Milking Time was an occasion for wonderful nonsense. I remember especially one evening when he got on to the wife of a man with whom he had a close personal identification. The girl was a frustrated circus performer. She loved lions and tigers and other exotic beasts and dressed like a zebra; would often dream that she was riding around a ring on the rump of a horse and attempt in a limited way while asleep to do so; could not see a curtain pole without taking hold of it as a trapeze; and did a certain amount of damage to people's houses while swinging from their chandeliers. She hurt herself one day when she stepped out of a second-story window on to a poorly attached clothesline. Life with her was interesting. I believe it had no appreciable relation to fact and that it was just as well that Hotchner was not around.

We also talked a good deal about politics. John liked Stevenson and believed Joe McCarthy, then in peak form, strictly a flash in the pan. To exercise power through fear, he thought, required commanding intelligence and great diligence. Joe had neither. I seem also to recall that even at this stage Steinbeck thought he would prove a bit vulnerable to the bottle.

Then, as later, John developed a favorite theme, which is that the world owes more than it realizes

to shared greed. Since there is an infinity of visions of the future, and also of how any one vision can be made real, ideology divides men. But they are brought together again by pursuit of their common interest in income, power, position, or the prospect of an invitation to eat at the White House. It is a shrewd point. New York and California liberals quarrel hideously because, being happy where they are and not wanting to go to Washington, they are influenced more or less exclusively by ideas. Elsewhere shared greed makes men more tractable.

In the ensuing years we saw the Steinbecks at intervals, and I heard from him often—as there must be many who will testify, he was (in small but legible script) one of the last good letter writers. We were brought together at John F. Kennedy's inauguration, because someone had the idea of beating out a covey of artists, writers, and certified intellectuals to attend the rites, a project with a heavy portent of disaster for President Lyndon Johnson and Professor Eric Goldman. The Steinbecks were in the flock and joined us for the day.

We were also joined by a television crew whose principals had the idea of covering the event by immortalizing the responses of a highly unrepresentative set of spectators—as I recall, besides the Galbraiths, Scottie Lanahan, Janet Leigh, and Senator and Mrs. Hubert Humphrey. Having Steinbeck show up was, from the point of view of the producer, roughly equivalent to discovering Toynbee in the studio audience at the Johnny Carson show.

To have a television camera on you all that day (and in the front seat of the car as we were stalled in the traffic jams) was an unbelievable mark of political status. We attracted attention second only to President and Mrs. Kennedy and well ahead of Douglas Dillon, Dean Rusk, or the Secretary of Commerce. We both made the most of it, but John more than I. He told one or two people who got up the courage to ask why the attention that he had just been named chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and had not yet got his uniform fitted. To others, he said he was the new Secretary of Public Morals and Consumer Education. (I think that was it.)

When asked by the television men for his reaction to the Inaugural Address, he said: "Syntax, my lad. It has been restored to the highest places in the republic." Inspired by the prayers of Cardinal Cushing and other prelates, he also offered an allegory on that evening's situation meeting in heaven. The briefing angel would say: "Well, it was a pretty quiet day down there until noon, my Lord. Then we got one hell of a blast!" I was sad that John did not live to reflect on the way the doors and windows of heaven were shaken by the Reverend Billy Graham last January 20.

A few weeks later as I was about to leave for India, I received a letter from John—which alas, I seem no longer to have—which impressed me as

much as any communication I ever received. It said that no writer, teacher, or man of required independence of mind had any business becoming an ambassador, and that definitely included me. It wasn't necessarily that I would louse up the job or dislike it. Rather, I would like it too much. The bonds and constraints of bureaucracy would become too comfortable. Presently one would relax in them and cherish them. Thus, the end.

The warning always remained with me. The temptation to surrender to organization is indeed very great. While a military organization compels it, the State Department has more effective means. If you accept the approved belief and behavior, you are, as James C. Thomson, Jr., has said, an effective man. As such, you are called in for conferences and consulted with deference, even respect. If, however, you insist on the uncomplicated truth, you are a problem to be handled. I would guess that the men that Kennedy brought in split about fifty-fifty between those who decided to make sense and those who opted for being effective. In any case, in the ensuing years every time I was tempted by the thought that Taiwan was China, that Laos or later Vietnam was the fulcrum of the free world, that Goa was not a Portuguese colony but an integral province of Portugal, or even that one should bow to protocol and proceed to Palam Airport near New Delhi to welcome any visitor of the rank of technical sergeant or above, I thought of John. In time, I have been told, I acquired a reputation for being a trifle prickly. The fault was entirely, anyhow mostly, his.

Meanwhile I began to get letters forgiving me for my decision and offering me advice. An undated one from Babylon sur Rhône, which evidently was Avignon, must have coincided with the shelter-building flap of 1961-1962. He began with a reference to this. I have Elaine Steinbeck's permission to quote him. On the shelters he said:

I have my own shelter worked out in New York. At the first suggestion of a bomb, I'll pry open a man-hole cover and there are a thousand miles of shelter. And the rats there aren't likely to draw a gun on me. . . . Furthermore, after a couple of days, the sewers are going to smell sweeter than the upper air.

Later, proposing that all writers unite to modernize the clichés about peace—he urged that henceforth we beat swords into portable typewriters and ball-point pens—he asked me to arrange him a diplomatic appointment. He had decided that he wanted to be ambassador to Oz.

Now OZ has another secret weapon we could well use on all levels of government and diplomacy. The Wizard of OZ is a fraud who admits he is a fraud. Can you think what this would do if it got into chancelleries and general staffs. There would be a major break-through. I can think of a dozen other advantages and rewards of my Embassy to OZ but I think these two would justify it. The simple expedient of

John Steinbeck: Footnote for a Memoir

dying different countries different colors so we would know whether we were for or against them would be worth any outlay by our government. It is even possible that a discreet traffic in emeralds could make my Embassy self-supporting if not profitable.

Then came what, with some effort, I considered a compliment.

I trust you, Ken, to handle this matter for me with your usual discretion and subtlety.

In the next letter, not having been notified by President Kennedy of his appointment, he thought probably Senator Dirksen had got it. "Maybe he can do the job better than I can. . . . It's just one more small heartbreak."

A year or two later he reported on his triumphant journey to the Soviet Union and returned to a favorite theme.

We got home from our culture-mongering completely exhausted and with a very vague idea of what had happened. . . . I developed the only diplomacy that has ever worked outside of total conquest—that of finding areas of mutual greed.

I found I enjoyed the Soviet hustlers pretty much. There was a kind of youthful honesty about their illicit intention that was not without charm. And their lives are difficult under their four party system. It takes a fairly deft or very lucky man to make his way upward in the worker's paradise.

In the last year or two his letters were shorter. The X rays which led to spinal surgery in the autumn of 1967 he reported as looking "like a snake fence after a tornado." With some misgivings I sent him a pamphlet I had written on *How to Get Out of Vietnam*. To my delight he approved, on the whole, although he thought my solution—basically that we recognize error, pull back, and negotiate our withdrawal, assuring ourselves only of the safety of those remaining behind—a bit reminiscent of a recommendation that came out of a big meeting in Washington in World War II. It was to consider what could be done to arrest the rapid increase in venereal diseases. Everybody was stumped. Then Gene Tunney came up with an idea that "was a beauty and would work." He proposed continence.

My last letter was in the spring of 1968. The political prospect was for Mr. Johnson against Mr. Nixon. He was reminded of a little Indian girl in Salinas watching a wrestling match. In great excitement she said, "Jeses Chris' they're both jus' as good." Then, though recognizing that the need had long since passed, he got back to advising me on diplomacy. He had just heard about the perfect diplomat. Two men were discussing Green Bay, Wisconsin:

First Man: It's a real nice place.

Second Man: What's nice about it? Only things ever come out of Green Bay is the Packers and ugly whores.

First Man: Now, wait just one minute, you son of a bitch. My wife is from Green Bay.

Second Man: She is? What position she play?

Lament for the March King

by Paul Petrie

I Weep for Philip Sousa — He is dead!
“Come quietly, John,” they said,
tapping that quick-step man with his own baton,
who with a whomp of the drum dropped feet-first down
where in buttons and braid and honor he leads the band,
one of that underground
whose flutes are rusty with dirt,
whose piccolos wheeze,
whose horns and bassoons are pitched an octave low,
marching in double columns under the earth
while along the sides in rows
the ants all wiggle their ends,
crickets, beetles, and moles
whistle the Stars and Stripes
Forever, and clapping their soundless palms
ghosts stand up and cheer.

II I am out of step with my times —
old-fashioned
and a patriot,
who from the Alaskan hills waged the Korean War,
scanning the *Nome Gazette* for Intelligence,
and before, after, and since,
an optimist
fought at the hot gates, in the salt marshes
the Wasteland, Spengler, and Doom,
while over a sinking heart and a sinking head
the headlines grow,
and who could do battle almost
for Goodness, Beauty, and Truth,
if only the drums and cymbals
would thunder loudly enough,
the fifes tootle and swirl,
marching single file down my enemies’ throats
(where in the dark they lie weeping)
and tickle their ribs
with trombones.

III The lions have shabbier coats
each year. More and more
they resemble Bert Lahr.
With ads and coloring books
the clowns peddle their jokes,
and over impregnable nets
the queens of the high wires
dangle

and fall —
lewd clusters of balloons.

But surely the band is of all
most beat —
the braid stripped from their coats,
striped trousers patched,
neither shoulders, hands, nor feet
moving
as they play,
with incredible lack of zeal,
the sharps and flats and rests
of the wrong notes.

Do you love a parade, dear John?
To get a parade these days
you must murder the President,
then sit for hours in black
while over confetti screens the caissons go —
Adagio, Lento, Grave.

Corelli, Torelli, Vivaldi
at double p,
they sip their whiskey sours,
staring with gloom-lit voices
over the lawns
where the power mowers whine,
where shadows grow —
Sartre

McLuhan

and Dread.



IV Marching can be absurd.
Imagine us all stripped down —
tools of the men
thwacking their thighs in rhyme with a Scotch burr,
breasts of the women bobbing,
inflatable globes —

To procreate their kind
only birds must sing,
but we —
who perch on the world's end
as on the end of an egg
and stare at the yellow stain
of misery —
what do we have to do
with trumpets,
Maestoso,
and joy?

V The trees are still marching, dear John,
over the hills,
and over the sun-wet fields
ranks of the wind,
and in the sky, bright-armed,
the gold-capped leader goes,
and through the rooms go I,
my children ranked behind,
mocking with clockwork limbs
and rhetorical features me —
“To the right flank, March, to the rear!” —
over tables, sofas, chairs
and upright over the walls,
our ribs resounding joy,
our feet pounding in rhyme,
while down our sweat-flushed faces
run tears
for all of those things gone down
below
that are marching still.

There'll Be No More Bikes

The Death of the Post

by Michael M. Mooney

When the bell tolled for the *Saturday Evening Post* one day last January, it tolled not only for a venerable magazine but for “a style, a system, a regime”—and for a part of America.

A senior editor who was there for five years, until the last day, tells the sad story of the death of the onetime “King” of American periodicals, and of the men who guided its rise and fall.

On Friday, January 17, 1969, Martin S. Ackerman, president of the Curtis Publishing Company, announced that the February 8 issue, then being printed, would be the last issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. The magazine had been sick for some time.

Key Curtis officials disagreed on the cause of death. Under various titles and various owners the publication founded by Benjamin Franklin would have been 240 years old on October 2, 1969.

When the announcement finally came, the obituary writers gathered in the editorial offices of the *Saturday Evening Post* building in New York. Professional mourners assigned to the occasion by the *Post's* competitors stalked the block-long corridor looking for usable quotes. A television crew chief explained: “It might be worth a minute tonight; a minute's a lot of time in our business.”

Yes. Well, the *Times* would give it more than that. So would the gossipmongers of publishing and advertising. They had been predicting the end for some time. Yet at the end, there, a curious scene: the *Post* staff—editors, writers, researchers, copy girls, photographers, art directors, cartoonists—have locked themselves into the big corner office at the Lexington Avenue end of the building. The office is the capacious meeting room of editor William A. Emerson, Jr. They are all drinking politely and have locked the doors against what Emerson enigmatically calls “the press” outside.

Bill Emerson, “Old Tiger,” big bear of a man from Atlanta, Georgia, is giving his last official performance for the insiders: journalism's Establish-

ment. He's deceptively easygoing, a pretender at disorganization, a waterfall of Southern mythology, folklore, outrageous metaphors, habitual magnolia charm, like a Southern committee chairman. For five years and through four inept corporate managements he's kept the *Post* going by filibustering, and by counting the noses of a very subtle Establishment, the in-crowd of publishing. Emerson and the *Post* were the quintessential insiders. That's why “the press” is outside.

There's a knock on the closed doors. “Would you mind,” asks the Daily Features lady from the New York *Times*, “talking to just one more reporter?”

“Not at all, muffin,” Emerson drawls. “I'm just one more reporter myself these days.” And he goes outside to give her the interview she needs.

Back in 1964, when Emerson was first named editor, he flew to Detroit because it had been reported that the automobile advertisers were nervous. If Detroit had pulled their advertising, the *Post* would have died right then. Emerson stood up at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club, looked down into the satiated, hooded eyeballs of the auto executives, shuffled his speaker's cards, and began: “My name is William A. Emerson, Jr. I am the new editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. I stand before you perfectly equipped to be the editor of the *Post* because the ‘A’ in my name stands for Appomattox. My family have been losers for generations.”

*Cut to Commercial #1. Exterior. 1 min. Boy sings a cappella “School Days.” Video: slow pan elm-lined summer street to boy riding bike no hands into close-up. He tosses magazine in a long arc to house porch. Camera follows arc until it thuds on stoop. Zoom to close-up of *Post* cover. Dissolve on lyric “. . . when we were a couple of kids.”*

George Horace Lorimer's name as editor first was printed on the masthead in the June 10, 1899, issue and stayed there for thirty-eight years. That September the first illustrated cover showed pictures of two great racing yachts, *Columbia* and

Shamrock, as they were expected to appear in the impending America's Cup races. That same month the size of the *Post* page was set at 680 lines, the size carried in the last issue.

Lorimer had dropped out of Yale to work for P. D. Armour in the meat-packing business, then left a budding career as a businessman to become a writer. He was hired for the *Post* after a ten-minute interview in Boston by Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the publisher of the *Ladies Home Journal*. They agreed there should be a magazine for men. A "vast glamor and romance," they said, "lies ignored in the field of business yet no one writes about it."

Curtis had paid \$1000 for the *Post*, type and all, but to get it going spent another \$1,250,000, including some \$950,000 on promotion. In Lorimer's first year, the *Post* had 97,497 circulation and \$59,338 in advertising. Since advertisers were slow to come in, it nearly bankrupted publisher Curtis. But then they came in a rush. In 1905 circulation stood at 696,044, and advertising had broken through to \$1,058,934. The *Post* was on its way to being the spokesman for the great middle class of America, to reign as king of the mass magazines.

The *Post* was king for a number of reasons. For one thing, mass production needed a system of mass distribution. The *Post*, as the first truly national magazine, would provide the advertising medium for such a system. In 1914 the *Post* carried the advertising of some forty automotive manufacturers: Detroit and the *Post* were to prosper together.

But a more important reason for King *Post's* success was that in 1900 most American magazines were influenced by English literature and European manners, and Lorimer aimed to interpret America to itself. Lorimer published as the first *Post* serial a novel about American business: *The Market Place* by Harold Frederic. Lorimer himself supplied the materials for the next series by writing *Letters From a Self-Made Merchant*. The *Post's* first distinctive fiction series was by George Randolph Chester on J. Rufus Wallingford, businessman. It was followed by *Potash and Perlmutter*, New York cloak-and-suit partners, then the Siwash football series, and the series on Jack O'Keefe the bushier, *You Know Me Al*, by Ring Lardner. All-American stuff, that's what it was. A vast romance was being explored. Lorimer was editing for an America that loved Gus Edwards songs, an America that would "Come away with me Lucille, in my merry Oldsmobile." Indeed, the Olds Motor Works took the first two color ads in the *Post*.

Those were America's "school days/school days/dear old golden rule days," and the *Post* was the cantor for a golden dream, an America in which every man would have his opportunity either at Siwash or in an Olds. If man would do the sensible thing, if he would answer opportunity when it knocked, then riches and honor might be his. The *Post* sang the song of evergreen optimism.

The genealogy of evergreen optimism made it uniquely an American proposition. King *Post's* parents were, on his father's side, the Age of Production; on his mother's side, the Novel of Manners. Just as the *Post* was born, the Age of Production was dying. It was enshrined in the mausoleums of Newport, typified by Berwyn's coal, Vanderbilt's railroads, and Mrs. Belmont's Finance Capital. The pink marble palaces were testament to what had been extracted from a rich land.

In the shadow of finance capitalism, King *Post* went about his father's business: providing mass distribution for mass production. Indeed, if every small boy would seize the opportunity, if he would sell enough subscriptions, he might win an Eagle bike. King *Post* was the king of a distributive age, an age in which no more pink palaces would be built, no more testimonials to capital, an age which instead would devote itself to a home of your own, a Buick, and testimonials not to capital but to Camels.

King *Post's* mother raised him. There are those who say he never understood the Novel of Manners, but he did learn from her about *Harper's Weekly* and "Literature," and editor Lorimer created for magazine and reader a special brand of American fiction. Jack London published *Call of the Wild* in the *Post* in 1903; P. G. Wodehouse wrote *Jeeves*; Clarence Budington Kelland was a perennial; Mary Roberts Rinehart wrote her subdeb stories; Harry Leon Wilson wrote *Ruggles of Red Gap*; and in 1916 the *Post* carried the first illustration by Norman Rockwell. It was said that he painted people "the way they really were, not like Picasso or those garbage can painters over at the Armory."

From James Branch Cabell, Rudyard Kipling, and William Dean Howells, the *Post* drew on "The Better Things in Life." Prophetically, in *Silas Lapham*, it was Howells who described King *Post's* future: in the end when Silas Lapham's social status and commercial winnings are tumbling about him in ruin, he will be given the chance to swindle a large and impersonal corporation. But he doesn't, because his success is the true, honest heart of the good country boy who cannot take mean advantage even of those who can afford to lose. Lapham continued his descent because, in effect, he refused to agree to a merger with CBS.

When the *Post* character supersalesman Alexander Botts worked his Earthworm Tractor, he was always doing good things. In the *Post's* final years, when writer Joan Didion described San Bernardino, California, as "bulldozed suburbia," a place of illusions, it was the Chamber of Commerce, those

Mr. Mooney, who became a *Post* editor in 1963, is now editor and founder of Connex Systems, Inc., educational publishers. "I loved the *Post*," he writes, "and loved the old independent journalism: smell a story, pursue it, get it, write it."



doers of good things, who hung Miss Didion in effigy. But by then, of course, the *Post* had changed, and America had changed even more.

Cut to Commercial #2. Interior. 1 min. Busby Berkeley stage set. Chorus dances 2/4 time tap upstage. Back set is 30-foot-high Post logo. Rockets and fireworks continuous. Chorus sings: "We want to go back to nor-mal-cy/Back to the way things used to be/You had a car in every garage/Al Capone was still at large." Zoom to Post logo. Dissolve.

Cyrus Curtis died on June 7, 1933, and editor Lorimer succeeded him as president of the Curtis Publishing Company. In 1937 Lorimer retired and did not live out the year. But the company and the magazine they had founded prospered steadily: in 1913 circulation stood at 2 million; by 1932 it was 2.8 million; by 1940, even though the war restricted paper supplies, it was 3.2 million; when Eisenhower was elected in 1952, circulation was 4.2 million. Advertising grew apace: in 1913, \$7.8 million; in 1932, \$22 million; in 1940, \$27 million; and in 1952, \$75 million.

The *Post* feuded with Harold Ickes, with General Johnson and the NRA, with Joe Kennedy, and all those New Dealers. In those days, *Post* editorials carried enormous weight, and it was said that even Roosevelt turned to it to read what mid-America thought. Then the war came, Ben Hibbs was named editor, and he said: "I believe firmly in the American system—freedom of living—freedom of enterprise. Above all, I believe it is the patriotic duty of the *Post* to help keep alive in the minds of the people the fact that free enterprise literally has made America."

Ben Hibbs was a friend of Eisenhower's. For the 1952 campaign Norman Rockwell painted the sweetest Ike mid-America had ever seen. But the romance of business that had been Lorimer's joy had subtly changed into a business-patriotism. Under Ike, it turned out, "what was good for General Motors, was good for the country," which was not the very same thing at all as, "what was good for business, was good for the country."

As a matter of fact, what was good for General Motors would soon leave the *Post* on the beach. Many of those forty automotive advertisers that had backed Lorimer in 1914 were now divisions of General Motors. By the fifties, competition by producers in the mass market had noticeably ebbed, and as the tide of the distributive society went out, so did potential advertisers.

But there were other changes, too. Just as the mass magazines had supplanted the Novel of Manners as escapist fare, television began to supply an endless stream of situation comedies, horse operas, and detective stories to entertain the audience the

Post claimed as its own. Indeed, even "Hazel" became a TV show.

Moreover, TV licenses were granted as federal monopolies in every city and region, in what advertisers called "markets." These were not national markets in the old sense, but something new: conglomerations of special markets offered to advertisers at rates magazines could never meet. To get its stories into a home, a magazine has to bear the cost of buying paper, treating it with ink and words at a printing plant, and then shipping it. Television sends its stories over airwaves provided "free" by the FCC.

The answer of the big magazines to the threat of TV was to get as many readers as TV could show in its Nielsen ratings: to fight numbers with numbers. As the numbers went up, so did the cost of paper and printing. Only very rich advertisers could afford to buy a page at \$40,000. Smaller advertisers were closed out. The effect of the "numbers game" was synergistic and fatal.

Collier's went under in the fifties, but in the paneled boardroom at Independence Square in Philadelphia, although the directors shifted uneasily in their seats, they paid whopping dividends, and sailed on to what they thought was a calm horizon. There was, however, an even more fatal flaw in Ben Hibbs's *Post* than the "numbers game."

When Lorimer had set out to interpret America to itself, evergreen optimism was unquestioned, but postwar America had some doubts about itself. For example, when the atom bomb was exploded, the *Post* puffed with pride because Dr. William Laurence had told the story, "The Atom Gives Up," five years before the event. The atom was a triumph of American science and good old Yankee ingenuity, by jingo. But postwar America was not so sure the atom had given up. And then, as editor Hibbs put it: "The intellectuals aren't communicating with the ordinary folks . . . and most of us simply lump all such people together under the general heading of 'eggheads' and make no effort to understand what they are saying."

Indeed not. The society of mass distribution had changed into a welfare society of mass consumption, fueled in its energies by an oligarchy of corporate associations whose connections always ran straight to Washington. That's what "good for the country" meant.

When Ike really did put the "earthworm tractors" to work on a gargantuan federal highway program, they ripped up many of the elm-shaded towns Rockwell had painted. In April, 1955, the *Post* started a series called "The Face of America." The first layout showed the Brandywine in spring: "The Brandywine, a jewel among rivers, is so small map-makers call it a creek. But it looms large in American history, poetry and art."

Yes. Well, it would turn out later that the Brandywine was polluted, and though America knew, the editors of the *Post* did not.

In 1958, Sigma Delta Chi gave its top award to Harold Martin for his article "Can We Stay Rich?" Two years later John F. Kennedy would be elected by pointing out we weren't all that rich.

In 1959, the *Post* reported its highest ad revenue in history: \$97,614,442. Curtis owned the land on which the trees grew, owned the mills to make the pulp, owned the largest single printing plant in the world, owned the trucks and leased the trains to run across the country, and owned the circulation company which distributed 110 magazines, including *Look* and the *Atlantic*, besides the *Post*. The assets of Curtis floated like an iceberg beneath its magnificent public properties: the *Post*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Holiday*, and *American Home*. Insiders would later say that Curtis had \$50 million in cash and \$100 million in securities of other corporations. The year-end issue—December 26, 1959—featured "Sixteen pages in color on the Life of Christ, Painted by Italian Masters of the XI to XV Centuries and Told with Passages From the Holy Gospels."

Cut to Commercial #3. Interior. 1 min. Buffalo Bills sing "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone" offscreen. Video is film clips of 1960 Ike in bubbletop; JFK inauguration; Nixon Calif. concession; Johnson Vietnam TV talk. Dissolve to Post Johnson cover. Dissolve.

From 1960 to 1963 cash was pouring out of a stricken company. Finally alarmed enough to stop the payments of preferred dividends, the Curtis board of directors dawdled into action. None of them were magazine men. None were editors, or publishers, or advertising specialists. They did realize belatedly that in the fifties the young talent in journalism had been sucked up by Time, Inc., the ad agencies, and the networks, and that now perhaps they needed to recruit.

Milton Gould, an Iago of a lawyer who specializes in boardroom troubles, joined the board to represent preferred shareholders squawking for their dues. In turn, Gould invited two men to meet him one day in a room at Brown Brothers, Harriman in Philadelphia. When they arrived to keep their appointment, Gould was not there, he "had been delayed." So Clay Blair, Jr., and Matthew J. ("Call me Joe") Culligan introduced themselves. "What," asked each of the other, "are you doing here?"

It turned out that *both* men believed they were to be president of Curtis. It is a clue to Gould's genius that he thought by leaving them alone in a Philadelphia boardroom, they might work it out.

They never did. Culligan was tapped as president and Blair as editor in chief, and Blair immediately went to work to depose his rival.

"Joe" Culligan is the paradigm of the romantic, go-getting American salesman—the very man Lorimer had in mind when he wrote *Letters From a Self-Made Merchant*, the living derivative of those *Post* heroes who thought "America is good for Business."

Culligan plays golf at Appawamis like an ad man should. He wears a patch over one eye like the Hathaway shirt man, except that his patch was not bought on Madison Avenue to make a shirt attractive; it was heroically earned in France.

He started as a pitchman at the World's Fair in 1939; in the fifties he revamped network radio at NBC; he takes credit for the start of the *Tonight* and *Today* show forms on TV; he was a top executive at the biggest of the ad agencies—McCann-Ericson. Advertising men love to hear Joe Culligan talk, and when he took over Curtis he said: "I can sell this package." For a while, they believed.

His first sale was the most important. He persuaded Serge Semenenko, the shrewd Boston banker, to put up \$35 million in loans. Culligan had the money just in time, and then, miracles, the greatest copper lode of all time was struck on the Timmins forest lands of Curtis in Canada. Could Alexander Botts have done it better?

Meantime, Clay Blair was revamping the magazine. The editors and publishing staff were moved to New York. Some 240 editorial staffers were either fired or refused to make the move. Blair recruited hard, and editors and writers answered the call, even though many of them were perfectly aware the *Post* was doomed. They came for love of the kind of individual journalism the *Post* might still represent. They didn't care if it eventually folded. It would be the last great chance for the independent editor and for the free-lance writer. It might stand against the encroaching style of manufactured corporate journalism represented by Time, Inc. and the networks. Men who came for such reasons would soon be a problem for the Curtis management.

At first they were devoted to Blair. He was an ex-submariner, and although often crude, he had the instincts of the old-style, hard-nosed reporter. "What we're going to do," he said, "is some sophisticated muckraking." He had hardly begun when a Georgia story of sullied football backfired. Wally Butts and Paul "Bear" Bryant denied they had had conversations to fix a game, sued, and collected. "Sophisticated muckraking" got off to a bad start.

But Blair was undaunted. He pursued his new policies for the *Post* with the same violence as he pursued his hobby: he was one of the world's great skin divers, a professional hired for a percent of the treasure. Although most professional divers are superstitious about killing sharks, Blair killed sharks near the wrecks he worked, and killed with pleasure. He said once that treasure diving was like editing the *Post*: pursuing the truth amidst sharks. His successor as editor, William A. Emerson, Jr., would

say: "Only an Irish mystic or a fool would tell the truth. For the rest of us, the truth is too expensive." Then Emerson would go on to tell an apocryphal story about Blair: "There's Blair, down 200 feet, and up comes a 15-foot hammerhead shark. Blair backs up against the coral. The shark eyes Blair and Blair eyes the shark. That ol' shark turns tail and runs, because shark knows it's dangerous to mess with dumb animals."

In May, 1964, while Culligan was selling the package, Blair was writing editorials blasting Goldwater. Emerson (then executive editor) had assigned a *Post* senior editor to stick close to Blair: "He's losing his marbles."

Blair was holed up in Bermuda, treasure diving, and planning the coup to depose Culligan in the fall. The editor-assigned-to-stick-close questioned Blair: exactly what did he want? He was an editorial man and he was already editor in chief. He had every freedom he needed to pursue his own truth—what was it that Blair wanted to do, and why?

Blair thought out the question over several weeks in Bermuda: Culligan was corrupt, he said, Semenenko venal, the board senile. Only by displacing Culligan as president could a conspiracy of the commercial interests that were bleeding Curtis to death be replaced. "Why?" answered Blair: "Because *God* wants me to save the *Saturday Evening Post*."

In September, Blair, Marvin Kantor, a financial adviser to Blair, seventeen Curtis editors and publishing executives signed a two-inch-thick book of written charges against "Joe" Culligan. They then gave it to the Curtis executive committee. Some of the charges were charges of mismanagement. Others were personal slanders or libels of Culligan. The manifesto was kept secret for about six weeks, then was slipped into the hands of Robert Bedingfield of the *New York Times*. Amidst a furor of publicity and scandal, Blair was fired in November, and Culligan forced to resign.

John ("Mac the Knife") Clifford was appointed president. He had been an NBC vice president and was ill equipped for the job he faced. His first move was to fire some subeditors of the *Post* on the grounds they were "Blair" men. He had the NBC-trained charm to give them five minutes to get off the floor. As the fired men called good-bye to their fellow editors, the staff drifted up the hall to the offices of Emerson. They found that Emerson, now acting editor, had resigned after insisting to Clifford that only the editor of the *Post* could hire or fire editors and writers. But Clifford was obdurate.

"Who are you, anyway?" asked an editor of Clifford.

"I'm the president of this company, and I want you men to know I've broken strikes before." Clifford went on to explain that "Mr. Semenenko wants me to save the *Saturday Evening Post*."

The editors in turn made it clear that it was

Friday evening, that Clifford would have to figure a way to get Emerson to withdraw his resignation, or else by Monday morning Clifford and Semenenko could put out their own damn magazine.

All weekend Clifford tried to find another editor to run the *Post*. He called competitors, TV men, ex-editors. Some of the editors approached would call staff editors. They would tell the new candidates to forget it: either Emerson or no one.

On a Monday in November, 1964, William A. Emerson, Jr., became the last editor of the *Post*.

Cut to Commercial #4. Interior. 1 min. Simon & Garfunkel sing "Mrs. Robinson" offscreen. Video, film clips of night riots at Columbia Univ.; on lyric "joltin' joe has gone away" freeze frame riot, superimpose Post logo. Dissolve.

Emerson was the Southern committee chairman as editor, greeter, ad salesman, politician, Georgia-boy, cracker-barrel storyteller. He kept the *Post* alive for four more years.

The advertisers had to be sold. Emerson set out to sell them. The advertisers said they were worried about the constant change of personnel at the *Post*. Emerson told them a story about how when he was a boy he was brought up in a town called Low-Dollar, Tennessee. He had an uncle, he said, who sold garters as a traveling man and who had gone all the way to Chicago once and seen a play and came back to interest young Bill in literature. "And he taught me something else," Emerson would say. "He took me down to town—down to Low-Dollar, that is, but it was town to me—and he learned me how to hang around."

Folk talk, sure. Will Rogers as ad salesman and editor. Emerson was actually an honors graduate from Harvard, but he played the clown. He called his readers the "freckle-belly folk" and the "Hoo-ples." He made advertisers laugh, and the editors work. He blew a Bermuda taxi horn into the phone to Philadelphia. Like most Southern committee chairmen, he had the eyes of a cobra.

In 1965 the *Post* went biweekly to cut its losses. The advertisers asked Emerson "Why should there be a *Saturday Evening Post*?" and Emerson wrote out his answer:

Because it is unique. Because it will, in time of turmoil and anxiety, be an expression of common sense, of belief in America and its traditional political and economic systems, of belief in both civil rights and law and order, of belief in the American people and their basic decency and wisdom. If this sounds conventional or platitudinous, we would do well to remember George Orwell's dictum, in 1984, that truisms are true, and that the basic right is the right to know that two and two make four.

But when Emerson spoke to the advertisers that way they looked blank. Despite the urgings of his publisher to "give them the truth shit," Emerson

was shrewd enough to go back to telling stories. Advertisers liked the stories, they understood them.

A war of attrition was on between Philadelphia and New York. The magazine men in New York fought for cheaper printing, better circulation, investment in new ideas. In Philadelphia the leftovers from the empire, "the fat white overseers," cut costs in New York, refused to recapitalize, concentrated on hundreds of petty harassments. "You are piss-ants, ninny-hammers, sapinpaws," shouted Emerson into the Philadelphia phone.

President Clifford bought a company plane and zoomed here and there with his good friend Miss Gloria Swett, who was appointed the company's secretary, personnel director, public relations chief, and was the operating head of the law department. Clifford sold the Timmins copper for cash, then a paper mill, and at the very end was trying to sell anything—but he didn't know how.

Again and again, Armand Erpf, the financial genius of Loeb, Rhoades, attempted to solve the financial mess, but whatever he proposed the board debated endlessly, and by the time they decided what to do, conditions were far worse, and the proposal had to be redesigned and redebated. "Anyone can figure out how to drive the Curtis buggy," said Erpf, "but no one can figure how to get in it."

By March of 1968, Curtis couldn't pay \$10 million to the First National Bank of Boston, and two extraordinary suitors arrived to bid for the remains. The editors themselves had raised \$50 million, \$10 million of it cash. Milton Gould, director for the preferred, had a friend in one Martin S. Ackerman, called in the trade "Marty the Mortician." He was president of the Perfect Film & Chemical Corporation, a conglomerate of the remains of several corporations. In the complicated finaglings with the editors—Loeb, Rhoades, and White, Weld on one side, and Gould and "Marty the Mortician" on the other—the board of Curtis gave the nod to Ackerman.

On the morning that Ackerman was to present his bid for control to a waiting Curtis board, one editor called the lawyer for the Curtis family trusts—the legatees of Lorimer, E. W. Bok, and Cyrus H. K. Curtis. They were still the owners of 30 percent of the stock and controlled Curtis.

The editor said he wanted the family to know the editors had not given up. They were still ready to risk the \$50 million, if the family would rather

not deliver the company into the hands of Martin S. Ackerman for dismemberment.

Ackerman's plans for Curtis had been hinted at in the *Wall Street Journal* for a week. Now the crucial meeting was just two hours away. With the reply of counsel for the family, the bell began to toll for the *Post*: "Who's Ackerman? I've been down in Florida playing a little golf and haven't had a chance to catch up."

That afternoon Ackerman took control. In seven months, he would announce the *Post's* last issue.

Cut to Commercial #5. Interior. 1 min. Song is "Those Were the Days, My Friend." Video shows 22 Norman Rockwell Post covers. Cut from cover to cover on the beginning of each bar. Last Rockwell shows Ben Franklin holding Post and crying. Hold for two bars. Dissolve.

The failure of the *Post* is not just the story of another magazine going under, but the failure of a style, a system, a regime. In the beginning, the *Post* and its style stood for all the hopes of free enterprise. In the end, the *Post*—old King *Post*—could no longer understand the new sense of things.

Free enterprise originally meant something a man set out to do, just as Curtis and Lorimer did. But the result of their effort was something called the corporation, and the corporation cannot act as men did when they were free. Corporations are things like General Motors or Columbia University or Curtis Publishing. They have no way to do what might be good for the country. They cannot be managed to return the slow buck. They cannot be directed to honor's reward. Curiously, they are often not even directed to riches, for they have their own rules. They are ruled by opportunity. And when opportunity reigns as king, then honor, riches, pride, and virtue do his bidding and fill his cups.

When Lorimer began, the hit song was "School Days/School Days." On the day Martin S. Ackerman became president of Curtis, "Mrs. Robinson" was on the top of the charts. Sensible men will notice the difference. On the day King *Post* finally died, there in New York after "the press" had gone, the editors gathered in what was now a ghostly layout room to watch themselves and their parting words on the evening news. Yes, sir, just as the TV crew chief had said, it was worth about a minute.

So much for insiders. □

The Immortalist

by Robley Wilson, Jr.

If you were to shadow him in and out of life,
his life, day after day, you would be struck to find
that he finishes nothing. Find a coffee cup
he has drunk from; cold coffee, a half-inch of it,
sits in the bottom of the cup. The chances are
some time has passed since he poured it; wonderful plants
proliferate out of the black; alive gray spores
suck up the drink and lie hideously awake.

In his kitchen, bedroom, bathroom, and living room
— wherever there are ashtrays of whatever shapes —
hardly smoked cigarettes collect, some of them burnt
tip to tip leaving the bare ash solemn and whole
like molted fire-dragons from a Chinese egg,
the rest half-wasted, balanced on a rim of glass,
inside the paper collar their last heat hunched in.
He smokes endlessly, yet he scarcely smokes at all.

He has women. You can walk the streets anywhere
and figure to yourself that half the girls you meet
were, one time, his, all in the special way he has —
which is not quite to possess them, but to make threats
in a language indistinguishable from love's
and in gestures any woman recognizes
until it is too late for her to tell him *yes*.
By then he is not listening; then he is gone.

Everything. Everything. The same arrest, the same
disjunction, the same *no*. You cannot understand
why he reads books only part-through, and will not stay
to the end of movies; the inside record grooves
of his collection are unworn, he has not learned
a single poem by heart, he does not eat desserts.
You wonder who *he* is, never to finish with —
and, if this pleases him, what he will not come to. . . .

When America “Lost” China

The Case of John Carter Vincent by Ross Terrill

America lost its way in Asia in the 1960s in part because we pretended for twenty years that China was ours to “lose” to Communism. This is the story of a State Department China Hand who refused to play “let’s pretend” about America’s Mission in the Far East, who was purged for his realism, but whose assessments and spirit have survived the inroads of Dulles, Joe McCarthy, *Time*, and time.

It is just twenty years since China was “lost.” In October, 1949, Mao Tse-tung proclaimed the People’s Republic of China in Peking, while “our” Chinese licked their wounds on Taiwan. At that time, U.S. foreign policy was in anguished transition. The great victory of 1945 bred a sense of grandeur. But the postwar years brought a deepening awareness of intractable problems and hostile powers in Europe and Asia alike.

Fear of Communist power remolded the content, style, and process of formulation of American foreign policy. Ideological anxiety became a bridge which linked domestic politics and international politics as never before. A past history of U.S. idealism toward China made Communist success there more shocking than in Eastern Europe. The post-mortems on China policy, spurred by Republican resentment at the long Democratic dominance and by the anger of the China Lobby (supporters of Chiang Kai-shek in the United States), were bitter and zealous. Partisanship on China policy began in earnest after the congressional elections of November, 1946, which brought Republican majorities in both House and Senate. In early 1947 General George Marshall’s Mission to China, which had aimed at a peaceful settlement of the civil war between Chiang and Mao, ended without success. Meanwhile, as Chiang sank deeper into military and political failure, there came in 1948 a string of Communist scares, including Klaus Fuchs’s confession of atomic espionage and Whittaker Chambers’ charges against Alger Hiss of the State Department. By 1950, Senator Joseph McCarthy had pounced on China policy as a natural weapon for his crusade

against the whole U.S. foreign-policy establishment. When the North Koreans moved south in June, 1950, the time of troubles for U.S. Far Eastern policy seemed complete. Since the Korean attack, which stimulated the U.S. commitment to Chiang that exists to this day, relations between Washington and Peking have made little progress. In some ways they have gotten worse, as the United States has spread some 900,000 men under arms in an arc close to China.

True, the wistful Dulles line that the Communist regime may “pass away” has been abandoned. There have been occasional ambassadorial talks between China and the United States. Mail and literature flow between the two countries (though Washington will not permit Peking to settle the bill for Chinese materials bought by Americans). Last July, President Nixon eased the travel restrictions on Americans visiting China, and on the importation of Chinese merchandise. Within the United States, a certain cut and thrust has returned to public discussion of China policy. Yet the basic policy remains unchanged. Washington maintains diplomatic ties with Chiang Kai-shek and his remnant, who lost the Chinese civil war, not with Mao Tse-tung and his government in Peking, who won it. Our frozen China policy is an echo of a rankling past, of an inability to reckon with it in terms of facts rather than myths.

One myth about the loss of China was that “blame” lay largely with the “China Hands.” Of the twenty-two Officers who belonged to the elite China Service in the State Department before World War II, and who remained with the Department in mid-1952, *only two* still worked on Chinese affairs. The other twenty were scattered in a variety of posts unconnected with China.

The principal China Hand attacked was John Carter Vincent. He was number two of McCarthy’s famous list of eighty-one State Department officials alleged to have Communist leanings. Born in 1900 and raised in Georgia, Vincent joined the Foreign Service at twenty-four. Beginning as Vice-Consul in Changsha, he served in various China posts for a total of thirteen years, the last as Counselor of Embassy in Chungking, 1941-1943.

Promoted rapidly under several Secretaries of

State, Vincent became Director of the Office of Far Eastern Affairs (FE) in 1945 (the equivalent position today is Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs). In 1945 he attended, as Far Eastern specialist, the conferences at San Francisco (UN), Potsdam, and Moscow.

Vincent is a sharp, proud, elegant man, with piercing blue eyes and a straightforward manner. As a diplomat, he was an independent, even obstinate, spirit; the facts as he saw them were sovereign; ideas were not squeezed out by bureaucratic formality.

Politically, he had been a Wilsonian Democrat, and later grafted onto his Wilsonianism a kind of social liberalism, or social democracy, as the Depression, Fascism, and the failure of the corrupt, upper-class Kuomintang government in China thrust the economic factor to the center of any consideration of political forms. He wrote in a letter to his wife from Chungking:

I am an advocate of no particular form of government. The state of development, education, and temperament of any social group determines what form of government is possible. But I do believe that the primary function of government is to insure, so far as possible, that the people shall live in security and freedom; as Spinoza says, that they shall "in security develop soul and body to make free use of their reason." The Kuomintang, as the governing party of China, has failed in this task.

In 1947 Vincent was transferred from Director of FE to the remoter airs of Switzerland and then to Tangiers (1951-1953), as U.S. Minister. As the anti-Communist fever built up in Washington over the issue of China, Vincent, to his amazement, found himself under challenge. In 1952, he returned from Tangiers to face a grueling week-long interrogation by the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, whose chairman was Senator Patrick McCarran. The subcommittee oscillated between trying to demonstrate that Vincent knew nothing about Communism and trying to insinuate that he was a Communist. It was assisted by assorted ex-Communists, who fiddled scholastically with Communist myths and texts. Never once, however, did it turn the discussion to American ideals and traditions, about which Vincent knew and cared somewhat more than McCarran's ex-Communists. Vincent evaded questions out of fear of committing perjury on some detail of time or place; counsel for the subcommittee asked caustically, since Vincent had forgotten so much, had he perhaps forgotten that he had been a member of the Communist Party? It is hard to say which annoyed McCarran most: Vincent's evasions and vagueness concerning doctrinal niceties, or his gentlemanly bearing and individualistic spirit.

He was cleared by the State Department Loyalty Board. But he then had to face a Civil Service Loy-

alty Review Board, whose chairman, ex-Senator Hiram Bingham, evidently aware that two of its three members saw no case against Vincent, added two new members to the review board, which arrived at the conclusion, by a majority of three to two, that there was a "reasonable doubt as to Vincent's loyalty to the U.S." In Tangiers, he read of this decision in the newspapers. Secretary of State Dean Acheson consulted with President Truman, and the two of them agreed not to follow the review board's recommendation, but rather to set up a further group of five, chaired by Judge Learned Hand, to review the whole matter.

Before the new group finished its work, however, John Foster Dulles replaced Acheson as Secretary of State. Telling Judge Hand his services were no longer necessary, Dulles decided in March, 1953, that although there was no "reasonable doubt as to the loyalty" of Vincent, he had shown "a failure to meet the standard which is demanded of a Foreign Service Officer of his experience and responsibility at this critical time. I do not believe that he can usefully continue to serve the U.S. as a Foreign Service officer." Vincent had talked with Dulles in February and was given the choice of retiring or being fired. He "applied for retirement," returned from Tangiers, and settled down in Cambridge, Massachusetts, from where he views with a stoic eye the Far Eastern scene and the course of U.S. foreign policy which he shared in making and executing for thirty years.

A letter in his files from the then Deputy Undersecretary of State tells him he was "completely cleared by the Department of State, on all the evidence, in regard to charges as to your loyalty to the United States and as to your security." But it was a Pyrrhic victory, for though he was loyal, as even Dulles did not dispute, he had committed an ultimate transgression. He had remained a mere professional diplomat, looking at the facts as he saw them, at a time of national hysteria, when it had become necessary to look at the facts as the ideology of anti-Communism construed them.

Dulles once pulled down from the shelves in his house Stalin's *Problems of Leninism* and asked Vincent if he had read it. Vincent had not. "If you had read it," mused Dulles, "you would not have advocated the policies you did in China." Since Stalin failed in China no less than Truman, one may wonder whether Stalin read his own book. Be that as it may, Communist dialectics was not Vincent's forte.



Had he understood more of Communist theory (as formulated by the Chinese rather than by Stalin), he might have understood the Nationalist (KMT)-Communist (CCP) relationship more subtly than he did. A better knowledge of the U.S.S.R., too, might have made him more wary of postwar Soviet foreign policy. But Vincent knew China intimately. Like John Davies, John Service, and many other China Officers, he had built up the substantial perception of China that George Kennan, Charles Bohlen, Llewellyn Thompson, Foy Kohler, and other "Russian" Officers had built up of Russia, and that no one in the State Department possessed after the Dulles purges took place. He knew China well enough to doubt that the Russians and the Chinese would get on well for long; to be sure that the United States could not possibly fashion a liberal democratic China; to see in 1943 that a KMT-CCP civil war would break out after the defeat of Japan; to grasp the truth that the peasantry was the indispensable base for political power in China (lacked by the KMT).

One sees the importance of these insights by a glance at the observations of those who destroyed the China Hands. "The Chinese," Dulles wrote, "through their religious and traditional habits of thought have become an individualistic people." Not one China specialist in five hundred would agree with that. "There is little patriotism in China," he observed in 1950. Failure to understand patriotism and nationalism has perhaps been no less disastrous for U.S. China policy than failure to understand *Problems of Leninism*. Vincent's papers and the public record of what he said reveal little sentimentality about China. His memoranda (whatever errors they may contain) are models of "national interest" thinking about Far Eastern affairs. He enjoyed the company of Chinese, but the naturalness of his relations with them excluded zealous Sinophilism. He wrote from Chungking in May, 1942:

Had dinner with Madame Sun Yat-sen. Dick Smith was the other foreigner present; the rest, about ten, were Chinese. Madame C[hian]g and Madame K[ung] were there. Also father H. H. K[ung]. Good Chinese food. I was literally encompassed by Soong sisters. Sitting opposite Madame Sun.¹

¹One day toward the end of the war, when Vincent was back in Washington from Chungking, he chanced to meet a friend in the street who was about to go to China. He "sent his regards,"— orally, through this friend to Madame Sun Yat-sen. Madame Sun was later to be a high, if largely honorary, official in Peking. However, she was at this time still in the circle of her sisters in Chungking. One of those sisters was none other than Madame Chiang Kai-shek; the other was the wife of H. H. Kung, one of Chiang's highest aides. The McCarran Subcommittee found it worthwhile to spend thirty minutes trying to draw out the sinister inner meaning of this trifling social amenity. The Subcommittee might have boggled had they known that when Vincent left Chungking in May, 1943, Madame Sun gave him an antique bamboo brush holder, inscribed with a charming poem in Chinese characters.

in Chinese fashion, between Madame C and Madame K. We played bad bridge afterwards until very late. . . . Dick is foolish but the Chinese like him. I am not so foolish but they seem to like me. The common denominator is, I suppose, that we both like the Chinese and they recognise it. More than that: there is no conscious or subconscious feeling of superiority and they recognise it. There is no question of "using" each other's company. We are simply enjoying each other's company. That is hardly normal in China. Even the missionaries "love" with a purpose.

He was neither arrogant nor effusive toward the Chinese. Another letter from Chungking reads: "I try to do my job and these Soong sisters are part of it; and a pleasant part. But my bones have not been reduced to jelly nor my sight beclouded. The Ambassador will admit that and he admits little, and so will the sisters, I think." Nor did Vincent build up exaggerated Sinophilic myths when he returned to the United States. He remembers without enthusiasm the gatherings of Old China Hands: "the sentimental cocktail parties at the Plaza in New York, where people wrapped themselves around each other who had hardly been acquaintances in Shanghai."

Vincent strove to look at China from the point of view of overall U.S. interests in the Far East. While he was its director, FE had some disagreement with the European Division over the attitude to adopt toward the nationalist movements then seeking an end to British, Dutch, and French colonial rule in Asia. FE was generally sympathetic toward struggles such as that of Sukarno and Sjahrir against the Dutch; the European Division (which enjoyed higher prestige in the Department than FE) was opposed. Vincent's argument was that it was foolish for the U.S. to get on the wrong side of the emerging Asian nationalist regimes. It was, characteristically, a "national interest" argument. He remembers George Kennan remarking: "John Carter, your views on Asian policy are quite sound from the traditional U.S. standpoint, but the immediate problem is to maintain the morale of Europe and its will to resist the Communist challenge."

On one vital policy issue Vincent was prophetic. He urged the United States to oppose Japanese militarism in the mid-1930s, arguing that the sooner it was opposed the less terrible would be the consequences. When Japan attacked China in 1937, Tokyo probably considered Russia the only serious threat to Japanese plans. The United States, despite rich talk about China's integrity and nonaggression, had its arms firmly folded. Its interest was focused upon Europe, and it was unprepared, as the Chinese recall today, even to put an end to the supplies of U.S. fuel with which Japanese planes were devastating China. The Open Door was a splendid principle, but it did not seem to be much more.

When America "Lost" China

Vincent had been U.S. Consul in Mukden when the Japanese went into Manchuria in 1931. When Consul at Dairen in 1934, he attended a dinner given by the Japanese military, and noticed on the wall a map which showed Japanese authority extending from Manchuria all the way down to the Yellow River. From the time he came to FE in 1935, after ten years in Changsha, Hankow, Peking, Tsinan, Mukden, Dairen, and Nanking, he increasingly favored strong support for Chiang against the Japanese threat. "From the long viewpoint," he argued in a memorandum of July, 1938, "our involvement in the Far East may not be avoided unless Japanese militarism is defeated." He did not believe, nor did he think the Japanese themselves believed,

that "Japanese aggression, if successful in China, [would] stop there." He saw Japanese militarism as an "aggressive force which should not be expected to become satiated on successful aggression or deterred from aggression by normal economic and political considerations." He judged that "American rights and interests may not be preserved unless China's sovereignty is preserved." He urged withholding of loans, material credits, and trade that assisted Japan; a clear statement that the doctrine of nonrecognition applied to any regime Japan set up; financial aid to Chiang; and collective action with other interested governments to deter Japan. All of these measures were eventually taken. Few would deny they were taken far too late.



October 15th, 1942

Mes enfants!

This is a photograph-game-present, and this is how you play the game. Give your friends three guesses to guess which one is your father (first be sure to ask your mother which one is your father). If they can guess right in three guesses then give them a piece of candy; if they cannot guess make them give you a piece of candy. If anybody guesses that I am the old man with the long beard, make him pay two pieces of candy.

The picture was taken on October 3rd when we went to present Mr. Wendell Willkie, the man who ran for President of the United States in 1940 and still thinks he is running even though Mr. Roosevelt outran him and is already there. . . . After the presentation we had a lunch of fifteen courses and four wines and after that we had the picture taken. The luncheon lasted for over two hours. . . . We had birds' nest soup. We had little suckling pig. We had sharks' fins. We had pigeons eggs. We had fish with sweet-sour sauce

(this for your mother). We had pigs feet. We had deers tendons. Well that's enough to remember. We also had champagne. So by the time we had this picture taken we were pretty full. We don't usually eat so well in Chungking but this was a very special occasion on account of Mr. Willkie.

These are the people in the photograph going from left to right:

First step: Admiral Chen Shao-kwan in the white navy uniform. He doesn't have much of a navy in China but he is a nice man and is useful because he is a connaisseur [sic] of good food—a gourmet—and likes to invite people for dinner. Yu Yu-jen, the old man with the long beard. He is President of the Control Yuan, a department of the government that controls officials. Dr. H. H. Kung, Vice President of the Executive Yuan and Minister of Finance. The Executive Yuan runs the Government. Mr. Wendell Willkie who needs no introduction probably even to you two. He would be disappointed if he did. He loves children. He kissed several

while he was here. Dr. Lin Sen (his last name is Lin and his first name is Sen; the Chinese put their last name first which is all right. No reason why you should not be called Vincent John Carter or Vincent Elizabeth Sheila); Dr. Lin as I told you is Chairman of the Chinese Government and doesn't have much to do. He is a nice old man, though, and shouldn't be made to work very hard. Ambassador Gauss who, as you may have heard, is head of the Embassy in which I work. He feels pretty badly but not as badly as he looks. Mr. Chu Chen, President of the Judicial Yuan which looks after laws which isn't a very hard job because nobody cares much about laws anyway. General Ho Ying-chin, Chief of Staff of the Chinese Armies and Minister of Military Administration. He is a pretty clever man although he doesn't look like it in this picture. He doesn't fight much anymore but he looks after a lot of things. . . .

I want to come home soon because I love you—and your Mother.

PA.

Now Mr. Dulles was hardly in the vanguard of those urging support for Chiang against Japan. True, he thought it a glorious thing, in retrospect, that Chiang had resisted Japan, that Chiang decided to "base his policy on the historic friendship of the U.S. toward China." True, he became a great champion of Chiang. True, he accused Vincent of insufficient support for Chiang. But in the 1930s, when the Generalissimo was in need and alone, Dulles had not yet begun to talk of "massive retaliation." In 1938 he went to China and urged Chiang to compromise with the Japanese.

In 1939 Dulles wrote *War, Peace and Change*, in which there is a truly astonishing absence of any advocacy of "massive retaliation" against either Germany or Japan. The major theme of its empirical sections is a call to appreciate the "interplay of cause and effect" behind German, Italian, and Japanese aggression. "There is room for much difference of opinion and of choice of emphasis." His emphasis fell this way: "The Japanese are a people of great energy. They possess to a marked degree those qualities which we have referred to as requiring an adequate national domain. Their own territory is meager in quantity and quality. Some enlargement of their national domain seemed called for." Mr. Dulles was a great man for peace in 1939.

It is clear that Vincent was not absolutely opposed to American intervention in Asia. It was a question of whether U.S. interests were importantly at stake; whether the intervention could be effective; and whether the Asian elements the United States would intervene to support were stable, progressive, and actively helping themselves. He thought the case for intervention against Japan in the late 1930s strong. He thought the case for direct U.S. intervention in the Chinese civil war a decade later weak. His criteria were the same. U.S. interests were not importantly at stake in the Kuomintang-Communist struggle; U.S. intervention could not be effective; and Chiang, by the late 1940s, was no longer strong, progressive, or an effective fighter for his own cause. In recent years, these same criteria have been among the factors leading him to oppose the Vietnam War.

George Kennan has observed:

It was not . . . communist efforts which destroyed the old order in Europe itself in the thirties and forties and eventually delivered the eastern half of the continent into communist hands; it was Hitler who did this. And, similarly, in East Asia, it was not Moscow, and least of all Washington, which really delivered China into the hands of the communists; it was the Japanese.

If Kennan is right, we confront a strange irony. Vincent was removed by Dulles for having helped lose China to the Communists. Yet it was Vincent, and not Dulles, who wanted the United States to try and stop Japan's thrust into China, at a time when stopping Japan might have saved Chiang

from his rapid decline, and prevented Mao from drawing the enormous political capital he did from the anti-Japanese struggle.

Vincent thought strategically about the Far East. He saw the weakness of China as a fundamental evil for the Asian situation. "The situation in China during the two decades prior to the last war," he said in a lecture series named for Madame Chiang Kai-shek at Wellesley College in 1946, "gave a strong encouragement to, if it did not actually make possible, Japan's war upon us in 1941." Dulles on the other hand thought ideologically about the Far East. Before the war his theme might be summarized as "moral fiber." After the war it was "opposition to Communism." In neither period did his mind seem to work along strategic lines, as his views on Japan in 1939 and China in 1950 make all too plain.

Vincent was no more "anti-Japan," in any moralistic or absolute sense, than he was pro-China. That is clear from the views he gave on postwar Japan, in off-the-record remarks at a Foreign Policy Association luncheon in December, 1944.

I am not a Japanese expert. I simply know them at their worst from four years in Manchuria. There is much serious thought being given to treatment of Japan after its defeat. There is the "stew in their own juice" school of thought; there is the "stability under the Emperor or anybody and get out quickly" school; there is the school that foresees a long and difficult period of military administration; and there is the school that believes the Japanese people would support a liberal democratic government if given a chance. I belong to none of these schools but I have a leaning toward the latter. . . . My point is that the rank and file of the Japanese seem capable of making an intelligent choice through the ballot if given the opportunity.

It is a judgment that does not look too bad twenty-five years later.

What could the United States have done in China in the 1940s that was not done? Much criticism of the China Hands centered on the Marshall Mission to China of 1945-1947. Senator Joseph McCarthy, in his defense of an "uncontaminatedly American foreign policy," claimed that the policy embodied in the Marshall Mission "turned 450,000,000 friends of America into 450,000,000 foes." Dulles said to Vincent, after the event: "I just don't see how you and Acheson and Truman could possibly have been so shortsighted as to send Marshall to China."

The argument against the Mission was that it was unreasonable, even suicidal, to urge that Chiang cooperate with the Communists, given his own weakness, and given the abyss of convictions that separated them. The alternative suggested was massive American intervention on the side of Chiang, without any attempt to bring about

some kind of cooperation or coalition between the contending parties. But was massive U.S. intervention politically and militarily feasible?

Republicans offered no clear alternative policy at the time. The basic reason was that people were sick of war. And influential opinion thought European affairs more important than Far Eastern affairs (hence the emergency in Greece and Turkey was allowed to kill Vincent's plan to spend half a billion dollars in Korea). As Truman points out in his memoirs, the public as a whole was in no mood at all to have hundreds of thousands of Americans go and fight in China.

Accusers of the China Hands claimed that "pro-Communists" in the State Department drew up a directive to Marshall which put impossible demands upon Chiang. Yet a detailed study by Herbert Feis, in *The China Tangle*, uncovered no dissension within the various arms of the government over the directive. Vincent prepared an early draft. The Pentagon prepared its own draft. The final version of the directive shows little change from the basic lines of Vincent's draft. Vincent had placed slightly more emphasis upon the attainment of a further degree of unity in China as a precondition of U.S. economic aid. But the differences were small, and they were resolved to the satisfaction of all parties.

The conclusion of Dean Acheson in his "Letter of Transmittal" of the *China White Paper* has not been overturned by twenty years of further digestion of the evidence: Chiang could have been saved from defeat only by American intervention beyond the "reasonable limits of its capabilities." Whether Chiang could ever have won, in the full political sense, was highly doubtful even then. He was not short of arms (in the sense that he could have effectively used more), as he and the China Lobby claimed; and much of what he was given was captured by the Communists.

When a spokesman for the CIA was sent to brief a private discussion on China at the State Department in October, 1949, he reported: "The Communist forces that took over Tientsin were so completely equipped with American equipment that they appeared to be American equipped units." The Vietnam experience of the United States raises a further doubt. If U.S. intervention to aid Saigon against the NLF and Hanoi has brought such loss, escalation, frustration, so many incalculable twists and turns, could an effective intervention in China, thirty times as big as Vietnam, with twenty-five times the population, have been made without precipitating a third world war?

In a devilish moment, Vincent observed years later: "What a pity Dewey was not elected in 1944, so that Dulles could have had a chance to 'save China.'" Actually, there was a weakness in Vincent's own position as an architect of the Marshall Mission which has seldom been focused upon

(perhaps only by Walter Lippmann, reviewing the *China White Paper* in 1949). If it was true that nothing the United States could have done would have determined the outcome of the Chinese civil war, why did Vincent continue for so long to back Chiang, whom he had known could not win against the Communists?

The American ideal of self-determination, and with it the American awareness of the potency of nationalism, all but disappeared after the "Loss of China." Vincent recalls that when he headed FE, one of his toughest tasks was to allay congressional, press, and public fear that U.S. ground troops might be sent to China. "People forget," he says today, "that there was a time when you simply did not go into an Asian country and take over."

In 1952, the House Un-American Activities Committee interrogated former Ambassador to China Clarence Gauss and Vincent. HUAC's concern was that a leftist paper called *The Voice of China* had been published in Shanghai by an American, at a time when Gauss was U.S. Consul-General in that city and Vincent was working on China affairs in Washington. Gauss and Vincent tried to suggest that the reason why they did not suppress *The Voice of China* was that the wretched paper was being published not in the United States but in China, and that the State Department had no power to suppress it. HUAC was utterly unimpressed by such a petty jurisdictional quibble. Representative Harold Velde pinpointed its concern:

... if American authorities operating in foreign countries, apparently diplomats, do not have any legal way of stopping the circulation of subversive material, I think it is high time that the Congress made available some way to our American diplomats operating in foreign countries to do just that.

We can see in the story of Vincent how interests and desires came to be confused in U.S. China policy. It is easier to indulge in dreams when you have few responsibilities. That was true of America's first perceptions of China. For almost a century from the Opium Wars, it was Britain that did the necessary military dirty work, and established, with whatever fragments of cooperation they could induce from the Chinese, the institutions indispensable to trade and religion on the China coast. America was free to be idealistic about China. The legacy of idealism continued into the period of heavy U.S. responsibility in China, which reached its climax in the 1940s. It continues now, even more confusedly, into a period when the United States has no possibility of exercising moral influence upon China, but has a profound interest in coming to certain businesslike understandings with China. The problem is that U.S. policy is still built too much on *desires for China*, and too little on *U.S. interests in relation to China*.

In the first years of the cold war there seemed to be a historical creedal struggle unfolding, comparable with that which brought on the religious wars of the sixteenth century. This made it easy for the ideologues to portray the Chinese civil war as one act in a global creedal drama. Instead of analyzing U.S. interests, they bewailed the shattering of a U.S. dream. It proved easier to blur the issues than to admit that a Communist regime had come to power after its opponents had failed to govern China with strength and justice. It proved more satisfying to say that the United States *could* have stopped Mao, if the China Hands had not betrayed their country—and thus sustain the image of an omniscient and innocent America—than to admit that the world was a very complicated place, diverse in culture, polycentric in power, in which prudence and tolerance might be worth as much as zeal.

The Vincents had met Henry Luce of *Time* and *Life* at dinner parties in Georgetown. After China went Communist, Luce's magazines attacked Vincent and others responsible for the State Department's "pro-Communist" line. From Tangiers, where Vincent was U.S. Minister, Mrs. Vincent wrote to Luce in February, 1953, remonstrating against *Time's* coverage. Luce wrote to Mrs. Vincent an analysis of the China tragedy as he saw it:

The China business has been in every sense a tragedy—especially for the millions and millions of Chinese who have been killed, brutalised and brain-washed. As to America's relation to this problem, opinions and judgments differ. That America *had* an important relation cannot be disputed: the most eminent presence of the most eminent George Marshall attested to our involvement. Marshall failed. He, of course, will say it wasn't his fault—it was Chiang Kai-shek's or somebody else's or "fate." In any case Marshall, and the strategy he pursued failed. I was astounded that Marshall, when he got to China, pursued the strategy he did. I believed it was a hopeless strategy based on a hideous error in evaluation of all the factors.

Luce evidently had a deep humanitarian concern for China. But neither in his long letter nor in *Time* does he say upon what conception of U.S. interests in the Far East his attack on the "hideous error in evaluation of all the factors" is based. He had clear desires for China, but there is no clue as to what he thought U.S. interests toward China were. In her letter to Luce, Mrs. Vincent criticized the "pro-Chiang or pro-Mao" approach of *Time*. "That to me is a contrived issue," she wrote. "The real one is what was pro-American and what was anti-American." From the point of view of American interests, it was vital to be clear under what conditions the United States could intervene effectively. To have desires or political preferences which could not be furthered by effective intervention was pipe-dreaming.

It is curious how policyless was the policy of Dulles himself toward China. His book *War or Peace*, which begins with a chapter on "The Danger" and ends with one entitled "Our Spiritual Need," is more like Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* than a book on foreign policy. The idea of an "ever-tightening noose" runs through its pages. Biblical texts are jerked directly into a political application. Thus St. Paul is pitted against Mao and Stalin: "Under the pressure of faith and hope and peaceful works, the rigid, top-heavy and overextended structure of Communist rule could readily come into a state of collapse." Policy and missionary activity seem to be one and the same thing. But is "policy" the right word? Is it a policy to hope that fate or God or Chiang Kai-shek will bring down the government in Peking?

Dulles applied Christian morality directly to the world of nations. He thought governments should carry out biblical injunctions. And he analyzed U.S. foreign policy toward the U.S.S.R. from the starting point that Soviet Communism was godless. Vincent, however, appraised Communists on the basis of what they did rather than what they were supposed to believe. And he saw morality entering foreign policy indirectly, mediated through the choices made by a democratic people. The epitaph for his efforts to shape U.S. China policy could well have been Lord Palmerston's remark about British foreign policy: "We have no eternal enemies, only eternal interests."

John Carter Vincent's main fault lay in being an unideological man in a period which called for ideological swagger. After World War II, there came a period of panic. America had rather suddenly emerged from comparative isolationism to world leadership. The transition was accompanied by intense ideological self-consciousness. Perhaps ideological chauvinism helped conceal self-doubts in the face of enormous responsibilities.

Be that as it may, there seemed to be a momentary loss of confidence in the real traditions of America. "The only ones we can believe are those who were in the know," observed Senator Homer Ferguson at the McCarran Subcommittee Hearings, "the ex-party boys." It was no longer enough to be an ordinary American. Best of all was to be an ex-Communist. In her 1953 letter to Henry Luce, Mrs. Vincent observed: "To the McCarran Committee, honor lies only with ex-communists." And she added these poignant, bewildered words: "I find at this moment in our career our greatest difficulty is that we are not ex-anything, still Christians, still diplomats, still loyal Americans."

A further issue reflected into the present by the mirror of the past is that of loyalty in the Foreign Service. Vincent paid a price for being an unideological man in an ideological period; in this way the State Department lost its best China men. But it also lost morale. When William Rogers be-

ACHESON ON VINCENT

Mr. Dean Acheson, in a book of memoirs just published by Norton, *Present at the Creation* (\$12.50), recalls the Vincent case.

Of the finding of the President's Loyalty Review Board, which reversed the State Department's own judgment and found Vincent's loyalty suspect:

I knew John Carter and the charges against him well enough to know the imputation of disloyalty was unfounded and that the charges were in reality based upon the policies that he had recommended and the valuations of situations he had made and that largely I had accepted. I also had high regard for the Department's board and its chairman and none for the President's board and its chairman, Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut. . . . I could disregard its advice and restore Vincent to active duty. This, however, would do him little good since Senator McCarthy would delight in renewing charges against him and demand that my successor act upon the presidential Review Board's decision. After consulting with the President, we decided that the better course would be to appoint a group of unimpeachable authority and reputation to review the record and the two conflicting recommendations. . . . I had no doubt what a fair and judicial decision would be.

On Dulles' final condemnation of Vincent:

Mr. Dulles' six predecessors, under all of whom Mr. Vincent had served in the China field, did not find his judgment or services defective or substandard. On the contrary, they relied upon him and promoted him. Mr. Dulles' administration was later to find the morale of the State Department personnel in need of improvement.

Of Acheson's farewell at the State Department in 1953:

Few experiences have so moved me. They had been through three years of bitter persecution and vilification, largely at the hands of fools and self-seeking blackguards, touted by the press. The worst, I feared, was still ahead of them, when what protection the President and I had been able to interpose against abuse would be withdrawn.

came Secretary of State in 1969, he greeted the Foreign Service with a message that had a deep impact. "I hope to lead a receptive and open establishment, where men speak their minds and are listened to on merit, and where divergent views are fully and promptly passed on for decision." It was contrasted in the Department with the comparable message of Dulles on his first day as Secretary of State, when he called for "positive loyalty."

Vincent observed years later: "Any young Foreign Service Officer who read through the McCarran Hearings may not be edified but he would certainly be troubled." Young men considering the

Foreign Service as a career would also be deterred. (In 1949, 1128 candidates took the Foreign Service examinations; in 1950 only 807 did; and in 1951 only 760.) Good reporting from the field depends heavily upon there being in Washington what Rogers called a "receptive and open establishment"; an establishment which does not equate "error" with "disloyalty." It depends also upon the richness of the contacts the Officer is able to cultivate at his post. Vincent's bitter experience of the consequences of being an acquaintance of Madame Sun was small encouragement to the cultivation of contacts.

Within the Department of State, distrust grew as Senator Joseph McCarthy and his helpers sought out damaging information, sometimes setting Officer against Officer in the process. While in Switzerland, Vincent discovered that McCarthy had dispatched an agent named Charles Davis there to try and get "evidence" against him. He received a telegram, sent from within Switzerland, above a signature he did not recognize, asking him to meet at such and such a place "concerning a matter of interest to us both." Presumably the plan was to produce a copy of this telegram at a later date, as proof of the subversive contacts Vincent maintained in Switzerland, for the signature on the telegram was that of a Swiss Communist official. Davis had sent the telegram, signing it with the name of the Swiss Communist. The diligent Swiss police quickly discovered this, and Davis was imprisoned. From prison he wrote to Vincent admitting his treachery and apologizing.

Dulles meant by "positive loyalty" a kind of "right-thinking." Vincent considered that loyalty in the Foreign Service should mean loyalty in carrying out government policy. That may not mean one agrees with all of it, or that reports from the field may not, at any point of time, present views that cast doubt on it. The other view is that loyalty is not just a matter of conduct. In addition to carrying out its policy, you must think the way the government seems to think, and certainly not reveal any contrary thoughts—or facts which call the government view in question—in a field report. Mr. Rogers appears to have proclaimed the obsolescence of positive loyalty.

The issues over which Vincent was attacked have remained pivotal: the distinction between national interests and ideological desires; the importance of self-determination in Asia; realistic assessment of what the United States can and cannot achieve, especially by force, in Asia; a Foreign Service in which officers are encouraged to report what they see and believe.

Sitting in his Cambridge garden in the summer of 1969, his grandson on one side and a cat on the other, Vincent offered his reflections on the way U.S. Far Eastern policy has evolved since the McCarthy hysteria and the Dulles secretaryship.

In sixteen years of retirement, he has remained a close observer of the scene, sharing his views and experience in a seminar at Radcliffe, and at Harvard's East Asian Research Center, where he has been an Associate (the Center will publish his *Extraterritorial System in China* in December).

In some ways he sees Dean Rusk as more of an ideologue than Dulles. "Dulles was a smart baby, and unscrupulous. Rusk was neither, but he was even more inflexible about his mistaken convictions than Dulles." Vincent sees Rogers and Elliot Richardson, whom Rogers chose as Undersecretary of State, as pragmatists who may be able to reduce tensions in the Far East.

Vincent favors an important role for the United States in Asia: "This country couldn't be isolationist if it tried." Vietnam he considered a mistake, for reasons which go to the heart of his experience as a China Hand. One is that it "smacks too much of colonialism to prop up a government against a widely supported uprising from within the country itself." He sees Dulles' support for the French in Indochina in 1954 as a crucial step toward what Johnson did in Vietnam. And the 1954 policy was erected on the ashes of his own unsuccessful attempt, in the immediate postwar years, to keep U.S. policy moderately anticolonialist. Another reason is that anti-Communism as an ideology was elevated to the center of U.S. policy, which made it impossible to appraise Vietnamese politics in sophisticated terms. Vincent thinks that Truman (whose signed photo sits in the Vincent home, with a notation visible on the presidential deskpad: "See John Carter Vincent about China") was anti-Communist above all out of narrowness. Like other China Hands, Vincent had seemingly become immune to an anti-Communism based on narrowness—on mere suspicion of the unfamiliar—by many years of living amidst other cultures. He sees some hope in the wide experience of the world which Nixon now has behind him. He likes the President's recent statement "Political philosophies cannot permanently divide the peoples of the world"; "admission of error," he muses, "is the beginning of wisdom."

A third issue which concerns Vincent is "respect for Asians." Like General Joseph Stilwell, Vincent treated Chinese just as he treated Westerners. The soberest of men, Vincent tends to become mildly excited on this topic. "Asians are perfectly capable of handling their own affairs. The trouble with

Dulles, and with Luce, too, was that they never doubted they knew what was best for Asians. They were patronizing."

Of course there is a vast difference of scale between the China and Vietnam issues. China policy could seldom be effectively backed up with action. The tragedy of Vietnam policy was that massive intervention—which *was* an option, and was tried—foundered upon a faulty analysis of the East Asian scene. This is where the lessons learned from the China case could have affected Vietnam policy. But the China Hands were not in Washington to speak their minds.

On China policy, Vincent finds little to praise; "it is really a case of 'no policy,' just prejudices on both sides." The July measures of Mr. Nixon were welcome, but hardly more than a gesture. "They are good because they will put some pressure on the Chinese, who can't refuse visas to Americans forever." He thinks Peking has had plenty of reason over the years to be hostile to the United States. "Just think of Dulles saying we could bomb Hankow out of existence; and Radford too, and Vice President Nixon, who had a hand in those attitudes. The Democratic Administrations missed opportunities. Perhaps if Kennedy had had a big majority, he would have stood up to conservative pressures on China. Johnson had the majority but no wisdom."

Vincent's social philosophy was very liberal. It was not a social philosophy (like that of the next generation of liberals) that was oriented around an attitude toward Communism. Communism did not come into the picture of his social philosophy; he thought the hill of social injustice could be breasted by another path entirely, which, broadly speaking, could be called social democratic. He was a non-Communist rather than an anti-Communist.

When that is said, it remains true that it was Vincent the forthright diplomat, rather than Vincent the social liberal, that the McCarthyites were infuriated by and fired their poisoned darts at. He was really a very orthodox diplomat, an embodiment, indeed, of the traditions of American diplomacy. That was his trouble. The fatal charge against John Carter Vincent was that he did not, and could not, become an ideologue to fit a sudden fashion of crusading anti-Communism.

But the fatal charge of 1952 looks today more like a badge of honor in 1969. The heartening thing about Vincent today, amidst the trauma of Vietnam, is that he reminds a younger generation of some admirable features of American diplomacy, when at its best and when allowed to be itself. When young people have come up the leafy path of his Cambridge home to ask his advice about entering the Foreign Service, he has never urged them not to enter, but encouraged them to go in and do their best and make the Service as good as it should be.

Ross Terrill, an Australian, currently Frank Knox Fellow in Political Science at Harvard, has talked extensively with John Carter Vincent in his preparation of this study. Since visiting Peking five years ago, Mr. Terrill has written on China and Communist politics in the *Political Science Quarterly*, *China Quarterly*, and other scholarly journals.

The Regency: A Nine-Year Wonder

by Louis Kronenberger

The English Regency is a historic fact, or a nostalgic phrase, that evokes certain particular images, or elegances, or events, and certain styles of procedure and modes of behavior—something that stresses a way of life at the expense of life in general, and a primacy of forms that obscure half of life's most familiar functions. If such a conception must be a good deal modified by the Regency's actual makeup, it is yet partly justified by its pre-eminence in social éclat and in the arts. We speak of Regency houses, Regency sofas, Regency coachwork, Regency waistlines, Regency bowed windows and cast-iron railings; we recall Regency personalities and personages—not just the Prince Regent or the Duke of Wellington, but Canning and Castlereagh, Alvanley and Creevey, Lady Jersey and Princess Lieven; and Regency dandies, and Regency follies, and Regency clubs. That is what, atmospherically, the word connotes, as against what it historically signifies, and as such it is not altogether unprecedented—a comparable atmosphere surrounds the English Restoration, which brings to mind Nell Gwyn and Lord Rochester far sooner than John Bunyan and Judge Jeffreys. For stylishness dusted with wit and splashed with sin leaves its own bright indelible mark, wars and governments notwithstanding.

This aura is the more striking in that the actual Regency lasted for just nine years. George III's periodic, porphyria-induced madness became permanent in 1811, when the Prince of Wales was designated Regent; and the mad, blind, deaf old King died in 1820, when the Regent became George IV. "Regency" has, with some cultural justification, been applied to anything from 1800 to 1830; but J. B. Priestley in his *The Prince of Pleasure and His Regency* (Harper & Row, \$15.00) restricts himself to the actual nine years, and I would cheerfully follow suit, not because of a pedantic adherence to dates, but because those nine years are a horn of plenty of activities, events, and achievements. More luster has been squeezed into them, and more scandal squeezed out of them, than almost any other nine years of English history. To both elements the Regent himself contributed something; to the latter, indeed, he contributed more than anyone else.

In calling him the Prince of Pleasure Mr. Priestley has undoubtedly nailed his subject's chief ob-

ject in life. As the son of domestic but despotic "Farmer George," a thrifty and virtuous if pig-headed man, the Regent, born in 1762, was by temperament antithetical to Papa and by Papa's training extremely antipathetic to him. The future George IV and his six brothers, said the Duke of Wellington, were "the damndest millstones about the neck of any government that can be imagined." Indeed, the seven deadly sons could be, by less than royal standards, frequently loutish, with occasional smidgens of lunacy; several of them went into the Army and the Navy and all of them into debt; they had mistresses and a platoon of illegitimate children, and they also became King of Hanover, or the father of Queen Victoria, or the grandfather of George V's Queen Mary.

As Prince of Wales George countered his father's viceless habits with a taste for mistresses, his father's frugality with a passion for splurging. The Prince's early liaison with "Perdita" Robinson, a married woman and beautiful actress, he abruptly broke off, with Papa having to pay £5000 to get George's letters back. George flouted his father's Toryism by allying himself with the Whigs, finding a political leader in Charles James Fox and a companion in the witty and worldly Sheridan. Like both these spendthrifts, the Prince in no time was heavily in debt, and soon after madly in love. His relations with Mrs. Fitzherbert, a well-bred, twice-widowed Roman Catholic whom he secretly married and lived with for many years, were the *grande passion* of his life; but the marriage, though sanctioned by Rome, was illegal in England, and



"Female Lancers," by George Cruikshank, The British Museum.

George in due course, to placate his father and get his debts paid off, married his first cousin Caroline of Brunswick. The couple loathed each other at sight, had indeed no sooner met than George said: "Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy"; and once Caroline had produced a daughter and heir to the throne—who died in childbirth in 1817—George sent Caroline a message calling it quits, and when she asked for it in writing, received it. Their ruptured marriage was to become, years later, a Regency uproar.

So, to a considerable degree, was the Regent himself. But in the intervening period, along with his endless self-gratifications, monumental debts, and older-than-he-was mistresses, he could display his genuine social gifts, sophisticated tastes, and artistic interests. For clothes he had a dandy's passion if a Falstaff's figure and was constantly designing them; he had a passion for furniture and was regularly installing it; and like all the Georges, he liked music. More valuable was his collecting of pictures; more valuable still, his feeling for architecture: in one way or another he used most of the best architects of the time to create some of its best-known achievements. George's residence, Carlton House, and Carlton House Terrace took years to finish or refinish, but London was the more distinguished for them; and most splendid of all, the work of George's favorite architect, John Nash, were Regent Street and Regent's Park. Nash was also the principal architect for the Brighton Pavilion, the showplace of the little seaside town the Prince turned into a famous resort. Here George's taste for various architectural and decorative styles—Gothic, Chinese, Egyptian—finally took a sort of Muslim Indian form, the array of domes, cupolas, minarets, and pinnacles lending themselves to Sydney Smith's famous jest that "it looked as if St. Paul's Cathedral had come down and littered." Yet the whole effect, however *outré* and fantastic, resembles a sort of fairyland—or Disneyland—marvel.

Appointed Regent, "Prinny" began by dishing the liberal Whigs he had fellowshipped with and retaining his father's Tories. Beyond the disloyalty involved, this revealed a certain irresponsibility, since the nation, rather wormy and rancid under the Regency icing, cried out for reform. But George had no real feeling for politics except as they supported his pleasures, and no real feeling for people, Mrs. Fitzherbert, it would seem, excepted. He could be impulsively kind, and his reckless extravagance could include generosity, but he chiefly, during a troubled decade, conducted a ballroom régime. His public image became as egregious as it was enormous—Charles Lamb dubbed him the Prince of Whales; his debts were so enormous as to antagonize the populace, and he was from all sides caricatured, castigated, denounced. As rulers go, he was possibly overabused: he was weak rather than wicked, vain rather than

overbearing, selfish rather than cruel, untrustworthy rather than crafty—in sum, pretty much of a rotter. He had what rotters often have, a feeling for style and art. Despite that feeling, I find him less like the sovereign he is usually bracketed with, Charles II—a witty and perceptive man and a very shrewd monarch—than a royal-style good-time Charlie, rather more akin to Edward VII. He perhaps did more harm to himself as Regent than to his country, and he harmed himself most in his behavior toward his wife.

Caroline, though she has been variously characterized, has chiefly benefited from being ill treated. She seems to have had no particular virtues or charms, and could be rattlebrained, gossipy, unstable, and indiscreet; but as a displaced consort in a foreign land, suffering from Prinny's edicts, such as how seldom she could see her daughter, and from his virtual campaign to humiliate her, she gained a great deal of sympathy. In 1814 she transferred herself to the Continent, where she had a conspicuous "friendship" with an Italian gentleman. But whatever the extent of her wrongdoing, it paled beside how badly she was wronged; and when, on the Regent's becoming King, she dashed back, as Queen, to England and met with George's rancorous opposition, she became as much England's favorite as he was its favorite butt. Against Caroline he brought charges of "licentious, disgraceful and adulterous intercourse," causing her to be tried by the House of Lords; and though a brilliant defense led to the charges' being dropped, she was yet, by her husband's order, refused admittance to his Coronation. He, when appearing in public, was loudly greeted with "God Save the Queen." Caroline died soon after the Coronation; George lived on until 1830. These years saw George install his final *maitresse en titre*, Lady Conyngham, who came to Court equipped with a husband and departed, as George lay dying, "with sufficient jewellery, plate, etc., to fill two wagons." The monstrous-bellied King ailed during his later years, and his reign lacked both the glitter and the tarnish of his Regency.

In a not particularly long and loosely integrated, but personally pungent, text-and-picture book whose three hundred colored and black-and-white illustrations are part of its content and enhance its attractiveness, Mr. Priestley deals sufficiently with the Regent but wisely devotes more space to "his Regency." These last two words of the book's title we can interpret in two ways: the regime that the Regent gives his name to and the regime that revolved around him. In one very important essential the two meet at times, namely

Mr. Kronenberger's new book, *The Polished Surface, Essays in the Literature of Worldliness*, will be published by Knopf this month.

The Regency: A Nine-Year Wonder

in the achievement between 1811 and 1820 in literature and art. Those nine years saw the publication of Wordsworth's *The Excursion*, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, most of Shelley, almost everything of Keats, all six of Jane Austen's novels, many of Scott's, Peacock's *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey*, Byron's *Childe Harold* and the first part of *Don Juan*, and important work by Crabbe, Hazlitt, and Lamb. In painting, besides work by Turner, Constable, and Blake, there were Lawrence and Raeburn, and Crome, Cotman, and the Norwich School; in architecture there were Soane, the Wyatts, Henry Holland, Nash, and chiefly for landscape, Repton. This superb achievement, much of it at odds with Regency tendencies, makes plain how disproportionately prominent those tendencies can be.

They had, however, a decided upper-class impact. The eighteenth century, like an elderly beau, was still offering Regency society its arm; but the French Revolution, the Industrial Revolution, and the Napoleonic Wars had altered society: the minuet now curtsied to the waltz; Bath, set against Prinny's Brighton, was sedate and passé; there was certainly style of a kind, and a lavish party-giving atmosphere—the era fathered Lambton's famous concession that one could “jog along” on £40,000 (\$1 million in our money) a year. (After all, the strawberries at a breakfast party cost £150 (\$4000 today), and Lady Londonderry went to a ball “so covered with jewels that she could not stand up” and was followed wherever she went with a chair.) There was also the dandy, whose appearance was his whole *raison d'être* and whose self was almost the only thing he gave thought to. Indeed, the Regency world was like a fine wine that has begun to go bad, and that in its half-spoiled condition satisfied the Regency palate. The aristocratic too often gave way to the arrogant; elegant clothes were too often worn by vulgar people; Byron spoke of “the would-be wits and the can't-be gentlemen”; bailiffs were disguised as footmen in ducal houses; “It isn't fashionable,” proclaimed the Princess Lieven, “where I am not present”; and cheating was an accepted fact. “What would you do,” someone was asked, “if you saw a man cheating at cards?” “Bet on him,” was the answer. In a sense, the Regency best survives through its headlines, which certainly swathe its three most symbolic figures in scandal.

Beau Brummell, history's most impeccable dandy and fashion's most implacable despot, had attractive qualities and witty bad manners, and amid the excesses of Regency dress ordained for men plain black and white with “fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing.” (His boot polish, he gave out, was made from the finest champagne.) He spent an incredible number of hours getting in and out of his clothes and looking critically and no doubt caustically through the privileged bow window of

White's Club, and he turned a sort of stylish impudence into an art. By giving a comparative non-entity his arm while crossing the street from Brooks's Club to White's, he wiped out, Brummell felt, a large gambling debt; but in an age of very steep play, many other large gambling debts felled him at last, and very nonchalantly one night he left the opera to flee for good and all across the Channel and escape his creditors, and to die, years after, in senile filth in France.

Lord Byron, having become the romantic hero and social lion of London as the Regency got under way, was by its middle years misbehaving generally and badly mistreating his wife. While she sued for a separation, rumors of incest with his half-sister Augusta were rampant, and smeared with scandal, Byron, like Brummell, left England forever. Our third symbol, the Regent, in exchange for giving the period his name, received its maximum notoriety. The supreme Regency personage was Wellington; around him hovers the period's most famous social event, the Duchess of Richmond's ball—Byron's “sound of revelry by night”—at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. The greatest pageantry centers in the visits to London, after Napoleon had abdicated and gone to Elba, of the crowned and military heads of Europe—among others, Louis XVIII, the Czar of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Blücher. The Russian guest and his Regent host—“the two vainest men alive”—did not get on. The friendly, jaunty, liberal-tyrannical Czar, with the populace falling at his feet, kept Prinny puffing at his heels, now snubbed, now belittled: thus, very ceremoniously introduced to the Regent's current mistress, Lady Hertford, the Czar merely bowed, and turning away, said: “She is mighty old.” There were countless less resplendent names and occasions, and a succession of period fashions: Almack's club became the test of social standing, its balls tightly managed by some despotically titled ladies; Watier's, another club, became the gilded road to ruin, where a throw of the dice could overthrow a fortune; prizefights became the rage and the Regency's most popular sport. Under all the social glitter there was a good deal of immoral grime, just as below the ranks of fashion there was a good deal of moral displeasure. While the peerage and its playfellows were sucking the last luscious fruits of the eighteenth century, a well-behaved, well-to-do middle class was sniffing the purer, if stuffier, air of a pre-dawn Victorianism.

But there was the other Regency world, one which reveals something black and unspeakable behind the trim facade; and an outstanding virtue of Mr. Priestley's book is that, within his restricted limits, he does this world justice. Our nine years involve Peterloo as well as Waterloo, and the pinched face of poverty watching pageantry swagger by. Living conditions might be

worse than under Victoria, and dying ones more dramatic: women dropped dead from hunger while begging with babies at their breast; and widespread starvation and destitution—and for that matter, almost unprecedented prostitution—infested the country. “An Englishman who can’t lay his hands on £25,” observed Stendhal, “is an outlaw.” A fifteen-hour day was not at all uncommon, and for long perilous working hours miners got less than \$4 a week. And there were the chimney sweeps, children sometimes four years old who were sold by their parents for a few guineas and often forced to beg for their food when not pushed up chimneys, choking from soot, clouted by falling mortar, bigger boys jabbing their bare feet with pins to keep them moving, and occasionally kept moving by “lighting hay or straw below them.”

With the end of the Napoleonic Wars the Regency saw the effects of the Industrial Revolution, when new devices and machines were greatly expanding English industries. It was said that the spinning jenny and the steam engine had financed the defeat of Napoleon. Early in the Regency came the trial and harsh punishments of the Luddites, who, though best remembered for smashing machines as the archfoes of human labor, were extremely indignant over shoddy products that made possible bigger profits, and who were chiefly persecuted for attempting to organize. Unhappily, in the year after Waterloo the often hideous working conditions worsened into horrifying unemployment, and the Regency was to culminate in the Peterloo agitation, when possibly 80,000 people came together in Manchester to listen to the well-known “Orator” Hunt and demand reform. There was police intervention, followed by bloodshed and mounds of crushed bodies, producing intense working-class anger, and repercussions for years to come.

In 1817 stones that broke a window of the Regent’s coach led, under a Tory administration, to suspending the Habeas Corpus Act; at other times, laws slumbering from the Middle Ages were roused and reapplied, and the miserable unredressed plight of the masses stumbled behind the steadily unreformist nature of those in power. There was of course a Regency England that was well dressed and genteel, or well scrubbed and respectable, or adequately fed and obedient, but set against such domestic candlelight the extremes of selfish pleasure and starving want are like tremendous flares in the darkness. The vital issues that confronted a nation with a playboy Regent at the helm, a Tory government in the saddle, and a largely frivolous leisure class catching the limelight would continue, but Catholic Emancipation, legalized trade unionism, the full abolition of the slave trade, and the Reform Bill, when at length they came, could boast a kind of connection with the Regency—they helped remedy its evils.

The Lonely Pipefish

by Barbara Howes

Up, up, slender
As an eel’s
Child, weaving
Through water, our lonely
Pipefish seeks out his dinner,

Scanty at best; he blinks
Cut-diamond eyes — *snap* — he
Grabs morsels so small
Only a lens pinpoints them,
But he ranges all over

That plastic preserve — dorsal
Fin tremulous — *snap* — and
Another *gedilla*
Of brine shrimp’s gone . . .
We talk on of poetry, of love,

Of grammar; he looks
At a living comma —
Snap — sizzling about
In his two-gallon Caribbean —
And grazes on umlauts for breakfast.

His pug-nosed, yellow
Mate, aproned in gloom
Fed rarely, slumped,
Went deadwhite, as we argued on;
That rudder-fin, round as a

Pizza-cutter, at the
End of his two-inch
Fluent stick-self, lets his eyes
Pilot his mouth — *snap* . . .
Does his kind remember? Can our kind forget?

V-8 makes the Bloody Merrier.



How to make a Bloody Merrier:

4 jiggers V-8 Cocktail
Vegetable Juice (one
6 oz. can)

1 jigger of your own thing
Squirt of lemon juice
Dash worcestershire or
Tabasco® sauce

Salt and pepper to taste.

Combine ingredients. Pour
over ice cubes in glass.



V-8 is a trademark of Campbell Soup Company.

It was the finest hour.
It was the most delicious hour in the day.

It was the Hour of Ghosts.

In Timothy's room, an extraordinary mist spun round, took shape.

In Ralph's room, a second phantom of incredible size and mysterious mien reared up.

In Alice's hideaway, across the hall, a third and mournful stranger wove itself from shuttling light, air, and pollens of dust.

In the parlor, below, Father enjoyed *his* Visitation.

And Mother? She moved and worked in the kitchen while the Brewing Witch leaned near upon the warm bake-oven air, pointing to spices, riffling cookbooks, advising mixtures.

You would have had to thrust out your hand to find which was real. Your fingers would have gone right through the Wise Old Thing. Your fingers would have stopped on summer flesh: the Lady of this house.

"Gosh, this is great!" cried Timothy.

"You can walk all the way round them!" said Ralph.

And this was true.

And they circled all around their Ghosts, the private electronic miracles beamed into their rooms.

"They're *real*!"

"And yet not *quite* . . ."

"Say it all again," said Alice to the bright air.

"Yes," said the boys. "Speak!"

And in Timothy's room, Marley's Ghost shook his money-box chains, grieved for his lost soul, and fixed the boy with a pale oyster eye:

"O woe is me! I wear the chains I forged in life! . . . No rest. No peace! Beware, Ebenezer Scrooge!"

While by Ralph's bed, the spectre of Blind Pew clutched a bit of paper with a dark circle inked thereon and cried:

"The Black Spot! I'm doomed!"

And sank in a half-swoon as, from the shadowed corners of the room, came the bang, step, bang, the tread of a one-legged man striding a dark road by some far-off sea.

Alice was in raptures.

Her Ghost, a young woman, hair blowing in the wind, tapped at a snow-blind window and called a wild man's name:

"Heathcliff!"

And swiftly, in the midst of the air, a door swung wide on the winter's night. A man, answering, plunged out and vanished away from Wuthering Heights, lost in blizzards of white that fell to touch the bedroom floor and melt without trace.

a short story by Ray Bradbury

The Hour Of Ghosts



"Holograms," whispered Timothy. "Telecommunications. All done with laser light and extra special machines. . ."

"Don't!" said Ralph, younger but wiser. "I mustn't know that. I just want to see! Ghosts are the greatest things ever. After Blind Pew I got King Tut and the Phantom Rickshaw and—heck! why not now!?"

He stabbed a button. The laser light remove its tapestry. Blind Pew unraveled and fled, pursued by a one-legged tattoo.

Out of moorland fogs, in a crack of lightning and a drizzle of rain, a Hound with fiery eyes rose up and bayed.

"Good old Hound," said Ralph. "Good old Baskervilles!"



In the parlor, the ghost of Hamlet's father mourned:

"List. O List! Hamlet . . . remember me!"

"One cup of cooking sherry," said the Cooking Ghost, the computerized memory of how to work well between oven and table. "Two . . ."

"Much obliged," said Mother, and touched a switch.

The Kitchen Ghost, obedient to lightning, vanished.

"Dinner!" called Mother, in the hall.

"You," said Timothy-like-Scrooge, "are nothing but a blot of mustard, a fragment of under-done potato . . ."

At which old Marley collapsed upon his bones with a final despairing cry, and was no more.

"Come back at eight!" said Ralph.

And the Hound hid deep in the moorlands grass of the carpet.

"Oh, such lovely Ghosts." Alice wept as the figures of Heathcliff and his love ran away through the walls.

At Elsinore, dawn lit the parlor airs. Hamlet's Father withdrew. And the father of *this* house stood up and went to dinner.

As did all the real children, drawn by a real mother with real food.

The hour of Ghosts was done.

The dusk of laser Visitations was through.

But night lay fresh ahead. And waiting in their rooms, after homework, after studies, other spectres stood alert. The Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, Future abided in the walls. The Phantom Signalman beckoned his spirit lantern at the top of the stairs. The house was indeed Haunted. . .

"I've taken the liberty," said Father, "of inviting Plato and Aristotle to dinner . . ."

"They talk too much!" said Ralph.

But suddenly, the two old men were there, gently, at their elbows.

"How goes the Republic?" asked Tim.

"Well . . ." And Plato told him, sweetly, fine, and true.

And even Ralph was astounded after awhile and sat up, blinked, and said, "That last. Tell it again."

And Plato told.

And it was *almost* as good as Blind Pew and the whine and bark of the far Hound on the moors . . .

. . .

Are these the Ghosts of Christmas Future?

Yes.

Not so far off across the sill of Tomorrow, three-dimensional holograms will 'visit' your house.

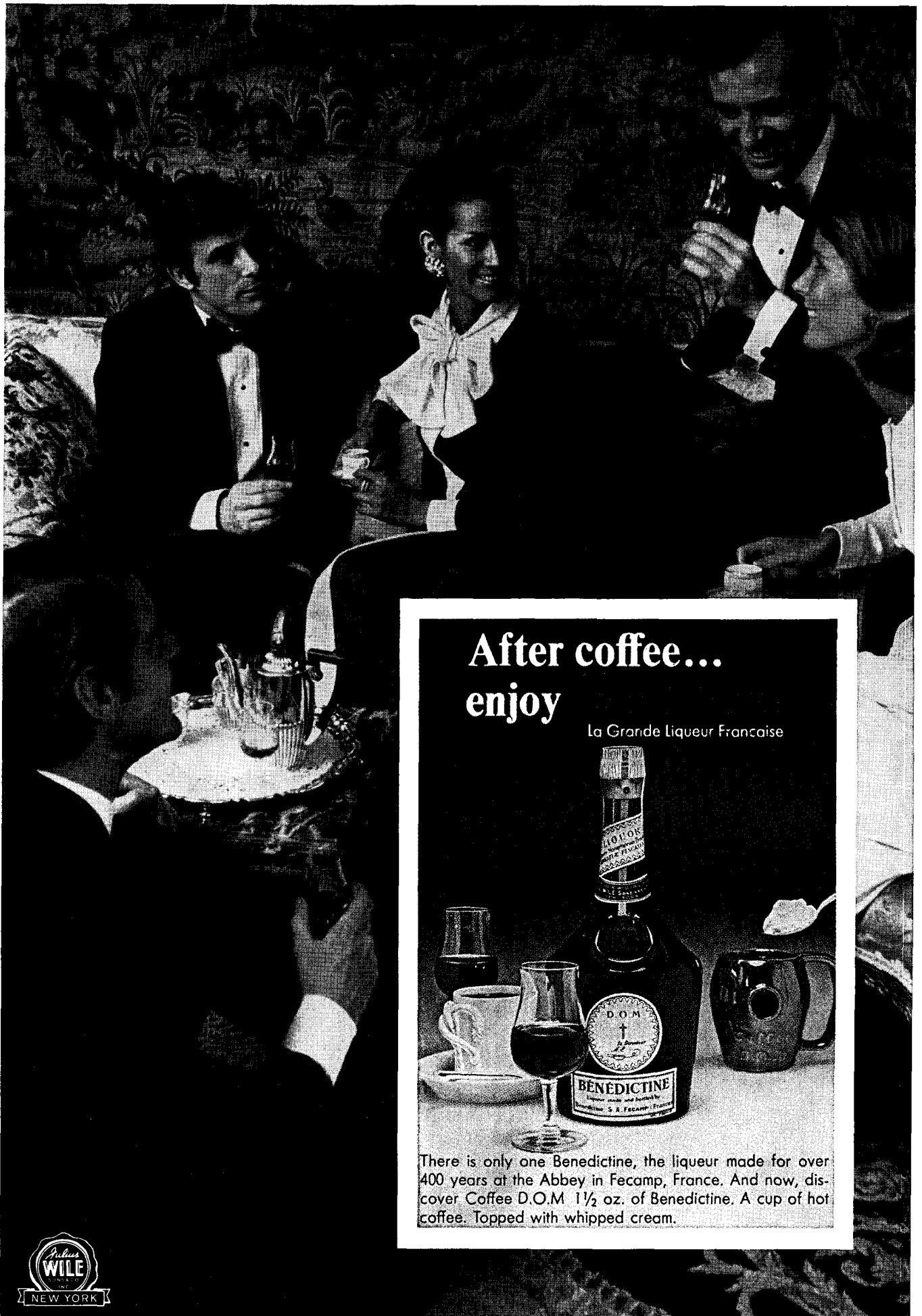
These friendly Phantoms, invited in through your telecommunications system, will delight, edify, and educate. Or, if Mum's the Word, be still, as you wish.

These are such stuffs as dreams are made of.

Built upon the very fabric of light and air in any room. View them from north-south-east-west. Walk around them. They'll have as many sides as you have angles.

Watch for these friendly spirits.

Ray Bradbury



After coffee... enjoy

La Grande Liqueur Francaise



There is only one Benedictine, the liqueur made for over 400 years at the Abbey in Fecamp, France. And now, discover Coffee D.O.M. 1 1/2 oz. of Benedictine. A cup of hot coffee. Topped with whipped cream.



For a set of four D.O.M. mugs, send \$5 to Benedictine, Dept. D, Box 462, Trenton, New Jersey 08603

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THE NEW NOVEL
BY SAUL BELLOW

MR.
SAMMILLER'S
PLANET

PART I

I

Shortly after dawn, or what would have been dawn in a normal sky, Mr. Artur Sammler with his bushy eye took in the books and papers of his West Side bedroom and suspected strongly that they were the wrong books, the wrong papers. In a way it did not matter much to a man of seventy-plus, and at leisure. You had to be a crank to insist on being right. Being right was largely a matter of explanation. Intellectual man had become an explaining creature. Fathers to children, wives to husbands, lecturers to listeners, experts to laymen, colleagues to colleagues, doctors to patients, man to his own soul, explained. The roots of this, the causes of the other, the source of events, the history, the structure, the reasons why. For the most part, in one ear out the other. The soul wanted what it wanted. It had its own natural knowledge. It sat unhappily on superstructures of explanation, poor bird, not knowing which way to fly.

The eye closed briefly. A Dutch drudgery, it occurred to Sammler, pumping and pumping to keep a few acres of dry ground. The invading sea being a metaphor for multiplying facts. The earth being an earth of ideas.

He thought, since he had no job to wake up to, that he might give sleep a second chance to resolve certain difficulties imaginatively for him, and pulled up the disconnected electric blanket with its internal sinews and lumps. The satin binding was nice to the fingertips. He was still drowsy, but not really inclined to sleep. Time to be conscious.

He sat and plugged in the electric coil. Water had been prepared at bedtime. He liked to watch the changes of the ashen wires. They came to life with fury, throwing tiny sparks and sinking into red rigidity under the Pyrex laboratory flask. Deeper. Blenching. He had only one good eye. The left distinguished only light and shade. But the good eye was dark-bright, full of observation through the overhanging hair of the brows as in some breeds of dog. For his height he had a small face. The combination made him conspicuous.

His conspicuousness was on his mind; it worried him. For several days, Mr. Sammler returning on the customary bus late afternoons from the 42nd Street Library had been watching a pickpocket at work. The man got on at Columbus Circle. The job, the crime, was done by 72nd Street. Mr. Sammler if he had not been a tall straphanger would not with his one good eye have seen these things happening. But now he wondered whether he had not drawn too close, whether he had also been seen seeing. He wore smoked glasses, at all times protecting his vision, but he couldn't be taken for a blind man. He didn't have the white cane, only a rolled umbrella, British-style. Moreover, he didn't have the look of blindness. The pickpocket himself wore dark shades. He was a powerful Negro in a camel's-hair coat, dressed with extraordinary elegance, as if by Mr. Fish of London, or Turnbull and Asser of Jermyn Street. (Mr. Sammler knew his England.) The Negro's perfect circles of gentian violet banded with lovely gold turned toward Sammler, but the face showed the effrontery of a big animal. Sammler

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was not timid, but he had had as much trouble in life as he wanted. A good deal of this, waiting for assimilation, would never be accommodated. He suspected the criminal was aware that a tall old white man passing as blind had observed, had seen, the minutest details of his crimes. Staring down. As if watching open-heart surgery. And though he dissembled, deciding not to turn aside when the thief looked at him, his elderly, his compact, civilized face colored strongly, the short hairs bristled, the lips and gums were stinging. He felt a constriction, a clutch of sickness at the base of the skull, where the nerves, muscles, blood vessels were tightly interlaced. The breath of wartime Poland passing over the damaged tissues—that nerve-spaghetti, as he thought of it.

Buses were bearable, subways were killing. Must he give up the bus? He had not minded his own business as a man of seventy in New York should do. It was always Mr. Sammler's problem that he didn't know his proper age, didn't appreciate his situation, unprotected here by position, by privileges of remotion made possible by an income of fifty thousand dollars in New York—club membership, taxis, doormen, guarded approaches. For him it was the buses, or the grinding subway, lunch at the Automat. No cause for grave complaint, but his years as an "Englishman," two decades in London as correspondent for Warsaw papers and journals, had left him with attitudes not especially useful to a refugee in Manhattan. He had developed expressions suited to an Oxford Common Room; he had the face of a British Museum reader. Sammler as a schoolboy in Cracow before World War I fell in love with England. Most of that nonsense had been knocked out of him. He had reconsidered the whole question of Anglophilia with numerous cases of Salvador de Madariagas, Mario Prazes, André Maurois, and Colonel Brambles. He knew the phenomenon. Still, confronted by the elegant brute in the bus he had seen picking a purse—the purse still hung open—he adopted an English tone. A dry, a neat, a prim face declared that one had not crossed anyone's boundary; one was satisfied with one's own business. But under the high armpits Mr. Sammler was intensely hot, wet; hanging on his strap, sealed in by bodies, taking their weight and laying his own on them as the fat tires went around the giant curve on 72nd Street with a growl of flabby power.

He didn't in fact appear to know his age, or at what point of life he stood. You could see that in his way of walking. On the streets, he was tense, quick, erratically light and reckless, the elderly hair stirring on the back of his head. Crossing, he lifted the rolled umbrella high and pointed to show cars, buses, speeding trucks, and cabs bearing down on him the way he intended to go. They might run him down, but he could not help his style of striding blind.

With the pickpocket we were in an adjoining region of recklessness. He knew the man was working the Riverside bus. He had seen him picking purses, and he had reported it to the police. The police were not greatly interested in the report. It had made Sammler feel like a fool to go immediately to a phone booth on Riverside Drive. Of course the phone was smashed. Most outdoor telephones were smashed, crippled. They were

urinals, also. New York was getting worse than Naples or Salonika. It was like an Asian, an African, city from this standpoint. The opulent sections of the city were not immune. You opened a jeweled door into degradation, from hypercivilized Byzantine luxury straight into the state of nature, the barbarous world of color erupting from beneath. It might well be barbarous on either side of the jeweled door. Sexually, for example. The thing evidently, as Mr. Sammler was beginning to grasp, consisted in obtaining the privileges, and the free ways of barbarism, under the protection of civilized order, property rights, refined technological organization, and so on.

Mr. Sammler ground his coffee in a square box, cranking counterclockwise between long knees. To commonplace actions he brought a special pedantic awkwardness. In Poland, France, England, students, young gentlemen of his time, had been unacquainted with kitchens. Now he did things that cooks and maids had once done. He did them with a certain priestly stiffness. Acknowledgment of social descent. Historical ruin. Transformation of society. It was beyond personal humbling. He had gotten over those ideas during the war in Poland—utterly gotten over all that, especially the idiotic pain of losing class privileges. As well as he could with one eye, he darned his own socks, sewed his own buttons, scrubbed his own sink, winter-treated his woolens in the spring with a spray can. Of course there were ladies, his daughter, Shula, his niece (by marriage), Margotte Arkin, in whose apartment he lived. They did for him, when they thought of it. Sometimes they did a great deal, but not dependably, routinely. The routines he did himself. It was conceivably even part of his youthfulness—youthfulness sustained with certain tremors. Sammler knew these tremors. It was amusing—Sammler noted in old women wearing textured tights, in old sexual men, this quiver of vivacity with which they obeyed the sovereign youth-style. The powers are the powers—overlords, kings, gods. And of course no one knew when to quit. No one made sober, decent terms with death.

The grounds in the little drawer of the mill he held above the flask. The red coil went deeper, whiter, white. The kinks had tantrums. Beads of water flashed up. Individually, the pioneers gracefully went to the surface. Then they all seethed together. He poured in the grounds. In his cup, a lump of sugar, a dusty spoonful of Pream. In the night table he kept a bag of onion rolls from Zabar's. They were in plastic, a transparent uterine bag fastened with a white plastic clip. The night table, formerly a humidor, copper-lined, kept things fresh. It had belonged to Margotte's husband, Ussher Arkin. Arkin, killed three years ago in a plane crash, a good man, was missed, was regretted, mourned by Sammler. When he was invited by the widow to occupy a bedroom in the

apartment on West 90th Street, Sammler asked to have Arkin's humidor in his room. Sentimental herself, Margotte said, "Of course, Uncle. What a nice thought. You did love Ussher." Margotte was German, romantic. Sammler was something else. He was not even her uncle. She was the niece of his wife, who had died in Poland in 1940. His late wife. The widow's late aunt. Wherever you looked, or tried to look, there were the late. It took some getting used to.

Grapefruit juice he drank from a can with two triangular punctures kept on the windowsill. The curtain parted as he reached, and he looked out. Brownstones, balustrades, bay windows, wrought iron. Like stamps in an album, the dun rose of buildings canceled by the heavy black of grilles, of corrugated rainspouts. How very heavy human life was here, in forms of bourgeois solidity. Attempted permanence was sad. We were now flying to the moon. Did one have a right to private expectations, being like those bubbles in the flask? But then also people exaggerated the tragic accents of their condition. They stressed too hard the disintegrated assurances; what formerly was believed, trusted, was now bitterly circled in black irony. The rejected bourgeois black of stability thus translated. That too was improper, incorrect. People justifying idleness, silliness, shallowness, distemper, lust—turning former respectability inside out.

Such was Sammler's eastward view, a soft asphalt belly rising, in which lay steaming sewer navels. Spalled sidewalks with clusters of ashcans. Brownstones. The yellow brick of elevator buildings like his own. Little copses of television antennae. Whip-like, graceful thrilling metal dendrites drawing images from the air, bringing brotherhood, communion to immured apartment people. Westward the Hudson came between Sammler and the great Spry industries of New Jersey. These flashed their electric message through intervening night. *Spry*. But then he was half blind.

In the bus he had been seeing well enough. He saw a crime committed. He reported it to the cops. They were not greatly shaken. He might then have stayed away from that particular bus, but instead he tried hard to repeat the experience. He went to Columbus Circle and hung about until he saw his man again. Four fascinating times he had watched the thing done, the crime, the first afternoon staring down at the masculine hand that came from behind lifting the clasp and tipping the pocket-book lightly to make it fall open. Sammler saw a polished Negro forefinger, without haste, with no criminal tremor, turning aside a plastic folder with social security or credit cards, emery sticks, a lipstick capsule, coral paper tissues, nipping open the catch of a change purse, and there lay the green of money. Still at the same rate, the fingers took out the dollars. Then with the touch of a doctor on a

patient's belly moved back the slope leather, turned the gilded scallop catch. Sammler, feeling his head small, shrunk with strain, the teeth tensed, still was looking at the picked patent-leather bag on the woman's hip, finding that he was irritated with her. That she felt nothing. What an idiot! Going around with some kind of stupid mold in her skull. Zero instincts, no grasp of New York. While the man turned from her broad-shouldered in the camel's-hair coat. The dark glasses, the original design by Christian Dior, a powerful throat banded by a tab collar and a cherry silk necktie spouting out. Under the African nose, a cropped mustache. Ever so slightly inclining toward him Sammler believed, he could smell French perfume from the breast of the camel's-hair coat. Had the man then noticed him? Had he perhaps followed him home? Of this Sammler was not sure.

He didn't give a damn for the glamour, the style, the art of criminals. They were no social heroes to him. He had had some talks on this very matter with one of his younger cousins once or twice removed, Angela Gruner, the daughter of Dr. Arnold Gruner in New Rochelle, who had brought him over to the States in 1947, digging him out of the DP camp in Salzburg. Because Arnold (Elya) Gruner had Old World family feelings. And studying the lists of refugees in the Yiddish papers, he had found the names Artur and Shula Sammler. Angela, who was in Sammler's neighborhood several times a week because her psychiatrist was just around the corner, often stopped in for a visit. She was one of those handsome, passionate, rich girls who were always an important social and human category. A bad education. In literature, mostly French. At Sarah Lawrence College. And Mr. Sammler had to try hard to remember the Balzac he had read in Cracow in 1913. Vautrin the escaped criminal. From the hulks. *Trompe la mort*. No, he didn't have much use for the romance of the outlaw. Angela sent money to defense funds for black murderers and rapists. That was her business of course.

However, Mr. Sammler had to admit that once he had seen the pickpocket at work he wanted very much to see the thing again. He didn't know why. It was a powerful event, and illicitly—that is, against his own stable principles—he craved a repetition. One detail of old readings he recalled without effort—the moment in *Crime and Punishment* at which Raskolnikov brought down the ax on the bare head of the old woman, her thin gray-streaked grease-smeared hair, the rat's-tail braid fastened by a broken horn comb on her neck. That is to say that horror, crime, murder did vivify all the phenomena, the most ordinary details, of experience. In evil as in art there was illumination. It was, of course, like the tale by Charles Lamb, burning down a house to roast a pig. Was a general conflagration necessary? All you needed was a con-

trolled fire in the right place. Still, to ask everyone to refrain from setting fires until the thing could be done in the right place, in a higher manner, was possibly too much. And while Sammler, getting off the bus, intended to phone the police, he nevertheless received from the crime the benefit of an enlarged vision. The air was brighter—late afternoon daylight saving time. The world, Riverside Drive, was wickedly lighted up. Wicked because the clear light made all objects so explicit, and this explicitness taunted Mr. Minutely-Observant Artur Sammler. All metaphysicians please note. Here is how it is. You will never see more clearly. And what do you make of it? This phone booth has a metal floor; smooth-hinged the folding green doors, but the floor is smarting with dry urine, the plastic telephone instrument is smashed, and a stump is hanging at the end of the cord.

Not in three blocks did he find a phone he could safely put a dime into, and so he went home. In his lobby the building management had set up a television screen so that the doorman could watch for criminals. But the doorman was always off somewhere. The buzzing rectangle of electronic radiance was vacant. Underfoot was the respectable carpet, brown as gravy. The inner gate of the elevator, supple brass diamonds folding, grimy and gleaming. Sammler went into the apartment and sat on the sofa in the foyer, which Margotte had covered with large squares of Woolworth bandannas, tied at the corners and pinned to the old cushions. He dialed the police and said, "I want to report a crime."

"What kind of crime?"

"A pickpocket."

"Just a minute, I'll connect you."

There was a long buzz. A voice toneless with indifference or fatigue said, "Yes."

Mr. Sammler in his foreign Polish Oxonian English tried to be as compressed, direct, and factual as possible. To save time. To avoid complicated interrogation, needless detail.

"I wish to report a pickpocket on the Riverside bus."

"OK."

"Sir?"

"OK. I said OK, report."

"A Negro, about six feet tall, about two hundred pounds, about thirty-five years old, very good looking, very well dressed."

"OK."

"I thought I should call in."

"OK."

"Are you going to do anything?"

"We're supposed to, aren't we? What's your name?"

"Artur Sammler."

"All right, Art. Where do you live?"

"Dear sir, I will tell you, but I am asking what you intend to do about this man."

"What do you think we should do?"

"Arrest him."

"We have to catch him first."

"You should put a man on the bus."

"We haven't got a man to put on the bus. There are lots of buses, Art, and not enough men. Lots of conventions, banquets, and so on we have to cover, Art. VIP's and brass. There are lots of ladies shopping at Lord & Taylor's, Bonwit's, and Saks', leaving purses on chairs while they go to feel the goods."

"I understand. You don't have the personnel, and there are priorities, political pressures. But I could point out the man."

"Some other time."

"You don't want him pointed out?"

"Sure, but we have a waiting list."

"I have to get on *your* list?"

"That's right, Abe."

"Artur."

"Arthur."

Tensely sitting forward in bright lamplight, Artur Sammler like a motorcyclist who has been struck in the forehead by a pebble from the road, trivially stung, smiled with long lips. America (he was speaking to himself)! Advertised throughout the universe as the most normal of all nations.

"Let me make sure I understand you, officer—mister detective. This man is going to rob more people, but you aren't going to do anything about it. Is that right?"

It was right—confirmed by silence, though no ordinary silence. Mr. Sammler said, "Good-bye, sir."

After this, when Sammler should have shunned the bus, he rode it oftener than ever. The thief had a regular route, and he dressed for the ride, for his work. Always gorgeously garbed. Mr. Sammler was struck once, but not astonished, to see that he wore a single gold earring. This was too much to keep to himself, and for the first time he then mentioned to Margotte, his niece and landlady, to Shula, his daughter, that this handsome, this striking, arrogant pickpocket, this African prince or great black beast was seeking whom he might devour between Columbus Circle and Verdi Square.

To Margotte it was fascinating. Anything fascinating she was prepared to discuss all day, from every point of view, with full German pedantry. Who was this black? What were his origins, his class or racial attitudes, his psychological views, his true emotions, his aesthetic ideas? Unless Sammler had private thoughts to occupy him, he couldn't sit through these talks with Margotte. She was sweet but on the theoretical side very tedious, and when she settled down to an earnest theme, one was lost. This was why he ground his own coffee, boiled water in his flask, kept onion rolls in the humidior, urinated even in the washbasin (rising on his toes to a meditation on the inherent melancholy of animal nature, continually in travail, according to Aristotle). Because mornings could disappear while

Margotte in her goodness speculated. He had learned his lesson one week when she wished to analyze Hannah Arendt's phrase "The Banality of Evil," and kept him in the living room, sitting on a sofa (made of foam rubber laid on plywood supported by two-inch sections of pipe, backed by trapezoids of cushion all covered in dark gray denim). He couldn't bring himself to say what he thought. For one thing, she seldom stopped to listen. For another, he doubted that he could make himself clear. Moreover, most of her family had been destroyed by the Nazis like his own, though she herself had gotten out in 1937. Not he. The war had caught him, with Shula and his late wife, in Poland. They had gone to liquidate his father-in-law's estate. Lawyers should have attended to this, but it was important to Antonina to supervise it in person. But she was killed in 1940, and her father's optical-instrument factory (a small one) was dismantled and sent to Austria. No postwar indemnity was paid. Margotte received payment from the West German government for her family's property in Frankfurt. Arkin hadn't left her much; she needed this German money. You didn't argue with people in such circumstances. Of course he had circumstances of his own, as she recognized. He had actually gone through it, lost his wife, lost an eye. Still, on the theoretical side, they could discuss the question. Purely as a question. Uncle Artur, sitting, knees high in the sling chair, his pale-tufted eyes shaded by tinted glasses, the forked veins coming down from the swells of his forehead, and the big mouth determined to be silent.

"The idea being," said Margotte, "that here is no great spirit of evil. Those people were too insignificant, Uncle. They were just ordinary lower-class people, administrators, small bureaucrats, or *Lumpenproletariat*. A mass society does not produce great criminals. It's because of the division of labor all over society, which broke up the whole idea of general responsibility. Piecework did it. It's like instead of a forest with enormous trees, you have to think of small plants with shallow roots. Modern civilization doesn't create great individual phenomena anymore."

The late Arkin, generally affectionate and indulgent, knew how to make Margotte shut up. He was a tall, splendid, half-bald, mustached man with a good subtle brain in his head. Political theory had been his field. He taught at Hunter College. Charming, idiotic, nonsensical girls, he used to say. Now and then, a powerful female intelligence, but very angry, very complaining, too much sex-ideology, poor things. It was when he was on his way to Cincinnati to lecture at some Hebrew college that his plane crashed. Sammler noticed how his widow tended now to impersonate him. She had become the political theorist. She spoke in his name, as presumably he would have done, and there was

no one to protect his ideas. The common fate also of Socrates and Jesus. Up to a point, Arkin had enjoyed Margotte's tormenting conversation, it must be admitted. Her nonsense would please him, and under the mustache, he often grinned to himself, long arms reaching to the ends of the trapezoidal cushions, and his stocking feet set upon each other (he took off his shoes the instant he sat down). But after she had gone on a while, he would say, "Enough, enough of this Weimar schmaltz. Cut it, Margotte!" That big virile interruption would never be heard again in this cockeyed living room.

Margotte was short, round, full. Her legs in black net stockings, especially the underthighs, were attractively heavy. Seated, she put out one foot like a dancer, curved forward. She set her strong little fist on her haunch. Arkin once said to Uncle Sammler that she was a first-class device as long as someone aimed her in the right direction. She was a good soul, he told him, but the energetic goodness could be tremendously misapplied. Sammler saw this for himself. She couldn't wash a tomato without getting her sleeves wet. The place was burglarized because she raised the window to admire a sunset and forgot to lock it. The burglars entered the dining room from the rooftop just below. The sentimental value of her locket, chains, rings, heirlooms was not appreciated by the insurance company. The windows were now nailed shut and draped. Meals were eaten by candlelight. Just enough glow to see the framed reproductions from the Museum of Modern Art, and across the table, Margotte serving, spattering the tablecloth, her lovely grin, dark and tender, with clean, imperfect small teeth, and eyes dark blue and devoid of wickedness. A bothersome creature, willing, cheerful, purposeful, maladroit. The cups and tableware were greasy. She forgot to flush the toilet. But all that one could easily live with. It was her earnestness that gave the trouble—considering everything under the sun with such German wrong-headedness. As though to be Jewish weren't trouble enough, the poor woman was German too.

"So. And what is your opinion, dear Uncle Sammler?" At last she asked.

Uncle Sammler had compact cheeks, his color was good for a man in his seventies, and he was not greatly wrinkled. There were, however, on the left side, the blind side, thin long lines like the lines in a cracked glass or within a cake of ice.

To answer was not useful. It would produce more discussion, more explanation. Nevertheless, he was addressed by another human being. He was old-fashioned. The courtesy of some reply was necessary.

"The idea of making the century's great crime look dull is not a banal idea. Politically, psychologically, it is an idea of genius. The banality was only camouflage. What better way to get the curse

out of murder than to make it look ordinary, boring, or trite? Modern political genius consists in knowing just how to disguise these things. Intellectuals do not understand. They get their notions about matters like this from literature. They expect a wicked hero like Richard III. But do you think the Nazis didn't know what murder was? Everybody knows what murder is. That is very old human knowledge. The best and purest human beings, from the beginning of time, have understood that life is sacred. To defy that old understanding is not banality. Banality is the adopted disguise of a very powerful will to abolish conscience."

Explanations! thought Sammler. All will explain everything to all, until the next, the new, common version is ready. This version, a residue of what people for a century or so say to one another, will be, like the old, a fiction. More elements of reality perhaps will be incorporated in the new version. But the important consideration was that life should recover its plenitude, its normal contented turgidity. All the old fusty stuff had to be blown away, of course, so we might be nearer to nature. To be nearer to nature was necessary in order to keep in balance the achievements of modern Method. The Germans had been the giants of this Method in industry and war. To relax from rationality and calculation, machinery, planning, technics, they had romance, mythomania, peculiar aesthetic fanaticism. These, too, were like machines—the aesthetic machine, the philosophic machine, the mythomaniac machine, the culture machine. Machines in the sense of being systematic. System demands mediocrity, not greatness. System is based on labor. Labor connected to art is banality. Hence the sensitivity of cultivated Germans to everything banal. It exposed the rule, the might of Method, and their submission to Method. Sammler had it all figured out. Alert to the peril and disgrace of explanations, he was himself no mean explainer. And even in the old days, in the days when he was "British," in the lovely twenties and thirties when he lived in Great Russell Street, when he was acquainted with Lord Keynes, Lytton Strachey, and H. G. Wells and loved "British" views, before the great squeeze, the human physics of the War, with its volumes, its vacuums, its voids (that period of dynamics and direct action upon the individual, comparable biologically to birth) he had never much trusted his judgment where Germans were concerned. The Weimar Republic was not attractive to him in any way. No, there was an exception—he had admired its Plancks and Einsteins. Hardly anyone else.

In any case, he was not going to be one of those kindly European uncles with whom the Margottes of this world could have day-long high-level discussions. She would have liked him trailing after her through the apartment while, for two hours, she unpacked the groceries, hunting for lunch a salami

which was already on the shelf; while she slapped and smoothed the bed with short strong arms (she kept the bedroom piously unchanged after the death of Ussher—his swivel chair, his footstool, his Hobbes, Vico, Hume, and Marx underlined), discussing things. He found that even if he could get a word in edgewise it was encircled and cut off right away. Margotte swept on, enormously desirous of doing good. And really she was good (that was the point), she was boundlessly, achingly, hopelessly on the right side, the best side, of every big human question: for creativity, for the young, for the black, the poor, the oppressed, for victims, for sinners, for the hungry.

A significant remark by Ussher Arkin, giving much to think of after his death, was that he had learned to do the good thing as if practicing a vice. He must have been thinking of his wife as a sexual partner. She had probably driven him to erotic invention, and made monogamy a strange challenge. Margotte, continually recalling Ussher, spoke of him always as her Man. "When my Man was alive . . . my Man used to say." Sammler was sorry for his widowed niece. You could criticize her endlessly. High-minded, she bored you; she made cruel inroads into your time, your thought, your patience. She talked junk, she gathered waste and junk in the flat, she bred junk. Look, for instance, at these plants she was trying to raise. She planted avocado pits, lemon seeds, peas, potatoes. Was there anything ever so mangy, trashy, as these potted objects? Shrubs and vines dragged on the ground, tried to rise on grocer's string hopefully stapled fanwise to the ceiling. The stems of the avocados looked like the sticks of fireworks falling back after the flash, and produced a few rusty, spiky, anthrax-damaged, nitty leaves. This botanical ugliness, the product of so much fork-digging, watering, so much breast and arm, heart and hope, told you something, didn't it? First of all, it told you that the individual facts were filled with messages and meanings, but you couldn't be sure what the messages meant. She wanted a bower in her living room, a screen of glossy leaves, flowers, a garden, blessings of freshness and beauty—something to foster as woman the germinatrix, the matriarch of reservoirs and gardens. Humankind, crazy for symbols, trying to utter what it doesn't know itself. Meantime the spreading fanlike featherless quills: no peacock purple, no blue, no true green, but only spots before your eyes. Redeemed by a feeling of ready and available human warmth? No, you couldn't be sure. The strain of unrelenting analytical effort gave Mr. Sammler a headache. The worst of it was that these ratty plants would not, could not, respond. There was not enough light. Too much clutter.

But when it came to clutter, his daughter, Shula, was much worse. He had lived with Shula for several years, just east of Broadway. She had too many oddities for her old father. She passionately col-

lected things. In plainer words, she was a scavenger. More than once, he had seen her hunting through Broadway trash baskets (or, as he still called them, dustbins). She wasn't old, not bad looking, not even too badly dressed, item by item. The full effect would have been no worse than vulgar if she had not been obviously a nut. She turned up in a miniskirt of billiard-table green, revealing legs sensual in outline but without inner sensuality: at the waist a broad leather belt; over shoulders, bust, a coarse strong Guatemalan embroidered shirt; on her head a wig such as a female impersonator might put on at a convention of salesmen. Her own hair had a small curl, a minute distortion. It put her in a rage. She cried out that it was thin, she had masculine hair. Thin it evidently was, but not the other. She had it straight from Sammler's mother, a hysterical woman certainly, but anything but masculine. But who knew how many sexual difficulties and complications were associated with Shula's hair? And, from the troubled widow's peak, following an imaginary line of illumination over the nose, originally fine but distorted by restless movement, over the ridiculous comment of the lips, painted dark red, and down between the breasts to the middle of the body—what problems there must be!

Sammler kept hearing how she had taken her wig to a good hairdresser to have it set, and how the hairdresser exclaimed please to take the thing away, it was too cheap for him to work on. Sammler did not know whether this was an isolated incident involving one homosexual stylist, or whether it had happened on several separate occasions. He saw many open elements in his daughter. Things that ought, but failed actually, to connect. Wigs, for instance, suggested orthodoxy; Shula in fact had Jewish connections. She seemed to know lots of rabbis in famous temples and synagogues on Central Park West and on the East Side. She went to sermons and free lectures everywhere. Where she found the patience for this, Sammler could not say. He could bear no lecture for more than ten minutes. But she, with loony, clever, large eyes, the face full of white comment and skin thickened with concentration, sat on her rucked-up skirt, the shopping bag with salvage, loot, coupons, and throwaway literature between her knees. Afterward she was the first to ask questions. She became well acquainted with the rabbi, the rabbi's wife and family—involved in discussions about faith, ritual, Zionism.

But she had Christian periods as well. Hidden in a Polish convent for four years, she had been called Slawa, and now there were times when she answered only to that name. Almost always at Easter she was a Catholic. Ash Wednesday was observed, and it was with a smudge between the eyes that she often came into clear focus for the old gentleman. With the little twists of kinky hair descend-

ing from the wig beside the ears and the florid lip dark red, skeptical, accusing, affirming something substantive about her life-claim, her right to be whatever—whatever it all came to. Full of comment always, the mouth completing the premises stated from an insane angle by the merging dark eyes. Not altogether crazy, perhaps. But she would come in saying that she had been run down by mounted policemen in Central Park. They were trying to recapture a deer escaped from the zoo, and she was absorbed, reading an article in *Look*, and they knocked her over. She was, however, quite cheerful. She was too cheerful for him. At night she typed. She sang at her typewriter. She was employed by Cousin Gruner, the doctor, who had this work invented for her. Gruner had saved her (it amounted to that) from her equally crazy husband, Eisen, in Israel, sending Sammler ten years ago to bring Shula-Slawa back to New York.

Unusually handsome, brilliant-looking, Eisen, wounded at Stalingrad, with other wounded veterans in Rumania, was thrown by his comrades from a moving train because he was a Jew. Eisen had frozen his feet; his toes were amputated. "Oh, they were drunk," said Eisen in Haifa. "Good fellows—*tavarishni*. But you know what Russians are when they have a few glasses of vodka." He grinned at Sammler. Black curls, a handsome Roman nose, shining sharp senseless saliva-moist teeth. The trouble was that he kicked and beat Shula-Slawa quite often, even as a newlywed. Old Sammler in the cramped, stone-smelling, whitewashed apartment in Haifa considered the palm branches at the window in warm, clear atmosphere. Shula was cooking for them out of a Mexican cookbook, making bitter chocolate sauce, grating coconuts over chicken breasts, complaining that you could not buy chutney in Haifa. "When I was thrown out," said Eisen cheerfully, "I thought I would go and see the Pope. I took a stick and walked to Italy. The stick was my crutch, you see."

"I see."

"I went to Castel Gandolfo. The Pope was very nice to us."

After three days Mr. Sammler saw that he would have to remove his daughter.

He took a taxi to visit Galilee, for the historical interest of the thing, as long as he was in the vicinity. On a sandy road, he found a gaucho. Under a platter hat fastened beneath the large chin, in Argentinean bloomers tucked into boots, with a Douglas Fairbanks mustache, he was mixing feed for small creatures racing about him in a chicken-wire enclosure. Water from a hose ran clear and pleasant in the sun over the yellow meal or mash and stained it orange. The little animals though fat were lithe; they were heavy, their coats shone, opulent and dense. These were nutrias. Their fur made hats worn in cold climates. Coats for ladies. Mr. Sammler, feeling red-faced in the Galilean sunlight, in-

terrogated this man. In his bass voice of a distinguished traveler—a cigarette held between his hairy knuckles, smoke escaping past his hairy ears—he put questions to the gaucho. Neither spoke the language of Jesus. Mr. Sammler fell back on Italian, which the nutria breeder in Argentine gloom comprehended, his heavy handsome face considering the greedy beasts about his boots. He was Bessarabian-Syrian-South American—a Spanish-speaking Israeli cowpuncher from the Pampas.

Did he butcher the little animals himself? Sammler wished to know. His Italian had never been good. "*Uccidere?*" "*Ammazzare?*" The gaucho understood. When the time came, he killed them himself. He struck them on the head with a stick.

Didn't he mind doing this to his little flock? Hadn't he known them from infancy—was there no tenderness for individuals—were there no favorites? The gaucho denied it all. He shook his handsome head. He said that nutrias were very stupid.

"*Son muy tontos.*"

"*Arrivederci,*" said Sammler.

"*Adios. Shalom.*"

Mr. Sammler's hired car took him to Capernaum, where Jesus had preached in the synagogue. From afar, he saw the Mount of the Beatitudes. Two eyes would have been inadequate to the heaviness and smoothness of the color, parted with difficulty by fishing boats—the blue water, unusually dense, heavy, seemed sunk under the naked Syrian heights. Mr. Sammler's heart was very much torn by feelings as he stood under the short, leaf-streaming banana trees.

"And did those feet in ancient time
walk upon. . ."

But those were England's mountains green. The mountains opposite, in serpentine nakedness, were not green either but ruddy, with smoky cavities and mysteries of inhuman power flaming above them.

The many impressions and experiences of life seemed no longer to occur each in its own proper space, in sequence, each with its recognizable religious or aesthetic importance, but human beings suffered the humiliations of inconsequence, of confused styles, of a long life containing several separate lives. In fact the whole experience of mankind was covering each separate life in its flood. Making all the ages of history simultaneous. Compelling the frail person to receive, to register, depriving him because of volume, of mass, of the power to impart design.

That was Sammler's first journey to Israel. A decade later, for a different purpose, he went again.

Rescued from Eisen, who walloped her, he said, because she went to Catholic priests, because she was a liar (lies infuriated him; paranoiacs, Sammler concluded, are more passionate for pure truth than other madmen), Shula-Slawa set up housekeeping in New York. Creating, that is, a great clutter-center

in the New World. Mr. Sammler, a polite Slim-Jim (the nickname Dr. Gruner had given him), a considerate father, muttering appreciation of each piece of rubbish as presented to him, was in certain moods explosive; under provocation, more violent than other people. In fact, his claim for indemnity from the Bonn government was based upon damage to his nervous system as well as his eye. Fits of rage, very rare but shattering, laid him up with intense migraines, put him in a post-epileptic condition. Then he lay most of a week in a dark room, rigid, hands gripped on his chest, bruised, aching, incapable of an answer when spoken to. With Shula-Slawa, he had a series of such attacks. First of all, he couldn't bear the building Gruner had put them into, with its stone stoop slumping to one side, into the cellar stairway of the Chinese laundry adjoining. The lobby made him ill, tiles like yellow teeth, set in desperate grime, and the stinking elevator shaft. The bathroom where Shula kept an Easter chick from Kresge's until it turned into a hen that squawked on the edge of the tub. The Christmas decorations which lasted into spring. The rooms themselves were like those dusty red paper Christmas bells, folds within folds. The hen with yellow legs in his room on his documents and books was too much one day. He was aware that the sun shone brightly, the sky blue, but the big swell of the apartment house heavyweight vase-like baroque, made him feel that the twelfth-story room was like a china cabinet into which he was locked, and the satanic hen-legs of wrinkled yellow clawing his papers made him scream out.

Shula then agreed that he should move. She told everyone that her father's lifework, his memoir of H. G. Wells, made him too tense to live with. She had H. G. Wells on the brain, the large formation of a lifetime. He was the most august human being she knew of. She was a small girl when the Sammlers lived in Bloomsbury and with childish genius accurately read the passions of her parents—their pride in high connections, their snobbery, how contented they were with the cultural best of England. Old Sammler thinking of his wife in prewar days interpreted a certain quiet, bosomful way that she had of conveying with a downward stroke of the hand, so delicate you had to know her well to identify it as a vaunting gesture: we have the most distinguished intimacy with the finest people in Britain. A small vice—almost nutritive, digestive—which gave Antonina softer cheeks, smoother hair, deeper color. If a little social

climbing made her handsomer (plumper between the legs—the thought rushed in and Sammler had stopped trying to repel these mental rushes), it had its feminine justification. Love is the most potent cosmetic, but there are others. And the little girl may actually have observed that the very mention of Wells had a combined social-erotic influence on her mother. Judging not, and recalling Wells always with respect, Sammler knew that he had been a horny man of labyrinthine extraordinary sensuality. As a biologist, as a social thinker concerned with power and world projects, the molding of a universal order, as a furnisher of interpretation and opinion to the educated or half-educated masses—as all of these he appeared to need a great amount of copulation. Nowadays Sammler would recall him as a little lower-class limey, and as an aging man of declining ability and appeal. And in the agony of parting with the breasts, the mouths, and the precious sexual fluids of women, poor Wells, the natural teacher, the sex-emancipator, the explainer, the humane blesser of mankind, could in the end only blast and curse everyone. Of course he wrote such things in his final sickness, horribly depressed by World War II.

What Shula-Slawa said came back amusingly to

Sammler through Angela Gruner. Shula visited Angela in the East Sixties, where her cousin had the beautiful, free, wealthy young woman's ideal New York apartment. Without envy, without self-consciousness, Shula with wig and shopping bag, her white face puckering with continual inspiration (receiving and transmitting wild messages), sat as awkwardly as possible in the super comfort of Angela's upholstery, blobbing china

and forks with lipstick. In Shula's version of things her father had had conversations with H. G. Wells lasting several years. He took notes to Poland in 1939, expecting to have spare time for the memoir. Just then the country exploded. In the geyser that rose a mile or two into the skies were Papa's notes. But (with *his* memory!) he knew it all by heart, and all you had to do was ask what Wells had said to him about Lenin, Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler, world peace, atomic energy, the open conspiracy, the colonization of the planets. Whole passages came back to Papa. He had to concentrate of course. Thus she turned about his moving in with Margotte until it became her idea. He had moved away to concentrate better. He said he didn't have much time left. But obviously he exaggerated. He looked so well. He was such a handsome person. Elderly widows



were always asking her about him. The mother of Rabbi Ipsheimer. The grandmother of Ipsheimer, more likely. Anyway (Angela still reporting), Wells had communicated things to Sammler that the world didn't know. When finally published they would astonish everybody. The book would take the form of dialogues like those with A. N. Whitehead which Sammler admired so much.

Low-voiced, husky, a hint of joking brass in her tone, Angela (*just* this side of coarseness, a beautiful woman) said, "Her Wells routine is *so* great. Were you that close to H. G., Uncle?"

"We were well acquainted."

"But chums? Were you bosom buddies?"

"Oh? My dear girl, in spite of my years, I am a man of the modern age. You do not find David and Jonathan, Roland and Olivier bosom buddies in these days. The man's company was very pleasant. He seemed also to enjoy conversation with me. As for his views he was just a mass of intelligent views. He expressed as many as he could, and at all times. Everything he said I found eventually in written form. He was like Voltaire, a graphomaniac. His mind was unusually active, he thought he should explain everything, and he actually said some things very well. Like 'Science is the mind of the race.' That's true, you know. It's a better thing to emphasize than other collective facts, like disease or sin. And when I see the wing of a jet plane I don't only see metal, but metal tempered by the agreement of many minds which know the pressure and velocity and weight, calculating on their slide rules whether they are Hindus or Chinamen or from the Congo or Brazil. Yes, on the whole he was a sensible, intelligent person, certainly on the right side of many questions."

"And you used to be interested."

"Yes, I used to be interested."

"But she says you're composing that great work a mile a minute."

She laughed. Not merely laughed, but laughed brilliantly. In Angela you confronted sensual womanhood, without remission. You smelled it, too. She wore the odd stylish things which Sammler noted with detached and purified dryness, as if from a different part of the universe. What were those, white-kid buskins? What were those sheer tights, where did they lead? That effect of the hair called frosting, that color under the lioness' muzzle, that swagger to enhance the natural power of the bust! Her plastic coat inspired by cubists or Mondriaan, geometrical black and white forms; her trousers by Courrèges and Pucci. Sammler followed as well as he could in the *Times*, and in the women's magazines sent by Angela herself. He did not read too much. Careful to guard his eyesight, he passed pages rapidly back and forth before his eye, his large forehead registering the stimulus to his mind. The damaged left eye seemed turned in another direction, preoccupied separately with different matters. Thus

Sammler knew, through many rapid changes, Warhol, Baby Jane Holzer while she lasted, the Living Theater, the outbursts of nude display more and more revolutionary, *Dionysus in 69*, copulation on the stage, the philosophy of the Beatles; and in the art world, electric shows and minimal painting. Angela was in her thirties now, independently wealthy, with ruddy skin, gold-whitish hair, big lips. She was afraid of obesity. She either fasted or ate like a stevedore, and she trained in a fashionable gym. He knew her problems—he had to know, for she came and discussed them in detail. She did not know *his* problems. He seldom talked and she seldom asked. Moreover, he and Shula were her father's pensioners, dependents—call it what you like. So after psychiatric sessions, Angela came to Uncle Sammler to hold a seminar and analyze the preceding hour. Thus the old man heard what she did and with whom and how it felt and all that she knew how to say.

Sammler in his *Gymnasium* days once translated from Saint Augustine: "The Devil hath established his cities in the North." He thought of this often. In Cracow before World War I he had had another version of it—the dreary liquid yellow mud to a depth of two inches over cobblestones in the Jewish streets. People needed their candles, their lamps and their copper kettles, their slices of lemon in the image of the sun. This was the conquest of grimness with the aid always of Mediterranean symbols. Dark environments overcome by imported religious signs and local domestic amenities. Without the power of the North, its mines, its industries, the world would never have reached its astonishing modern form. And regardless of Augustine, Sammler had always loved his Northern cities, especially London, the blessings of its gloom, of coal smoke, gray rains, and the mental and human opportunities of a dark environment. But now Augustine's statement needed new interpretations. Listening to Angela carefully, Sammler perceived different developments. The labor of Puritanism now was ending. The dark satanic mills changing into light satanic mills. The reprobates converted into children of joy, the sexual ways of the seraglio and of the Congo bush adopted by the emancipated masses of New York, Amsterdam, London. Old Sammler with his screwy visions! He saw the increasing triumph of Enlightenment—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, Adultery! Enlightenment, universal education, suffrage, the rights of the majority acknowledged by all governments, the rights of women, the rights of children, the rights of criminals, the unity of the different races affirmed, social security, public health, the dignity of the person, the right to justice—the struggles of three revolutionary centuries being won while the feudal bonds of Church and Family weakened and the privileges of aristocracy (without any duties) spread wide, democratized, especially the libidinous privileges, the right to be

uninhibited, spontaneous, urinating, defecating, belching, coupling in all positions, tripling, quadrupling, polymorphously, noble in being natural, primitive, combining the leisure and luxurious inventiveness of Versailles with the hibiscus-covered erotic ease of Samoa. Dark romanticism now took hold. As old at least as the strange Orientalism of the Knights Templar, and since then filled up with Lady Stanhopes, Baudelaires, Nervals, Stevensons, and Gauguins—those South-loving barbarians. And now all the tourism and local color, the exotics of it, had broken up, but the mental masses, inheriting everything in a debased state, had formed an idea of the corrupting disease of being white and of the healing power of black. The dreams of nineteenth-century poets now polluted the mental atmosphere of the great boroughs and suburbs of New York. Add to this the dangerous, lunging, staggering, crazy violence of fanatics, and the trouble was very deep. Like many people who had seen the world collapse once, Mr. Sammler entertained the possibility it might collapse twice. He did not agree with refugee friends that this doom was inevitable, but liberal beliefs did not seem capable of self-defense, and you could smell decay. You could see the suicidal impulses of civilization pushing strongly. You wondered whether this Western culture could survive universal dissemination—whether only its science and technology or administrative practices would travel. Or whether the worst enemies of civilization might not prove to be its petted intellectuals who attacked it at its weakest moments—attacked it in the name of proletarian revolution, in the name of reason and in the name of irrationality, in the name of visceral depth, in the name of sex, in the name of perfect and instant freedom. For what it amounted to was limitless demand—insatiability, refusal of the doomed creature (death being sure and final) to go away from this earth unsatisfied. A full bill of demand and complaint was therefore presented by each individual. Non-negotiable. Recognizing no scarcity of supply in any human department.

Sammler saw this in Shula-Slawa. She came to do his room. He had to sit in his beret and coat, for she needed fresh air. She arrived with cleaning materials in the shopping bag—ammonia, shelf paper, Windex, floor wax, rags. She sat out on the sill to wash the windows, lowering the sash to her thighs. Her little shoe soles were inside the room. On her lips—a burst of crimson asymmetrical skeptical fleshy business-and-dream sensuality—the cigarette scorching away at the tip. There was the wig, too, mixed yak and baboon hair and synthetic fibers. Shula, like all the ladies perhaps, was needy—needed gratification of numerous instincts, needed the warmth and pressure of men, needed a child for sucking and nurture, needed to gratify social demands, needed the exercise of the mind, needed continuity, needed interest—*Interest!*—needed flat-

tery, needed triumph, power, needed rabbis, needed priests, needed fuel for all that was perverse and crazy, needed noble action of the intellect, needed culture, demanded the sublime. No scarcity was acknowledged. If you tried to deal with all these immediate needs you were a lost man. Even to consider it all the way she did, spraying cold froth on the panes, swabbing it away, left-handed with a leftward swing of the bust (*ohne Büstenhalter*), was neither affection for her, nor preservation for her father. When she arrived and opened windows and doors, the personal atmosphere Mr. Sammler had accumulated and stored blew away, it seemed. His back door opened to the service staircase where a hot smell of incineration rushed from the chute, charred paper, chicken entrails, and burnt feathers. The Puerto Rican sweepers carried transistors playing Latin music. As if supplied with this jazz from a universal unfailing source, like cosmic rays.

"Well, Father, how is it going?"

"What is going?"

"The work. H. G. Wells?"

"As usual."

"People take up too much of your time. You don't get enough reading done. I know you have to protect your eyesight. But is it going all right?"

"Tremendous."

"I wish you wouldn't make jokes about it."

"Why, is it too important for jokes?"

"Well, it is important."

He was drinking his coffee. Today, this very afternoon, he was going to speak at Columbia. One of his young Columbia friends had persuaded him. Shula had hired university students to read to him, to spare his eyes. She herself had tried it, but her voice made him nod off. Half an hour of her reading, and the blood left his brain. She told Angela that her father tried to fence her out of his higher activities. As if they had to be protected from the very person who believed most in them! It was a very sad paradox! But for four or five years she had found student-readers. Some had graduated, now were in professions or business but still came back to visit Sammler. "He is like their guru," said Shula-Slawa. More recent readers were student activists. Mr. Sammler was quite interested in the radical youth movement. To judge by their reading ability the young people had had a meager education. Their presence sometimes induced (or deepened) a long, still smile which had the effect more than anything else of blindness. Hairy, dirty, without style, levelers, ignorant. He found after they had read to him for a few hours that he had to teach them the subject, explain the terms, do etymologies for them as though they were twelve years old. "*Janus*—a door. Janitor—one who minds the door." "*Lapis*, a stone. Dilapidate, take apart the stones. One cannot say it of a person." But if one could, one would say it of these young

persons. Some of the poor girls had a bad smell. Bohemian protest did them the most harm. It was elementary among the tasks and problems of civilization, thought Mr. Sammler, that some parts of nature demanded more control than others. Females were naturally more prone to grossness, had more smells, needed more washing, clipping, binding, pruning, grooming, perfuming, and training. These poor kids may have resolved to stink together in defiance of a corrupt tradition built on neurosis and falsehood, but Mr. Sammler thought that an unforeseen result of their way of life was loss of femininity, of self-esteem. In their revulsion from authority they would respect no persons. Not even their own persons.

Anyhow, he no longer wanted these readers with the big dirty boots and the helpless vital pathos of young dogs with their first red erections, and pimples sprung to the cheeks from foaming beards, laboring in his room with hard words and thoughts that had to be explained, stumbling through Toynbee, Schweitzer, Burckhardt, Spengler. For he had been reading historians of civilization—Karl Marx, Max Weber, Max Scheler, Freud. Side excursions into Adorno, Marcuse, Norman O. Brown, whom he found to be worthless fellows. Together with these he took on *Doktor Faustus*, *Les Noyers D'Altenbourg*, Ortega, Valéry's essays on history and politics. But after four or five years of this diet, he wished to read only certain religious writers of the thirteenth century—Suso, Tauler, and Meister Eckhart. In his seventies he was interested in little more than Meister Eckhart and the Bible. For this he needed no readers. He read Eckhart's Latin at the public library from microfilm. He read the Sermons and the Talks of Instruction—a few sentences at a time, a paragraph of Old German, presented to his good eye at close range. While Margotte ran the carpet sweeper through the rooms. Evidently getting most of the lint on her skirts. And singing. She loved Schubert *lieder*. Why she had to mingle them with the zoom of the vacuum eluded explanation. But then he could not explain a liking for certain combinations: for instance, sandwiches of sturgeon-Swiss-cheese-tongue-steak-tartar-and-Russian-dressing in layers—such things as one saw on fancy delicatessen menus. Yet customers seemed to order them. No matter where you picked it up, humankind supplied more oddities than you could keep up with.

A combined oddity, for instance, which drew him today into the middle of things in spite of his decision to proceed coastwise, alone: one of his ex-readers, young Lionel Feffer, had asked him to address a seminar at Columbia University on the British Scene in the Thirties. For some reason this attracted Sammler. He was fond of Feffer. An ingenious operator, less student than

promoter. With his florid color, brown beaver beard, long black eyes, big belly, smooth hair, pink awkward large hands, loud interrupting voice, hasty energy, he was charming to Sammler. Not trustworthy. Only charming. That is, it sometimes gave Sammler great pleasure to see Lionel Feffer working out in his peculiar manner, to hear the fizzing of his vital gas, his fuel.

"You must come and talk to these fellows, it's of the utmost importance. They have never heard a point of view like yours," said Feffer. The pink oxford cloth shirt increased the color of his face. The beard, the straight large sensual nose, made him look like François Premier. A bustling, affectionate, urgent, eruptive, enterprising character. He had money in the stock market. He was vice president of a Guatemalan insurance company covering railroad workers. His field at school was diplomatic history. He belonged to a corresponding society called The Foreign Ministers' Club. Its members took up a question like the Crimean War or the Boxer Rebellion and did it all again, writing one another letters as the foreign ministers of France, England, Germany, Russia. They obtained very different results. In addition, Feffer was a busy seducer, especially, it seemed, of young wives. But he found time as well to hustle on behalf of handicapped children. He got them free toys and signed photographs of hockey stars; he found time to visit them in the hospital. He "found time." To Sammler this was a highly significant American fact. Feffer led a high-energy American life to the point of anarchy and breakdown. And yet devotedly. And of course he was in psychiatric treatment. They all were. They could always say that they were sick. Nothing was omitted.

"The British Scene in the Thirties—you must. For my seminar."

Sammler didn't know what seminar this was. Not always attentive, he failed to understand clearly; perhaps there was nothing clear to understand; but it seemed that he had promised, although he couldn't remember promising. But Feffer confused him. There were so many projects, such cross-references, so many confidences and requests for secrecy, so many scandals, frauds, spiritual communications—a continual flow backward, forward, lateral, above, below: like any page of Joyce's *Ulysses*, always *in medias res*. Anyway, Sammler had apparently agreed to give this talk for a student project to help backward black pupils with their reading problems.

He called for Sammler in a taxi. They went uptown in style. Feffer stressed the style of it. He said the cab must wait while Sammler gave his talk. The driver refused. Feffer raised his voice. He said this was a legal matter. Sammler persuaded him to drop it as he was about to call for the police. "There is no need to have a taxi waiting for me," said Sammler.

Then Feffer led him into a large room. He had expected a small one, a seminar room. He had come to reminisce, for a handful of interested students, about R. H. Tawney, Harold Laski, Zilliacus, George Orwell, H. G. Wells. But this was a mass meeting of some sort. His obstructed vision took in a large, spreading, shaggy, composite human bloom. It was malodorous, peculiarly rancid, sulfurous. The amphitheater was filled. Standing room only. Was Feffer running one of his rackets? Was he going to pocket the admission money? Sammler mastered and dismissed this suspicion, ascribing it to surprise and nervousness. For he was surprised, frightened. But he pulled himself together. He tried to begin humorously by recalling the lecturer who had addressed incurable alcoholics under the impression that they were the Browning Society. But there was no laughter, and he had to remember that Browning Societies had been extinct for a long time. A microphone was hung on his chest. He began to speak of the mental atmosphere of England before the Second World War. The Mussolini adventure in East Africa. Spain in 1936. The Great Purges in Russia. Stalinism in France and Britain. Blum, Daladier, the Peoples' Front, Oswald Mosley. The mood of English intellectuals. For this he needed no notes, he could easily recall what people had said or written.

Doubly foreign, Polish-Oxonian, with his out-rushing white back hair, the wrinkles streaming below the smoked glasses, he pulled the handkerchief from the breast pocket, unfolded and refolded it, touched his face, wiped his palms with thin elderly delicacy. Without pleasure in performance, without the encouragement of attention (there was a good deal of noise), the little satisfaction he did feel was the meager ghost of the pride he and his wife had once taken in their British successes. In his success, a Polish Jew so well acquainted, so handsomely acknowledged by the nobs, by H. G. Wells. Included, for instance, with Gerald Heard and Olaf Stapledon in the *Cosmopolis* project for a World State, Sammler had written articles for "News of Progress" for the other publication, *The World Citizen*. As he explained in a voice that still contained Polish sibilants and nasals, though impressively low, the project was based on the propagation of the sciences of biology, history, and sociology and the effective application of scientific principles to the enlargement of human life; the building of a planned, orderly, and beautiful world society: abolishing national sovereignty, outlawing war, subjecting money and credit, production, distribution, transport, population, arms manufacture, et cetera, to worldwide collective control, offering free universal education, personal freedom (compatible with community welfare) to the utmost degree; a service society based on a rational scientific attitude toward life. Sammler, with growing interest and

confidence recalling all this, lectured on *Cosmopolis* for half an hour, feeling what a kindhearted, ingenuous, stupid scheme it had been. Telling this into the lighted restless hole of the amphitheater, with the soiled dome and caged electric fixtures, until he was interrupted by a clear loud voice. He was being questioned. He was being shouted at.

A man in Levi's, thick-bearded but possibly young, a figure of compact distortion, was standing shouting at him.

"Hey! Old Man!"

In the silence, Mr. Sammler drew down his tinted spectacles, seeing this person with his effective eye.

"Old Man! You quoted Orwell before."

"Yes?"

"You quoted him to say that British Radicals were all protected by the Royal Navy? Did Orwell say that British Radicals were protected by the Royal Navy?"

"Yes, I believe he did say that."

"That's a lot of shit."

Sammler could not speak.

"Orwell was a fink. He was a sick counterrevolutionary. It's good he died when he did. And what you are saying is shit." Turning to the audience, extending violent arms and raising his palms like a Greek dancer, he said, "Why do you listen to this effete old shit? What has he got to tell you? His balls are dry. He's dead. He can't come."

Sammler later thought that voices had been raised on his side. Someone had said, "Shame. Exhibitionist."

But no one really tried to defend him. Most of the young people were against him. The shouting was hostile. Feffer was gone, had been called away to the telephone. Sammler, turning from the lectern, found his umbrella, trench coat and hat behind him and left the platform, guided by a young girl who had rushed up to express indignation and sympathy, saying it was a scandal to break up such a good lecture. She showed him through a door, down several stairs, and he was on Broadway at 116th Street. Abruptly out of the university.

Back in the city.

And he was not so much personally offended by the event as struck by the will to offend. What a passion to be *real*. But *real* was also brutal. And the acceptance of excrement as a standard? How extraordinary! Youth? Together with the idea of sexual potency? All this confused sex-excrement-militancy, explosiveness, abusiveness, teeth-showing, apish howling. Like the spider monkeys in the trees, as Sammler once had read, defecating into their hands, and shrieking, pelting the explorers below.

He was not sorry to have met the facts, however saddening, regrettable the facts. But the effect was that Mr. Sammler did feel somewhat separated from the rest of his species, if not in some fashion severed—severed not so much by age as by preoccupations

too different and remote, disproportionate on the side of the spiritual, Platonic, Augustinian, thirteenth-century. As the traffic poured, the wind poured, and the sun, relatively bright for Manhattan—shining and pouring through openings in his substance, through his gaps. As if he had been cast by Henry Moore, with holes, lacunae. Again, as after seeing the pickpocket, he was obliged to events for a difference, an intensification of vision. A delivery man with a floral cross, his bald head dented, seemed to be drunk. His short wide pants were blowing in the wind like a woman's skirts. Gardenias, camellias, calla lilies, sailing above him under light transparent plastic. Or at the Riverside bus stop Mr. Sammler enjoyed the proximity of a waiting student, and used his eye-power to note that he wore wide-waled corduroy pants of urinous green, a tweed coat of a carrot color with burls of blue wool; that sideburns stood like powerful bushy pillars to the head; that civilized tortoise-shell shafts intersected these; hair thinning at the front; a Jew nose, a heavy all-savoring, all-rejecting lip. Oh, this was an artistic diversion of the streets for Mr. Sammler when he was roused to it by some shock. He was studious, he was bookish, and had been trained by the best writers to divert himself with observation. When he went out, life was not empty. Meanwhile the purposive, aggressive, business-bent, conative people did as mankind normally did. If the majority walked about as if under a spell, sleepwalkers, circumscribed by, in the grip of, minor neurotic, trifling aims, individuals like Sammler were only one stage forward, awakened not to purpose but to aesthetic consumption of the environment. Even if insulted, pained, somewhere bleeding, not broadly expressing any anger, not crying out with sadness, but translating heartache into delicate, even piercing observation. Particles in the bright wind, flinging downtown, acted like emery on the face. The sun shone as if there were no death. For a full minute, while the bus approached, squirting air, it was like that. Then Mr. Sammler got on, moving like a good citizen toward the rear, hoping he would not be pushed past the back door, for he had only fifteen blocks to go, and there was a thick crowd. The usual smell of long-seated bottoms, of sour shoes, of tobacco muck, of stogies, cologne, face powder. And yet along the river, early spring, the first khaki—a few weeks of sun, of heat, and Manhattan would (briefly) join the North American continent in a day of old-time green, the plush luxury, the polish of the season, shining, nitid, the dogwood white, pink, blooming crabapple. Then people's feet would swell with the warmth, and at Rockefeller Center they would sit on the polished stone slabs beside the planted tulips and tritons and the water, all in a spirit of pregnancy. Human creatures under the warm shadows of skyscrapers feeling the heavy pleasure of their nature, and yielding. Sammler too would enjoy

spring—one of those penultimate springs. Of course he was upset. Very. Of course those students were comical, too. And what was the worst of it (apart from the rudeness)? There were appropriate ways of putting down an old bore. He might well be, especially in a public manifestation, lecturing on *Cosmopolis*, an old bore. The worst of it, from the point of view of the young people themselves, was that they acted without dignity. They had no view of the nobility of being intellectuals and judges of the social order. What a pity! old Sammler thought. A human being, valuing himself for the right reasons, has, and restores, order, authority. When the internal parts are in order. They must be in order. But what was it to be arrested in the stage of toilet training! What was it to be entrapped by a psychiatric standard (he blamed the Germans and their psychoanalysis for this)! Who had raised the diaper flag? Who had made shit a sacrament? What literary and psychological movement was that? Mr. Sammler, with bitter angry mind, held the top rail of his jammed bus, riding downtown, a short journey.

He certainly had no thought of his black pickpocket. Him he connected with Columbus Circle. He always went uptown, not down. But at the rear, in his camel's-hair coat, filling up a corner with his huge body, he was standing. Sammler against strong internal resistance saw him. He resisted because at this swaying difficult moment he had no wish to see him. Inside, Sammler felt an immediate descent; his heart sinking. As sure as fate, as a law of nature, a stone falling, a gas rising. He knew the thief did not ride the bus for transportation. To meet a woman, to go home—however he diverted himself—he unquestionably took cabs. He could afford them. But now Mr. Sammler was looking down at his shoulder, the tallest man in the bus, except for the thief himself. He saw that in the long rear seat he had cornered someone. Powerfully bent, the wide back concealed the victim from the other passengers. Only Sammler because of his height could see. Nothing to be grateful to height or vision for. The cornered man was old, was weak; poor eyes, watering with terror; white lashes, red lids, and a sea-mucus blue, his eyes; the mouth open, with false teeth dropping from the upper gums. Coat and jacket were open also, the shirt pulled forward like detached green wallpaper, and the lining of the



jacket ragged. The thief tugged his clothes like a doctor with a clinic patient. Pushing aside tie and scarf, he took out the wallet. His own homburg he then eased back (an animal movement, simply) slightly from his forehead, furrowed but not with anxiety. The wallet was long—leatherette, plastic. Open, it yielded a few dollar bills. There were cards. The thief put them in his palm. Read them with a tilted head. Let them drop. Examined a green federal-looking check, probably social security. Mr. Sammler in his goggles was troubled in focusing. Too much adrenalin was passing with light, thin, frightening rapidity through his heart. He himself was not frightened, but his heart seemed to record fear, it had a seizure. He recognized it—knew what name to apply: tachycardia. Breathing was hard. He wondered whether he might not faint away. Whether worse might not happen. The check the black man put into his own pocket. Snapshots like the cards fell from his fingers. Finished, he then dropped the wallet back into the gray torn lining, flipped back the old man's muffler. In ironic calm, thumb and forefinger took the knot of the necktie and yanked it approximately, but only approximately, into place. It was at this moment that, in a quick turn of the head, he saw Mr. Sammler. Mr. Sammler seen seeing was still in rapid currents with his heart. Like an escaping creature racing away from him. His throat ached, up to the root of the tongue. There was a pang in the bad eye. But he had some presence of mind. Gripping the overhead chrome rail, he stooped forward as if to see what street was coming up. 96th. In other words, he avoided a gaze that might be held, or any interlocking of looks. He acknowledged nothing, and now began to work his way toward the rear exit, gently urgent, stooping doorward. He reached, found the cord, pulled, made it to the step, squeezed through the door, and stood on the sidewalk holding the umbrella by the fabric, at the button.

The tachycardia now running itself out, he was able to walk, though not at the usual rate. His stratagem was to cross Riverside Drive and enter the first building, as if he lived there. He had beaten the pickpocket to the door. Maybe effrontery would dismiss him as too negligible to pursue. The man did not seem to feel threatened by anyone. Took the slackness, the cowardice of the world for granted. Sammler, with effort, opened a big glass black-grilled door and found himself in an empty lobby. Avoiding the elevator he located the staircase, trudged the first flight and sat down on the landing. A few minutes of rest, and he recovered his oxygen level, although something within felt attenuated. Simply thinned out. Before returning to the street (there was no rear exit), he took the umbrella inside the coat, hooking it in the armhole and belting it up, more or less securely. He also made an effort to change the shape of his hat, punching it out. He went past West End to Broadway, entering the first

hamburger joint, sitting in the rear and ordering tea. He drank to the bottom, to the tannic taste, squeezing the sopping bag and asking the counter-man for more water, feeling parched. Through the window his thief did not appear. By now Sammler's greatest need was for his bed. But he knew something about lying low. He had learned in Poland, in the war, in forests, cellars, passageways, cemeteries. Things he had passed through once which had abolished a certain margin or leeway ordinarily taken for granted. Taking for granted that one will not be shot stepping into the street, or clubbed to death as one stoops to relieve oneself, or hunted in an alley like a rat. This civil margin once removed, Mr. Sammler would never trust the restoration totally. He had had little occasion to practice the arts of hiding and escaping in New York. But now, although his bones ached for the bed and his skull was famished for the pillow, he sat at the counter with his tea. He could not use buses anymore. From now on it was the subway. The subway was an abomination.

But Mr. Sammler had not shaken the pickpocket. The man obviously could move fast. He might have forced his way out of the bus in midblock and sprinted back, heavy but swift in homburg and camel's-hair coat. Much more likely, the thief had observed him earlier, had once before shadowed him, had followed him home. Yes, that must have been the case. For when Mr. Sammler entered the lobby of his building the man came up behind him quickly, and not simply behind but pressing him bodily, belly to back. He did not lift his hands to Sammler but pushed. There was no building employee. The doormen, also running the elevator, spent much of their time in the cellar.

"What is the matter? What do you want?" said Mr. Sammler.

He was never to hear the black man's voice. He no more spoke than a puma would. What he did was to force Sammler into a corner beside the long blackish carved table, a sort of Renaissance piece, a thing which added to the lobby-melancholy, by the buckling canvas of the old wall, by the red-eyed lights of the brass double fixture. There the man held Sammler against the wall with his forearm. The umbrella fell to the floor with a sharp crack of the ferrule on the tile. It was ignored. The pickpocket unbuttoned himself. Sammler heard the zipper descend. Then the smoked glasses were removed from Sammler's face and dropped on the table. He was directed, silently, to look downward. The black man had opened his fly and taken out his penis. It was displayed to Sammler with the great oval testicles, a large tan and purple uncircumcised thing—a tube, a snake; metallic hairs bristled at the thick base and the tip curled beyond the supporting, demonstrating hand, suggesting the fleshy mobility of an elephant's trunk, though the skin was somewhat iridescent rather than thick or rough. Over the

forearm and fist that held him Sammler was required to gaze at this organ. No compulsion would have been necessary. He would in any case have looked.

The interval was long. The man's expression was not directly menacing but oddly, serenely masterful. The thing was shown with mystifying certitude. Lordliness. Then it was returned to the trousers. "*Quod Erat Demonstrandum.*" Sammler was released. The fly was closed, the coat buttoned, the marvelous streaming silk salmon necktie smoothed with a powerful hand on the powerful chest. The black eyes with a light of super candor moved softly, concluding the session, the lesson, the warning, the encounter, the transmission. He picked up Sammler's dark glasses and returned them to his nose. He then unfolded and mounted his own, circular, of gentian violet gently banded with the lovely Dior gold. Then he departed. The elevator, with a bump, returning from the cellar opened simultaneously with the street door. Retrieving the fallen umbrella, lamely stooping, Sammler rode up. The doorman offered no small talk. For this sad unsociability one was grateful. Better yet, he didn't bump into Margotte. Best of all, he dropped and stretched on his bed, just as he was, with smarting feet, thin respiration, pain at the heart, stunned mind, and—oh!—a temporary blankness of spirit. Like the television screen in the lobby, white and gray, buzzing without

image. Between head and pillow, a hard rectangle was interposed, the marbled cardboard of a notebook, sea-green. A slip of paper was attached with scotch tape. Drawing it into light, passing it near the eye, and with lips spelling mutely, bitterly, he forced himself to read the separate letters. The note was from S (either Shula or Slawa).

"Daddy: These lectures on the moon by Doctor V. Govinda Lal are on short loan. They connect with the Memoir." Wells, of course, writing on the moon circa 1900. "This is the very latest. Fascinating. Daddy—you have to read it. A must! Eyes or no eyes. And soon, please! as Doctor Lal is guest-lecturing at Columbia. He needs it back." Frowning terribly, patience, forbearance all gone, he was filled with revulsion at his daughter's single-minded, persistent, prosecuting, horrible-comical obsession. He drew a long, lung-racking, body-straightening breath. Then bending open the notebook, he read, in sepia, in rust-gilt ink, *The Future of the Moon*. "How long," went the first sentence, "will this earth remain the only home of Man?"

How long? Oh, Lord, you bet! Wasn't it the time—the very hour to go? For every purpose under heaven. A time to gather stones together, a time to cast away stones. Considering the earth itself not as a stone cast but as something to cast oneself from—to be divested of. To blow this great blue, white, green planet, or to be blown from it.

II

The mean radius of the moon, 1737 kilometers; that of the earth, 6371 kilometers. The moon's gravity, 161 cm/sec²; the earth's, 981 cm/sec². Faults and crevices in the lunar bedrock and mountains caused by extremes of temperature. Of course there is no wind. Five billion windless years. Stone crumbles but without the usual erosion. The split rock is slow to fall, the gravitational force being lower and the angle of fall correspondingly sharper. Moreover, in the moon's vacuum, stones, sand, dust, or explorers' bodies would all have the same rate of fall, so before attempting to climb, it is essential to study the avalanche perils from all sides. Information organs are rapidly developing. Mass spectrometers. Solar batteries. Electricity produced by radioactive isotopes, strontium 90, polonium 210, by thermoelectric energy conversion. Dr. Lal had thoroughly considered telemetry, data transmission. Had he neglected anything? Supplies could be put in orbit and brought down as needed by a braking system. The computers would have to be exceedingly accurate. If you needed a ton of dyna-

mite at point X, you didn't want to bring it down 800 kilometers away. And what if it were essential oxygen? And because of the greater curvature of the moon's surface the horizons are shorter and present apparatus cannot send order signals beyond the horizon. Even more precise coordination will be necessary. For the good of the moon-personnel, to increase their inventiveness, and simply as a desirable stimulus to the mind, Dr. Lal recommended the brewing of beer in the pioneer colonies. For beer oxygen is necessary, for oxygen gardens, for gardens big hothouses. A brief chapter was devoted to the selection of lunar flora. Well, tough members of the plant kingdom lived in Margotte's parlor. Open two doors, and there they were: potato vines, avocados, rubber plants. Dr. Lal had hops and sugar beets in mind.

Sammler thought, this is not the way to get out of spatial-temporal prison. Distant is still finite. Finite is still feeling through the veil, examining the naked inner reality with a gloved hand. However, one could see the advantage of getting away from here, building plastic igloos in the vacuum,

dwelling in quiet colonies, necessarily austere, drinking the fossil waters, considering basic questions only. No question of it, Shula-Slawa had brought him this time a document worth his attention. She was always culling interesting titles on Fourth Avenue, from sidewalk bins, books with bleached spines and rain spots—England in the twenties and thirties, Bloomsbury, Downing Street, Clare Sheridan. The shelves were stacked with bargain rubbish hauled in splitting shopping bags. And even the books he himself had bought were largely superfluous. After you had expended great effort on serious writers you found out little you hadn't known already. So many false starts, blind alleys, postulates which decayed before the end of the argument. Even the ablest thinkers groping as they approached their limits, running out of evidence, running out of certainties. But whether they were optimists or pessimists, whether the final vision was dark or bright, it was generally *terra cognita* to old Sammler. So Dr. Lal had a certain value. He brought news. Of course it should be possible still to follow truth on the inward track, without elaborate preparations, computers, telemetry, all the technological expertise and investment and complex organization required for visiting Mars, Venus, the moon. Nevertheless, it was perhaps for the same human activities that had shut us up like this to let us out again. The powers that had made the earth too small could free us from confinement. By the homeopathic principle. Continuing to the end the course of the Puritan revolution which had forced itself onto the material world, given all power to material processes, translated and exhausted religious feeling in so doing. Or, in the crushing summary of Max Weber, known by heart to Sammler, "Specialists without spirit, sensualists without heart, this nullity imagines that it has attained a level of civilization never before achieved." So conceivably there was no alternative but to push further in the same direction, to wait for a neglected force, left in the rear, to fly forward again and recover ascendancy. Perhaps by a growing agreement among the best minds, not unlike the Open Conspiracy of H. G. Wells. Maybe the old boy (Sammler, himself an old boy, considering this) was right after all.

But he laid aside the sea-textured cardboard notebook, the gilt-ink sentences of V. Govinda Lal written in nineteenth-century pedantic Hindu English to go back—under mental compulsion, in fact—to the pickpocket and thing he had shown him. What had *that* been about? It had given a shock. Shocks stimulated consciousness. Up to a point, true enough. But what was the object of displaying the genitalia? *Qu'est-ce que cela prouve?* Was it a French mathematician who had asked this after seeing a tragedy of Racine? To the best of Mr. Sammler's recollection. Not that he liked playing the old European culture game. He had had that.

Still, unsummoned, sentences came to him in this way. At any rate, there was the man's organ, a huge piece of sex flesh, half-tumescent in its pride and shown in its own right, a prominent and separate object intended to communicate authority. As, within the sex-ideology of these days, it well might. It was a symbol of superlegitimacy or sovereignty. It was a mystery. It was unanswerable. The whole explanation. This is the wherefore, the why. See? Oh, the transcending, ultimate, and-silencing proof. We hold these things, man, to be self-evident. And yet, such sensitive elongations the ant eater had, too, uncomplicated by assertions of power, even over ants. But make Nature your God, elevate creatureliness, and you can count on gross results. Maybe you can count on gross results under any circumstances.

Sammler knew a lot about such elevated creatureliness without even wanting to know. For singular reasons he was much in demand these days, often visited, often consulted and confessed to. Perhaps it was a matter of sunspots or seasons, something barometric or even astrological. But there was always someone arriving, knocking at the door. As he was thinking of ant eaters, of the fact that he had been spotted long ago and shadowed by the black man, there was a knock at his door.

Who was it? Sammler may have sounded more testy than he felt. What he felt was rather that others had more strength for life than he. This caused secret dismay. And there was an illusion involved, for, given the power of the antagonist, no one had strength enough.

Entering was Walter Bruch, one of the family. Walter, Margotte's cousin, was related also to the Gruners.

Cousin Angela once had taken Sammler to a Rouault exhibition. Beautifully dressed, fragrant, subtly made up, she led Sammler from room to room until it seemed to him that she was a rolling hoop of marvelous gold and gem colors and that he, following her, was an old stick from which she needed only an occasional touch. But then, stopping together before a Rouault portrait, both had had the same association: Walter Bruch. It was a broad, low, heavy, ruddy, thick-featured, wool-haired, staring, bake-faced man, looking bold enough but obviously incapable of bearing his own feelings. The very man. There must be thousands of such men. But this was our Walter. In a black raincoat, in a cap, gray hair bunched before the ears; his reddish-swarthy teapot cheeks; his big mulberry-tinted lips—well, imagine the Other World; imagine souls there by the barrelful; imagine them sent to incarnation and birth with dominant qualities *ab initio*. In Bruch's case the voice would have been significant from the very first. He was a voice-man from the soul-barrels. He sang in choruses, in Temple choirs. By profession he was a baritone and musicologist. He found old manuscripts and adapted or

arranged them for groups performing ancient and baroque music. His own little racket, he said. He sang well. His singing voice was fine; his speaking voice singularly gruff, rapid, throaty.

Approaching when Sammler was so preoccupied, Bruch, in his idiosyncrasy, got a very special reception. Roughly, this: Things met with in this world are tied to the forms of our perception in space and time and to the forms of our thinking. We see what is before us, the present, the objective. Eternal being makes its temporal appearance in this way. The only way out of captivity in the forms, out of confinement in the prison of projections, the only contact with the eternal, is through freedom. Sammler thought he was Kantian enough to go along with this. And he saw a man like Walter Bruch as wearing out his heart within the forms. This was what he came to Sammler about. This was what his clowning was about, for he was always clowning. Shula-Slawa would tell you how she was run down while absorbed in a *Look* article by mounted policemen pursuing escaped deer. Bruch might suddenly begin to sing like the blind man on 72nd Street, pulling along the Seeing Eye dog, shaking pennies in his cup: "What a friend we have in Jesus—God bless you Sir." He also enjoyed mock funerals with Latin and music, Monteverdi, Pergolesi, the Mozart C Minor Mass; he sang "*Et incarnatus est*" in falsetto. In his early years as a refugee, he and another German Jew, employed in Macy's warehouse, used to perform Masses over each other, one lying down in a packing case with dime-store beads wrapped about the wrists, the other doing the service. Bruch still enjoyed this, loved playing corpse. Sammler had often enough seen it done. Together with other clown routines. Nazi mass meetings at the Sportspalast. Bruch using an empty pot for sound effects, holding it over his mouth to get the echo, ranting like Hitler and interrupting himself to cry "*Sieg Heil*." Sammler never enjoyed this fun. It led, soon, to Bruch's Buchenwald reminiscences. All that dreadful, comical, inconsequent senseless stuff. How suddenly, in 1937, saucepans were offered to the prisoners for sale. Hundreds of thousands, new, from the factory. Why? Bruch bought as many pans as he could. What for? Prisoners tried to sell saucepans to one another. And then a man fell into the latrine trench. No one was allowed to help him, and he was drowned there while the other prisoners were squatting helpless on the planks. Yes, suffocated in the feces!

"Very well, Walter, very well!" Sammler severely would say.

"Yes, I know, I wasn't even there for the worst part, Uncle Sammler. And you were in the middle of the whole war. But I was sitting there with diarrhea and pain. My guts! Bare *Arschloch*."

"Very well, Walter, don't repeat so much."

Unfortunately, Bruch was obliged to repeat.

First he clowning, and then he wept. Sammler was sorry. He was annoyed and he was sorry. And with Walter, as with so many others, it was always, it was ever and again, it was still, interminably, the sex business. Bruch fell in love with women's arms. They had to be youngish, plump women. Dark as a rule. Often they were Puerto Ricans. And in the summer, above all in the summer, without coats, when women's arms were exposed. He saw them in the subway. He went along to Spanish Harlem. He pressed himself against a metal rod. Way up in Harlem, he was the only white passenger. And the whole thing—the adoration, the disgrace, the danger of swooning when he came! Here, telling this, he began to finger the hairy base of that thick throat of his. Clinical! At the same time, as a rule, he was having a highly idealistic and refined relationship with some lady. Classical! Capable of sympathy, of sacrifice, of love. Even of fidelity, in his own Cynara-Dowson fashion.

At present he was, as he said, "hung up" on the arms of a cashier in the drugstore.

"I go as often as I can."

"Ah, yes," said Sammler.

"It is madness. I have my attaché case under my arm. Very strong. First-class leather. I paid \$38.50 for it at Wilt Luggage on Fifth Avenue. You see?"

"I get the picture."

"I buy something for a quarter, a dime. Gum. A package of Sight-Savers. I give a large bill—a ten, even a twenty. I go in the bank and get fresh money, so it is hard to count."

"I understand."

"Uncle Sammler, you have no idea what it is for me in that round arm. So dark! So heavy!"

"No, I probably do not."

"I put the attaché case against the counter, and I press myself. While she is making the change, I press."

"All right, Walter, spare me the rest."

"Uncle Sammler, forgive me. What can I do? For me it is the only way."

"Well, that is your business. Why tell me?"

"There is a reason. Why shouldn't I tell you? There must be a reason. Please don't stop me. Be kind."

"You should stop yourself."

"I can't."

"Are you sure?"

"I press. I have a climax. I wet myself."

Sammler raised his voice. "Can't you leave out anything?"

"Uncle Sammler, what shall I do? I am over sixty years old."

Then Bruch raised the backs of his thick short hands to his eyes. His flat nose dilated, his mouth open, he was spurring tears, and apelike, twisting his shoulders, his trunk. And with those touching gaps between his teeth. And when he wept he was not gruff. You heard the musician then.

"My whole life has been like that."

"I'm sorry, Walter."

"I am hooked."

"Well, you haven't harmed anybody. And really, people take these things much less seriously than they once did. Couldn't you concentrate more on other interests, Walter? Besides, your plight is so similar to other people's, you are so contemporary, Walter, that it should mean something to you. Isn't it a comfort that there is no more isolated Victorian sex-suffering? Everybody seems to have these vices, and tells the whole world about them. By now you are even somewhat old-fashioned. Yes, you have an old nineteenth-century Krafft-Ebing trouble."

But Sammler stopped himself, disapproving of the light tone that was creeping into his words of comfort. But as to the past he meant what he said. The sexual perplexities of a man like Bruch originated in the repressions of another time, in images of woman and mother which were disappearing. He himself, born in the old century and in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, could discern these changes. But it also struck him as unfair to lie in bed making such observations. However, the old, the original Cracow Sammler was never especially kind. He was an only son spoiled by a mother who had herself been a spoiled daughter. An amusing recollection: when Sammler was a little boy he had covered his mouth, when he coughed, with the servant's hand, to avoid getting germs on his own hand. A family joke. The servant, grinning, red-faced, kindly, straw-haired, gummy (odd lumps in her gums) Wadja, had allowed little Sammler to borrow the hand. Then, when he was older, his mother herself, not Wadja, used to bring lean, nervous young Sammler his chocolate and croissants as he sat in his room reading Trollope and Bagehot, making an "Englishman" of himself. He and his mother had had a reputation for eccentricity, irritability in those days. Not compassionate people. Not easily pleased. Haughty. Of course all this, for Sammler, had changed considerably in the last thirty years. But then Walter Bruch with his old urchin knuckles in his eyes sat in his room and sobbed, having told on himself. And when was there nothing to tell? There was always something. Bruch told how he bought himself toys. At F. A. O. Schwarz or in antique shops he bought wind-up monkeys who combed their hair in a mirror, who banged cymbals and danced jigs, in little green jackets or red caps. Nigger minstrels had fallen in price. He played in his room with them, alone. He also sent denunciatory, insulting letters to musicians. Then he came and confessed and wept. He didn't weep for display. He wept because he felt he had lost his life. Would it have been possible to tell him that he hadn't?

It was easier with a man like Bruch to transfer to broad reflections, to make comparisons, to think of

history and themes of general interest. For instance, in the same line of sexual neurosis Bruch was exceeded by individuals like Freud's Rat Man, with his delirium of rats gnawing into the anus, persuaded that the genital also was ratlike, or that he himself was some sort of rat. By comparison, an individual like Bruch had a light case of fetishism. If you had the comparative or historical outlook you would want only the most noteworthy, smashing instances. When you had them you could drop and forget the rest, which were only a burden or excess baggage. If you considered what the historical memory of mankind would retain, it would not bother to retain the Bruchs; nor, come to that, the Sammlers. Sammler didn't much mind his oblivion, not with such as would do the remembering, anyway. He thought he detected misanthropy in the whole idea of the "most memorable." It was certainly possible that the historical outlook made it easier to dismiss the majority of instances. In other words to jettison most of us. But here was Walter Bruch who had come to his room because he felt he could talk to him. And probably Walter, when his crying stopped, would be hurt by the Krafft-Ebing reference, by the assertion that his deviation was not too unusual. Nothing seemed to hurt quite so much as being ravaged by a vice that was not a top vice. And this brought to mind Kierkegaard's comical account of people traveling around the world to see rivers and mountains, new stars, birds of rare plumage, queerly deformed fishes, ridiculous breeds of men—tourists abandoning themselves to the bestial stupor which gapes at existence and thinks it has seen something. This could not interest Kierkegaard. He was looking for the Knight of Faith, the real prodigy. That real prodigy, having set its relations with the infinite, was entirely at home in the finite. Able to carry the jewel of faith, making the motions of the infinite, and as a result needing nothing but the finite and the usual. Whereas others sought the extraordinary in the world. Or wished to be what was gaped at. They themselves wanted to be the birds of rare plumage, the queerly deformed fishes, the ridiculous breeds of men. Only Mr. Sammler, extended, a long old body with brickish cheekbones and the easily electrified back hair riding the back of the head—only Mr. Sammler was worried. He was concerned about the test of crime which the Knight of Faith had to meet. Should the Knight of Faith have the strength to break humanly appointed laws in obedience to God? Oh, yes, of course! But maybe Sammler knew things about murder which might make the choices just a little more difficult. He thought often what a tremendous appeal crime had made to the children of bourgeois civilization. Whether as revolutionists, as supermen, as saints, Knights of Faith. Even the best teased and tested themselves with thoughts of knife or gun.

"Walter, I'm sorry—sorry to see you suffer."

Odd things occurred in Sammler's room, with its papers, books, humidior, sink, electric coil, Pyrex flask, documents.

"I'll pray for you, Walter."

Bruch stopped crying, clearly startled.

"What do you mean, Uncle Sammler? You pray?"

The baritone music left his voice, and it was gruff again, and he gruffly gobbled his words.

"Uncle Sammler, I have my arms. You have prayers?" He gave a belly laugh. He laughed and snorted, swinging his trunk comically back and forth, holding both his sides, blindly showing both his nostrils. He was not, however, mocking Sammler. Not really. One had to learn to distinguish. To distinguish and distinguish and distinguish. It was distinguishing, not explanation, that mattered. Explanation was for the mental masses. Adult education. The upswing of general consciousness. A mental level comparable with, say, that of the economic level of the proletariat in 1848.

"I will pray for you," said Sammler.

After this the conversation sank for a while into mere sociability. Sammler had to look at letters Bruch had sent to the *Post*, the *Telegram*, the *Times*, tangling with their music reviewers. This again was the contentious, ludicrous side of things, the thick-smeared, self-conscious, performing loutish Bruch. Just when Sammler wanted to rest. To recover a little. To put himself in order. And Bruch's rollicking, guttural Dada routine was contagious. Go, Walter, go away so that I can pray for you, Sammler felt like saying, infected by Bruch's own ways. But then Bruch asked, "And when are you expecting your son-in-law?"

"Who? Eisen?"

"Yes, he's coming. He's maybe here already."

"I didn't know that. He's threatened to come, many times, to set up as an artist in New York. He doesn't want Shula back."

"I know that," said Bruch. "And she is afraid of him."

"Certainly it would not work. He is too violent. But I agree. He has forgotten all about wives and marriage and wants to show his paintings on Madison Avenue."

"He thinks he is that good?"

"He learned printing and engraving in Haifa. I was told in his shop that he was a dependable worker. But then he discovered Art, and began to paint in his spare time and to make etchings. Then he sent each member of the family a portrait of himself copied from photographs. Did you see any? They were appalling, Walter. An insane mind and a frightening soul made those paintings. I don't know how he did it, but by using color he robbed every subject of color. Everybody looked like a corpse, with black lips and red eyes. Face a kind of leftover cooked-liver green. At the same time it was like a little schoolgirl learning to draw

pretty people, with cupid mouths and long eyelashes. Frankly I was stunned when I saw myself. In that shiny varnish he uses, I looked really done for. It was as if one death was not enough for me, but I had to have a double death. Well, let him come. His crazy intuition about New York may be right. He is a cheerful maniac. Now so many highbrows have discovered that madness is higher knowledge. If he painted Lyndon Johnson, General Westmoreland, Rusk, Nixon, or Mr. Laird in that style he might become a celebrity of the art world. Power of course does drive people crazy—I mean great power does. So why shouldn't people also gain power through being crazy? They would all deserve each other."

Sammler had taken off his shoes, and now the long frail feet in brown stockings felt cold and he covered them with the blanket with its frayed silk binding. Bruch took this to mean that he was going to sleep. Or was it that the conversation had taken a turn that didn't interest him. He said goodbye.

When Bruch bustled out—black coat, short legs, sack-wide bottom, cap tight, bicycle clips at the bottoms of his trousers (the suicidal challenge of cycling in Manhattan)—Sammler was again thinking of the pickpocket, the pressure of his body, the lobby and canvas walls, the two pairs of dark glasses, the lizard-thick curving tube in his hand, dusty stale chocolate color revealing the pink filling, and in size not far from the infant it was there to beget. Ugly, odious, laughable, but nevertheless important. And Mr. Sammler himself (one of those mental rushes there was no longer any point in attempting to withstand) was accustomed to put his own very different emphasis on things. Of course he and the pickpocket were different. Everything was different. Their mental, characterological, spiritual profiles were miles apart. In the past, Mr. Sammler had thought that in this biological respect he was comely enough, in his own Jewish way. It had never greatly mattered, and mattered less than ever at seventy-four. But a sexual madness was overwhelming the Western world. Sammler now even vaguely recalled hearing that a President of the United States was supposed to have shown himself in a similar way to the representatives of the press (asking the ladies to leave), and demanding to know whether a man so well hung could not be trusted to lead his country. The story was apocryphal, naturally, but it was not a flat impossibility, given the President, and what counted was that it should spring up and circulate so widely that it reached even the Sammlers in their West Side bedrooms. Take as another instance the last exhibit of Picasso. Angela had brought him to the opening at the Museum of Modern Art. It was in the strictly sexual sense also an exhibition. Old Picasso was wildly obsessed by sexual fissures, by phalluses. In the frantic and

funny pain of his farewell, creating organs by the thousands, perhaps tens of thousands. Lingam and Yoni. Sammler thought it might be enlightening to recall the Sanskrit words. Bring in a little perspective. But it didn't really do much for such a troubled theme. And it was very troubled. He fetched back, for example, a statement by Angela Gruner, blurted out after several drinks when she was laughing and evidently feeling free (to the point of brutality) with old Uncle Sammler. "A Jew brain, a black cock, a Nordic beauty," she had said, "is what a woman wants." Putting together the ideal man. Well, after all, she had charge accounts at the finest shops in New York, and access to the best of everything in the world. If Pucci didn't have what she wanted, she ordered from Hermès. All that money could buy, luxury could offer, personal beauty could bear upon the person, or that sexual sophistication could reciprocate. If she could find the ideal male, her divine synthesis—well, she was sure she could make it worth his while. The best was not too good for her. There seemed to be no question about that. At moments like this Mr. Sammler was more than ever pleasantly haunted by moon-visions. Artemis—lunar chastity. On the moon people would have to work hard simply to stay alive, to breathe. They would have to keep a strict watch over the gauges of all the devices. Conditions altogether different. Austere.

If it wasn't Bruch forcing his way in with confessions, if it wasn't Margotte (for she was now beginning to have affairs of the heart after three years of decent widowhood—more discussion than sex, surely: discussion, earnest examination *ad infinitum*), if it wasn't Feffer with his indiscriminate bedroom adventures, it was Angela who came to confide. If confidence was the word for it. Communicating chaos. Getting to be oppressive. Especially since her father was now sick, at this moment in the hospital. Sammler had ideas about this chaos—he had his own view of everything, an intensely peculiar one, but what else was there to go by? Of course he made allowances for error. He was a European, and these were American phenomena. Europeans often misunderstood America totally. He could remember that many refugees had packed their bags to take off for Mexico or Japan after Stevenson's first defeat, certain that Ike would install a military dictatorship. Certain European importations were remarkably successful in the United States—psychoanalysis, existentialism. Both related to the sexual revolution.

In any case, a mass of sadness had been waiting for free, lovely, rich, ever-so-slightly coarse Angela Gruner, and she was now flying under thick clouds. For one thing she was having trouble with Wharton Horricker. She was fond of, she liked, probably she loved, Wharton Horricker. In the last two years Sammler had heard of few other men. Fidelity, strict and literal, had never been Angela's dish,

but she had an old-fashioned need for Horricker. He was from Madison Avenue, some sort of market-research expert and statistical wizard. He was younger than Angela. A physical culturist (tennis, weight lifting). Tall, from California, marvelous teeth. There was gymnastic apparatus in his house. Angela described the slanted board with footstraps for sit-ups, the steel bar in the doorway for chinning. And the chrome-metal, cold marble furniture, the leather straps and British folding officers' chairs, the op and pop *objets d'art*, the indirect lighting, and the prevalence of mirrors. Horricker was handsome. Sammler thought so too. Cheerful, somewhat unformed as yet, perhaps intended by nature to be rascally. (What was all that muscle for? Health? Not banditry?) "And what a dresser!" said Angela with husky, comedienne's delight. With long California legs, small hips, crisp long hair with a darling curl at the back, he was a mod dandy. Extremely critical of other people's clothes. Even Angela had to submit to West Point inspection. Once when he thought her improperly dressed, he abandoned her on the street. He crossed to the other side. Custom-made shirts, shoes, sweaters were continually arriving from London and Milan. You could play sacred music while he had his hair cut (no, "styled!"), said Angela. He went to a Greek on East 56th Street. Yes, Sammler knew a good deal about Wharton Horricker. His health foods. Horricker had even brought him bottles of yeast powder. Sammler found the yeast beneficial. Then there was the matter of neckties. Horricker's collection of beautiful neckties! By now the comparison with his own black pickpocket was unavoidable. This cult of masculine elegance must be thought about. Something important, still nebulous, about Solomon in all his glory versus the lilies of the field. We would see. Still, despite his self-pampering fastidiousness, his intolerance of badly clothed people, despite his dressy third-generation-Jew name, Wharton received serious consideration from Sammler. He sympathized with him, understanding the misleading and corrupting power of Angela, insidious without intending to be. What she intended to be was gay, pleasure-giving, exuberant, free, beautiful, healthy. As young Americans (the Pepsi generation, wasn't it?) saw the thing. And she told old Uncle Sammler everything—the honor of her confidences belonged to him. Why? Oh, she thought he was the most understanding, the most European-worldly-wise-nonprovincially-diversified-intelligent-young-in-heart of old refugees, and really interested in the new phenomena. To deserve this judgment he had perhaps extended himself a little. If so, he was offended with himself. And, yes, it was so. If he heard things he didn't want to hear, there was a parallel—on the bus he had seen things he didn't want to see. But hadn't he gone a dozen times to Columbus Circle to look for the black thief?

Without restraint, in direct terms, Angela described events to her uncle. Coming into his room, taking off the coat, the head scarf, shaking free the hair with its dyed streaks like raccoon fur, smelling of Arabian musk, an odor which clung afterward to the poor fabrics, seat cushions, to the coverlet, even to the curtains, as stubborn as walnut stain on one's fingers, she sat down in white textured stockings—*bas de poule*, as the French called them. Cheeks bursting with color, eyes dark sexual blue, a white vital heat in the flesh of the throat, she carried a great statement to males, the powerful message of gender. In this day and age people felt obliged to temper all such powerful messages with comedy, and she provided that, too. In America certain forms of success required an element of parody, self-mockery, a satire on the-thing-itself. Mae West had this. Senator Dirksen had it. One caught glimpses of the strange mind-revenge on the alleged thing itself in Angela. She crossed her legs on a chair too fragile to accommodate such thighs, too straight for her hips. She opened her purse for a cigarette, and Sammler offered a light. She loved his manners. The smoke came from her nose, and she looked at him, when she was in good form, cheerfully, with a touch of slyness. The beautiful maiden. He was the old hermit. When she became hearty with him and laughed, she turned out to have a big mouth, a large tongue. Inside the elegant woman he saw a coarse one. The lips were red, the tongue was often pale. That tongue, a woman's tongue—evidently it played an astonishing part in her free, luxurious life.

To her first meeting with Wharton Horricker, she had come running uptown from East Village. Something she couldn't get out of. She had used no grass that night, only whiskey, she said. Grass didn't turn her on as she best liked turning on. Four telephone calls she made to Wharton from a crowded joint. He said he had to get his sleep; it was after 1 A.M.; he was a crank about sleep, health. Finally she burst in on him with a big kiss. She cried, "We're going to fuck all night!" But first she had to have a bath. Because she had been longing all evening for him. "Oh, a woman is a skunk. So many odors, Uncle," she said. Taking off everything but overlooking the tights she fell into the tub. Wharton was astonished and sat on the commode cover in his dressing gown while she, so ruddy with whiskey, soaped her breasts. Sammler, by her way of speaking about herself, knew quite well how the breasts must look. Little, after all, was concealed by her low-cut dresses. So she was soaped and rinsed, and the wet tights with joyful difficulty were removed, and she was led to the bed by the hand. Or did the leading. For Horricker walked behind her and kissed her on the neck and shoulders. She cried "Oh!" and was mounted.

Mr. Sammler was supposed to listen benevolently to all kinds of intimate reports. Curiously enough,

though with more thought and decency, H. G. Wells had also talked to him about sexual passion. From such a superior individual one might have expected views more in line with those of Sophocles in old age. "Most gladly have I escaped the thing of which you speak; I feel as if I had escaped from the hands of a mad and furious master." No such thing. As Sammler remembered it, Wells in his seventies was still obsessed with girls. He had powerful arguments for a total revision of sexual attitudes to accord with the increased life-span. When the average man died at thirty, toil-ruined, ill-fed, sickly mankind was sexually finished before the third decade. Romeo and Juliet were adolescents. But as the civilized life expectancy approaches seventy, the old standards of brutal brevity, early exhaustion, and doom must be set aside. Rancor, and gradually even rage, came over Wells at a certain point in the discussion as he talked about the powers of the brain, its expansive limits, the ability in old age for taking a fresh interest in new events diminishing. Utopian, he didn't believe that the hoped-for future would bring excess, pornography, sexual abnormality. Rather, as the old filth and gloomy sickness were cleared away, there would emerge a larger, stronger, older, brainier, better nourished, better oxygenated, more vital human type, able to eat and drink sanely, perfectly autonomous and well regulated in desires, going nude, attending tranquilly to duties, performing his fascinating and useful mental work. Yes, gradually the long shudder of mankind at the swift transitoriness of mortal beauty, pleasure, would cease, to be replaced by the wisdom born of prolongation.

Oh, wrinkled faces, gray beards, eyes purging thick amber or gum, a plentiful lack of wit together with weak hams, out of the air, crabwise, into the grave: Hamlet had his own view of it. And Sammler, listening to Angela as he lay in bed, considering two sets of problems (at least) with two different-looking eyes, a tense stitch between rib and hip making him draw up one leg for an ease he did not attain, had a slight look of rebuke as well as the look of receptivity. His daily tablespoon of nutritional yeast, a primary product from natural sugars, dissolved and shaken to a pink foam in fruit juice, kept him in fresh color. One result, possibly, of longevity was divine entertainment. You could appreciate God's entertainment from the formation of patterns which needed time for their proper development. Sammler had known Angela's grandparents. They had been Orthodox. This gave a queer edge to his acquaintance with her paganism. Somewhere he doubted the fitness of these Jews for this erotic Roman voodoo primitivism. At an intimate depth, close to the center, near the soul, he had misgivings about it, strong doubts. He questioned whether release from long Jewish mental discipline, hereditary training in lawful control, was obtainable upon individual ap-

plication. Although claims for erotic leadership had also been made by modern Jewish spiritual and mental doctors, and there was undoubtedly a Jewish initiative in Dionysian negritude and exotic belly consciousness, Sammler had his doubts.

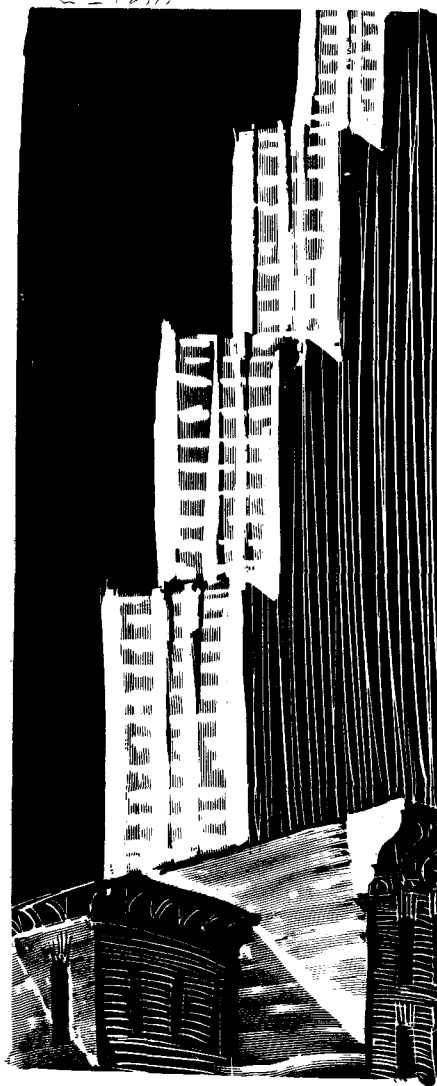
Accept and grant that happiness is to do what most other people do. Then you must incarnate what others incarnate. If prejudices, prejudice. If rage, then rage. If sex, then sex. But don't contradict your time. Just don't contradict it, that's all. Unless you happened to be a Sammler and felt that the place of honor was outside. However, what was achieved by remoteness, by being simply a vestige, a visiting consciousness which happened to reside in a West Side bedroom, did not entitle one to the outside honors. Moreover, inside was so roomy and took in so many people that if you were in the West Nineties, if you were in fact here, you were an American. And the charm, the ebullient glamour, the almost unbearable agitation that came from being able to describe oneself as a twentieth-century American was available to all. To everyone who had eyes to read the papers or watch the television, to everyone who shared the collective ecstasies of news, crisis, power. To each according to his excitability. But perhaps it was an even deeper thing. Humankind watched and described itself in the very turns of its own destiny. Itself the subject, living or drowning in night, itself the object, seen surviving or succumbing, and feeling in itself the fits of strength and the lapses of paralysis—mankind's own passion simultaneously being mankind's great spectacle, a thing of deep and strange participation, on all levels, from melodrama and mere noise down into the deepest layers of the soul and into the subtlest silences, where undiscovered knowledge is. This sort of experience, in Mr. Sammler's judgment, might bring to some people fascinating opportunities for the mind and the soul, but a man would have to be unusually intelligent to begin with, and in addition unusually nimble and discerning. He didn't think even that he himself qualified by his own standard. Because of the high rate of speed, decades, centuries, epochs condensing into months, weeks, days, even sentences. So that to

keep up you had to run, sprint, waft, fly over shimmering waters, you had to be able to see what was dropping out of human life and what was staying in. You could not be an old-fashioned sitting sage. You must train yourself. You had to be strong enough not to be terrified by local effects of metamorphosis, to live with disintegration, with crazy streets, filthy nightmares come to life, addicts, drunkards, and perverts celebrating their despair openly in midcity. You had to be able to bear the tangles of the soul, the sight of cruel dissolution.

You had to be patient with the stupidities of power, with the fraudulence of business. Daily at 5 or 6 A.M. Mr. Sammler woke up in Manhattan and tried to get a handle on the situation. He didn't think he could. Nor, if he could, would he be able to convince or convert anyone. He could leave the handle to Shula in his will. She could disclose possession to Rabbi Ipsheimer. She could whisper to Father Robles in the confessional that she had it. What could the main thing be? Consciousness and its pains? The flight from consciousness into the primitive? Liberty? Privilege? Demons? The expulsion of those demons and spirits from the air, where they had always been, by enlightenment and rationalism? And mankind had never lived without its possessing demons and had to have them back? Oh, what a wretched, itching, bleeding, needing, idiot, genius of a creature we were dealing with here! And how queerly it was playing (he, she) with all the strange properties of existence, with all varieties of possibility, with antics of all types, with the soul of the world, with death. Could it be condensed into a statement or two? Humankind could not endure futurelessness.

As of now, death was the sole visible future.

Should one want this filled out, Sammler could easily furnish from daily life the necessary materials. Dr. Gruner, it now was evident, could not live long. As a doctor, he knew it, but he would not acknowledge or discuss anything. An artery to the brain, the carotid, had begun to leak through weak walls. Sammler was slow to grasp what this meant. He had perhaps a practical reason for such reluctance. Since 1947, he and Shula had been Dr. Gruner's dependents. He paid their rents, invented



work for Shula, supplemented the social security and German indemnity checks. He was generous. Of course he was rich, but the rich were usually mean. Not able to separate themselves from the practices that had made the money: infighting, habitual fraud, mad agility in compound deceit, the strange conventions of legitimate swindling. To old Sammler, considering, with smallish ruddy face, the filmed bubble of the eye, and slightly cat-whiskered—a meditative island on the island of Manhattan—it was plain that the rich men he knew were winners in local struggles of criminality, of permissible criminality. In other words, triumphant in forms of deceit and hardness of heart considered by the political order as a whole to be productive; kinds of cheating or thieving or (at best) wastefulness which on the whole caused the gross national product to increase. Wait a minute, though: Sammler denied himself the privilege of the high-principled intellectual who must always be applying the purest standards and thumping the rest of his species on the head. When he tried to imagine a just social order, he could not do it. A noncorrupt society? He could not do that either. There were no revolutions that he could remember which had not been made for justice, freedom, and pure goodness. Their last state was generally more nihilistic than the first. So if Dr. Gruner had been corrupt, one should glance also at the other rich, to see what kinds of heart they had. No question. Dr. Gruner who had made a great deal of money as a gynecologist and even more, later, in real estate was on the whole kindly and had a lot of family feeling, far more than Sammler, who in his youth had taken the opposite line, the modern one of Marx-Engels-private-property-the-origins-of-the-state-and-the-family. (In old age he concluded that such ideas, the joy of freedom-lovers and emancipators—haters of old pieties—were also a terrific break for the powers of darkness.)

Sammler was only six or seven years older than Gruner, his nephew by an amusing technicality. Sammler was the child of a second marriage, born when his father was sixty. (Evidently Sammler's own father had been sexually enterprising.) And Dr. Gruner had longed for a European uncle. He was elaborately deferential, positively Chinese in observing old forms. He had left the old country at the age of ten; he was sentimental about Cracow, and wanted to reminisce about grandparents, aunts, cousins with whom Sammler had never had much to do. He couldn't easily explain that these were people from whom he had thought he must free himself and because of whom he became so absurdly British. But Dr. Gruner after sixty years was still something of an immigrant. In spite of the grand Westchester house and the Rolls-Royce glittering like a silver tureen, covering his courteous Jewish baldness. Dr. Gruner's wrinkles were mild. They expressed patience and sometimes even

delight. He had large, noble lips. Irony and pessimism were also there. It was a pleasant face.

And Sammler, an uncle through his half-sister—an uncle really by courtesy, by Gruner's pious antiquarian wish—was seen (tall, elderly, foreign) as the last of that marvelous old generation. Mama's own brother, Uncle Artur, with big pale tufts over the eyes, with thin wrinkles augustly flowing under the big brimmed perhaps romantically British hat. Sammler understood from his "nephew's" face with the grand smile and conspicuous ears that his historical significance for Gruner was considerable. Also his *experiences* were respected. The War.

Because of his high color, Gruner always looked healthy to Sammler. But the Doctor one day said, "Hypertension, Uncle, not health."

"Maybe you shouldn't play cards."

Twice a week, at his club, in very long sessions, Gruner played gin rummy or canasta for high stakes. So Angela said, and she was pleased with her father's vice. She had hereditary vices to point to—she and her younger brother, Wallace. Wallace was a born plunger. He had already gone through his first fifty thousand, investing with a Mafia group in Las Vegas. Or perhaps they were only would-be Mafia, for they hadn't made it. Dr. Gruner himself had grown up in a hoodlum neighborhood and sometimes dropped into the hoodlum manner, speaking out of the corner of his mouth. A widower, his wife had been a German Jewess, above him socially, so she thought. Her family had been 1848 pioneers. Gruner was an *Ostjude* immigrant. Her job was to refine him, to help him build his practice. The late Mrs. Gruner had been very proper, with thin legs, bouffant hair sprayed stiffly, and Peck & Peck outfits, geometrically correct to the last millimeter. Gruner had actually believed in the social superiority of his wife.

"It's not the rummy that aggravates the blood pressure. If there were no cards, there would still be the stock market, and if there weren't the stock market, there would be the condominium in Florida, there would be the suit with the insurance company, or there would still be Wallace. There would be even Angela."

Tempering his great glowing affection, mixing fatherly pride with curses, Gruner would mutter "Bitch" when his daughter approached with thighs, bosom, hips displayed with a certain feigned innocence, maddening (certain) men. Infuriating women. Under his breath, Gruner said "Cow!" or "Sloppy cunt!" Still, he had settled money on her so that she could live handsomely on the income. Millions of corrupt ladies, Sammler saw, had fortunes to live on. Foolish creatures, or worse, squandering the wealth of the land. Gruner would never have been able to bear the details that Sammler heard from Angela. There was always the feeling, emanating from Angela, that her confidences could be highly damaging to her father, shattering,

even. But the truth was inevitably dispersed in the family atmosphere and saturated the minds of all concerned. It was all in Angela's calves, in the cut of her blouses, in the motions of her fingertips.

Dr. Gruner had taken to saying, "Oh, yes, I know that broad. I know my Angela. And Wallace!"

Sammler didn't at first understand what an aneurysm meant; he heard from Angela that Gruner was in the hospital for throat surgery. The day after the pickpocket had cornered him, he went to the East Side to visit Gruner. He found him with a bandaged neck.

"Well, Uncle Sammler?"

"Elya—how are you? You look all right." And the old man, reaching beneath himself with a long arm, smoothing the underside of the trench coat, bending thin legs, sat down. Between the tips of cracked wrinkled black shoes he set the tip of his umbrella and leaned with both palms on the curved handle, stooping toward the bed with Polish-Oxonian politeness. Meticulously, the sickroom caller. Finely, intricately wrinkled, the left side of his face was like the contour map of difficult terrain.

Dr. Gruner sat straight, unsmiling. His expression after a lifetime of good-humored appearance was still mainly pleasant. This was not pertinent at present, merely habitual.

"I am in the middle of something."

"The surgery was successful?"

"There is a gimmick in my throat, Uncle."

"For what?"

"To regulate the flow of blood in the artery—the carotid."

"Is that so? Is it a valve or something?"

"More or less."

"It's supposed to reduce the pressure?"

"Yes, that's the idea."

"Yes. Well, it seems to be working. You look as usual. Normal, Elya."

Evidently there was something which Dr. Gruner had no intention of letting out. His expression was neither dire nor grim. Instead of hardness Mr. Sammler observed a curious kind of tight lightness. The Doctor in the hospital, in paisley pajamas, was a good patient. He said to the nurses, "This is my uncle. Tell him what kind of patient I am."

"Oh, the Doctor is a wonderful patient."

Gruner had always insisted on having affectionate endorsements, approbation, the goodwill of all who drew near.

"I am completely in the surgeon's hands. I do exactly as he says."

"He is a good doctor?"

"Oh, yes. He's a hillbilly. A Georgia red-neck. He was a football star in college. I remember reading about him in the papers. He played at Georgia Tech. But he's professionally very able; and I take

orders from him, and I never discuss the case."

"So you're satisfied completely with him?"

"Yesterday the screw was too tight."

"What did that do?"

"Well, my speech got thick. I lost some coordination. You know the brain needs its blood supply. So they had to loosen me up again."

"But you are better today?"

"Oh, yes."

The mail was brought, and Dr. Gruner asked Uncle Sammler to read a few items from the Market Letter. He lifted the paper to his right eye, concentrating window light upon it. "The U.S. Justice Department will file suit to force Ling-Temco-Vought to divest its holdings of Jones & Laughlin Steel. Moving against the huge conglomerate . . ."

"Those conglomerates are soaking up all the business in the country. One of them, I understand, has acquired all the funeral parlors in New York. I understand that Campbell's, Riverside, has been bought by the same company that publishes *Mad* magazine."

"How curious."

"Youth is big business. Schoolchildren spend fantastic amounts. If enough kids get-radical, that's a new mass market, then it's a big operation."

"I have a general idea."

"Very little is holding still. First making your money, then keeping your money from shrinking by inflation. How you invest it, whom you trust—you trust nobody—what you get with it, how you leave it . . . those are the worst problems in life. Excruciating."

Uncle Sammler now understood fully how it was. His nephew Gruner had in his head a great blood vessel which had worn thin and grown frayed with a lifetime of pulsation. A clot had formed from leakage. The whole jelly trembled. One was summoned to the brink of the black. Any beat of the heart might open the artery and spray the brain with blood. He would die of a hemorrhage. Did Gruner know this? He was a physician, so he must know. But he was human, so he could arrange many things for himself. Both knowing and not knowing—one of the more frequent human arrangements. Then Sammler, making himself intensely observant, concluded after ten or twelve minutes that Gruner definitely knew. He believed that Gruner's moment of honor had come, that moment at which the individual could call upon his best qualities. Mr. Sammler had lived a long time and understood something about these cases of final gallantry. *If* there was time, occasionally good things were done. *If* one had a certain kind of luck.

"Uncle, try some of these fruit jellies. The lime and orange are the best. From Beersheba."

"Aren't you watching your weight, Elya?"

"No, I'm not. They're making terrific stuff in

Israel these days." The Doctor had been buying Israeli bonds and real estate. In Westchester, he served Israeli wine and brandy. He gave away heavily embossed silver ball-point pens made in Israel. You could sign checks with them. For ordinary purposes they were not useful. And now and then, in past years, Dr. Gruner, as he was picking up his fedora, might say, "I believe I'll go to Jerusalem for a while."

"When are you leaving?"

"Now."

"Right away?"

"Certainly."

"Just as you are?"

"Just as I am. I can buy my toothbrush and razor when I land. I love it there."

He had his chauffeur drive him to Kennedy Airport.

"I'll cable you, Emil, when I'm coming back."

In Jerusalem were more old relatives like Sammler, and Gruner did genealogies with them, one of his favorite pastimes. More than a pastime. He had a passion for tracing kinships. Sammler found this odd, especially in a physician. As one whose prosperity had been founded in the female generative slime, he might have had less specific sentiment about his own tribe. But now, seeing a fatal dryness in the circles under his eyes, Sammler better understood the reason for this. To each according to his intimations. Gruner had not worked in his profession for ten years. He had had a heart attack and retired on insurance. After a year or two of payments, the insurance company insisted that he was well enough to practice, and there had been a lawsuit. Then Dr. Gruner learned that insurance companies kept the finest legal talent in the city on retainer. The best lawyers were tied up, and the courts were deliberately choked with trivial suits by the companies, so that it was years before his case came to trial. But he won. Or was about to win. He had disliked his trade—the knife, blood. He was still, however, fastidiously manicured like a practicing surgeon. Here in the hospital the manicurist was sent for, and during Sammler's visit Gruner's fingers were being soaked in a steel basin. The strange tinge of male fingers in the suds. The woman in her white smock, every single hair of the neckless head the same hue of dyed black, without variation, was gloomy, sloven-footed in orthopedic white shoes. Heavy-shouldered, she bent with instruments over his nails, concentrating on her work. She had quite a wide, tear-pregnant nose. Dr. Gruner had to woo reactions from her.

As it might not be many times more the room was filled with sunny light. In which familiar human postures were struck. From which no great results had come in the past. From which little could be expected at this late hour. What if the manicurist were to take a liking to Dr. Gruner? What if she should requite his longing? What was his long-

ing? Mr. Sammler had a thing about these unprofitable instants of clarity. Seeing the singular human creature ask for more when the sum of human facts cannot yield more. He did not like such instants, but they came, nevertheless.

The woman pushed back the cuticle. She would not be tempted up from her own underground galleries. Intimacy was refused.

"Uncle Artur, can you tell me anything about my grandmother's brother in the old country?"

"Who?"

"Hessid was the man's name."

"Hessid? Hessid? Yes, there was a Hessid family."

"He had a mill for cornmeal, and a shop near the Castle. Just a small place with a few barrels."

"You must be mistaken. I remember no one in the family who ground anything. However, you have an excellent memory. Better than mine."

"A fine-looking old man with a broad white beard. He wore a derby, and a very fancy vest with watch and chain. Called up often to read from the Torah, though he couldn't have been a heavy contributor to the synagogue."

"Ah, the synagogue. Well, you see, Elya, I didn't have much to do with the synagogue. We were almost freethinkers. Especially my mother. She had a Polish education."

Sammler regretted that he was so poor at family reminiscences. Contemporary contacts being somewhat unsatisfactory, he would gladly have helped Gruner to build up the past.

"I loved old Hessid. You know, I was a very affectionate child."

"I'm sure you were," said Sammler. He could hardly remember Gruner as a boy. Standing, he said, "I won't tire you with a long visit."

"Oh, you aren't tiring me. But you probably have things to do. At the public library. One thing, before you go, Uncle—you're in pretty good shape still. You took that last trip to Israel very well, and that was a tough one. Do you still like to run in Riverside Park, as you used to do?"

"Not lately. I feel too stiff for it."

"I was going to say, it's not safe to run down there. I don't want you mugged. Anyway, if you are a little stiff you're still far from feeble. I know you're not a sickly type, apart from your nervous trouble. You still get that small payment from the West Germans? And the social security? Yes, I'm glad we had the lawyer set that up, about the Germans. And I don't want you to worry, Uncle Artur."

"About what?"

"About anything at all. Security in old age. Being in a home. You stay with Margotte. She's a good woman. She'll look after you. I realize Shula is just a little too nutty for you. She amuses other people but not her own father. I know how that can be."

"Yes, Margotte is decent. You couldn't ask for better."

"So, remember, Uncle, no worries."

"Thank you, Elya."

A confusing, frowning moment, and, getting into the breast, the head, and even down into the bowels and about the heart, and behind the eyes—something gripping, aching, smarting. The woman was buffing his nails, and Gruner sat straight in the fully buttoned pajama coat; above it, the bandage hiding the throat with its screw. His large ruddy face was mainly unhandsome, his baldness, his big-eared plainness, the large tip of the nose; Gruner belonged to the common branch of the family. It was, however, a virile face, and when superficial objections were removed, a kindly face. Sammler knew the defects of his man. Saw them as dust and pebbles, as rubble on a mosaic which might be swept away. Underneath, a fine, noble expression.

"You've been good to Shula and me, Elya."

Gruner neither acknowledged nor denied this. Perhaps by the rigidity of his posture he fended off gratitude he did not deserve in full.

In short, if the earth deserves to be abandoned, if we are now to be driven streaming into other worlds, starting with the moon, it is not because of the likes of you, Sammler would have said. He put it more briefly, "I'm grateful."

"You're a gentleman, Uncle Artur."

"I'll be in touch."

"Yes, come back. It does me good."

Sammler, outside the rubber-silenced door, put on his Augustus John hat. A hat from the Soho that was. He went down the corridor in his usual quick way, favoring the sightful side slightly, putting forward the right leg and the right shoulder. When he came to the anteroom, a sunny bay with soft plastic orange furniture, he found Wallace Gruner there with a doctor in a white coat. This was Elya's surgeon.

"My dad's uncle—Dr. Cosbie."

"How do you do, Dr. Cosbie." The conceivably wasted fragrance of Mr. Sammler's manners. Who was there now to be aware of such Old World stuff! Here and there perhaps a woman might appreciate his style of greeting. But not a Doctor Cosbie. The ex-football star, famous in Georgia, struck Sammler as a sort of human wall. High and flat, his face was mysteriously silent and very white. The upper lip was steep and prominent. The mouth itself thin and straight. Somewhat unapproachable, he kept his hands behind his back. He had the air of a general whose mind is on battalions in a bloody struggle, just out of sight over a hill. To a civilian pest who came up to him at that moment he had nothing to say.

"How is Dr. Gruner?"

"Makin' good progress suh. A very fine patient."

Dr. Gruner was being seen as he wished to be seen. Every occasion had its propaganda. Democracy was propaganda—government. Propaganda entered every aspect of life. You had a desire, a view,

a line, and you disseminated it. It took, everyone spoke of the event in the appropriate way, according to design. In this case Elya, a doctor, made it known that he was the patient of patients. An allowable foible; boyish, but what of it? It had a certain interest.

Faced with a doctor, Sammler had his own foible, for he often wanted to ask about his symptoms. This was repressed of course. But the impulse was there. He wanted to mention that he woke up with a noise inside his head, that his good eye built up a speck at the corner which he couldn't scratch out, it stuck in the fold, that his feet burned intolerably at night, that he suffered from *pruritis ani*. Doctors loathed laymen with medical phrases. All, naturally, was censored. The tachycardia last of all. Nothing was shown to Cosbie but a certain cool, elderly rosiness. A winter apple. A busy-minded old man. Colored specs. A wide wrinkled hat brim. An umbrella on a sunny day—inconsequent. Long narrow shoes, cracked but highly polished.

As usual, even in the midst of conversation, Wallace with round black eyes was dreaming away. He also had a very white color. In his late twenties he was still little brother with the curls, the lips of a small boy. A bit careless perhaps in his toilet habits, also like a small boy, he often transmitted to Sammler in warm weather (perhaps Sammler's nose was hypersensitive) a slightly unclean odor from the rear. The merest hint of fecal carelessness. This did not offend his great-uncle. It was simply observed, by a peculiarly delicate recording system.

Actually, Mr. Sammler rather sympathized with the young man. Wallace fell into the Shula category. There was even a family resemblance, especially in the eyes—round, dark, wide, filling the big bony orbits, capable of seeing all, but dreamy, apparently drugged. He was a kinky cat, said Angela. With Dr. Cosbie, he was discussing sports. Wallace took no common interest in any subject. With him all interests were uncommon. He caught fevers. Horses, football, hockey, baseball. He knew averages, performance records, statistics. You could test him by the almanac. Dr. Gruner said that he would be up at 4 A.M. memorizing tables and jotting away left-handed at top speed across the body. With this, the intellectual if slightly paedomorphic forehead, the refinement of the nose, somewhat too small, and the middle of the face, somewhat too concave, and a look of mental power, virility, nobility, all slightly spoiled. Wallace nearly became a physicist, he nearly became a mathematician, nearly a lawyer (he had even passed the bar and opened an office, once), nearly an engineer, nearly a Ph.D. in behavioral science. He was a licensed pilot. Nearly an alcoholic, nearly a homosexual. At present he seemed to be a handicapper. He had yellow pages of legal foolscap covered with team

names and ciphers, and he and Dr. Cosbie, who seemed to be a gambler, too, were going over these intricate, many-factored calculations, and plainly the doctor was fascinated, not simply humoring Wallace. Slender Wallace in the dark suit was very handsome. A young man with stunning gifts. It was puzzling.

"You may be out of line on the Rose Bowl," said the doctor.

"Not at all," said Wallace. "Just take a look at this yardage analysis. I broke down last year's figures and fitted them into this special equation: Now look . . ."

This was as much of the conversation as Sammler could follow. He waited awhile at the window observing traffic, women with dogs, leashed and unleashed. A vacant building opposite marked for demolition. Large white X's on the windowpanes. On the plate glass of the empty shop were strange figures or nonfigures in thick white. Most scrawls could be ignored. These for some reason caught on with Mr. Sammler as pertinent. Eloquent. Of what? Of future nonbeing. But also of the greatness of eternity which shall lift us from this present shallowness. At this time forces, energies that might carry mankind up carried it down. For finer purposes of life, little was available. Terror of the sublime maddened all minds. Capacities, impressions, visions amassed in human beings from the time of origin, perhaps since matter first glinted with grains of consciousness, were bound up largely with vanities, negations, and revealed only in amorphous hints or ciphers smeared on the windows of condemned shops. All naturally were frightened of the future, the concentration of the full soul on eternal being. Mr. Sammler believed this. And in the meantime there was the excuse of madness. A whole nation, all of civilized society, perhaps, seeking the blameless state of madness. The privileged, the almost aristocratic state of madness. Meantime there spoke out those thick loops and open curves across an old tailor shop window.

It was in Poland, in wartime, particularly during three or four months when Sammler was hidden in a mausoleum that he first began to turn to the external world for curious ciphers and portents. The dead life of that summer and into autumn when he had been a portent watcher, and very childish, for larger forms of meaning had been stamped out, and a straw, or a spider thread or a stain, a beetle or a sparrow had to be interpreted. Symbols everywhere, and metaphysical messages. In the tomb of a family called Mezvinski he was, so to speak, a boarder. The peacetime caretaker of the cemetery let him have bread. Water, too. Some days were missed, but not many, and anyway Sammler saved up a small bread reserve and did not starve. Old Cieslakiewicz was dependable. He brought bread in his hat. It smelled of head. And during this period there was a yellow tinge to everything,

a yellow light in the sky. In this light, bad news for Sammler, bad news for humankind, bad information about the very essence of being was diffused. Something hateful, and at times overwhelming. At its worst it seemed to go something like this: You have been summoned to be. Summoned out of matter. Therefore here you are. And though the vast overall design may be of the deepest interest, whether originating in a God or in an indeterminate source which should have a different name, you yourself, a finite instance, are obliged to wait, painfully, anxiously, heartachingly, in this yellow despair. And why! But you must! There was more to this, when Sammler was boarding in the tomb. No time to be thinking, perhaps, but what else was there to do? There were no events. Events had stopped. There was no news. Cieslakiewicz, with hanging mustache, swollen hands, palsy, his ugly blue eyes—Sammler's savior—had no news or would not give it. Cieslakiewicz had risked his life for him. The basis of this fact was a great oddity. They didn't like each other. What had there been to like in Sammler?—half-naked, famished, caked hair and beard, crawling out of the forest. Long experience of the dead, handling of human bones had perhaps prepared the old Pole for the apparition of Sammler. He had let him into the Mezvinski tomb, brought him some rags for cover. After the War Sammler had sent money, parcels, to Cieslakiewicz. There was correspondence with the family. Then, after some years, the letters began to contain anti-Semitic sentiments. Nothing very vicious. Only a touch of the old stuff. This was no great surprise, or only a brief one. Cieslakiewicz had had his time of honor and charity. He was an ordinary human being and wanted again to be himself. Enough was enough. Didn't he have a right to be himself? It was only the "thoughtful" person with his exceptional demands who went on with self-molestation—responsible to "higher values," to "civilization," and so on. It was the Sammlers who kept on vainly trying to perform some kind of symbolic tasks. The only result of which was unrest, exposure to trouble.

Mr. Sammler had a symbolic character. He, personally, was a symbol. His friends and family had made him a judge and a priest. And of what was he a symbol? He didn't even know. Was it because he had survived? He hadn't even done that, since so much of the earlier person had disappeared. It wasn't surviving, it was only lasting. He had lasted. For a time yet he might last. A little longer, evidently, than Elya Gruner with the clamp or screw in his throat. *That* couldn't hold death off very long. A sudden escape of red fluid, and the man was gone. With all his will, purpose, enterprise, card games, loyalty to Israel, dislike of De Gaulle, with all his kindness of heart, greediness of heart, with his mouth making passionate love to the manifest, with his money talk, his Jewish fa-

therhood, his love and despair over son and daughter. When his life—or this life, that life, the other life—had gone, taken away, there would still remain that bad literalness, the yellow light of Polish summer heat behind the mausoleum door. It was the light also of that china-cabinet room in the apartment where he had suffered confinement with Shula-Slawa. Endless literal hours in which one is internally eaten up. Eaten because coherence is lacking. Perhaps as a punishment for having failed to find coherence. Or eaten by a longing for sacredness. Yes, go and find it when everyone is murdering everyone. When Antonina was murdered. When he himself underwent murder beside her. When he and sixty or seventy others, all stripped naked and having dug their own grave, were fired upon and fell in. Bodies upon his own body. Crushing. His dead wife nearby somewhere. Struggling out after some hours from the weight of corpses, crawling out of the loose soil. Hiding in a shed. Finding a rag to wear. Lying in the woods some days.

Some thirty years after which, in March days, sunshine, springtime, another season, the rush and intensity of New York City about to be designated as spring; leaning on a soft, leatherlike orange sofa; feet on an umber Finnish rug with a yellow core or nucleus—with mitotic spindles; looking down to a street; in that street, a tailor's window on which the spirit of the time through the unconscious agency of a boy's hand had scrawled its augury.

Is our species crazy?

Plenty of evidence.

All of course seems man's invention. Including madness. Which may be one more creation of that agonizing inventiveness. At the present level of human evolution propositions were held (and Sammler was partly swayed by them) by which choices were narrowed down to sainthood and madness. We are mad unless we are saintly, saintly only as we soar above madness. The gravitational pull of madness drawing the saint crashwards. A few may comprehend and very few saints at that. And those few comprehend that it is the strength to do one's duty daily and promptly that makes saints and heroes. Not many. Most have fantasies of vaulting into blessed states, feeling just mad enough to qualify.

Take someone like Wallace Gruner. The doctor was gone, and Wallace with his yellow papers was standing gracefully, handsomely, with his long lashes. What normalcy, what stability had Wallace sacrificed to obtain the grace of madness?

"Uncle?"

"Ah, yes, Wallace."

Some were eccentric, some were histrionic. Prob-

ably Wallace was genuinely loony. For him it required a powerful effort to become interested in common events. This was possibly why sporting statistics cast him into such a fever, why so often he seemed to be in outer space. *Dans la lune*. Well, at least he didn't treat Sammler as a symbol, and he apparently had no use for priests, judges, or confessors. Wallace said that what he appreciated in Uncle Sammler was his wit. Sammler, especially when greatly irritated or provoked, when he felt galled, said witty things. Often these signaled the approach of a nervous fit.

But Wallace, when he began a conversation with Sammler, was immediately smiling, and sometimes he repeated the punch lines of Sammler's witticisms.

"Not a well-rounded person, Uncle?"

Referring to himself, Sammler once had observed, "I am more stupid about some things than about others; not equally stupid in all directions; I am not a well-rounded person."

Or else, a recent favorite with Wallace. "The billiard table, Uncle. The billiard table."

This had to do with Angela's trip to Mexico. She and Horriker had had an unhappy Mexican holiday. In January she had had enough of New York and winter. She wanted to go to Mexico, to a hot place, she said, where she could see something green. Then abruptly, before he could check himself, Sammler had said, "Hot? Something green? A billiard table in hell would answer the description."

"Oh. Wow! That really cracks me up," said Wallace.

Later he would ask Sammler if he had the exact words. Sammler smiled, the small cheeks began to flush, but he refused to repeat his sayings. Wallace was not witty. He had no such sayings. But he did have experiences, he invented curious projects. Several years ago he flew out to Tangiers with the purpose of buying a horse and visiting Morocco and Tunisia on horseback. Not bringing his Honda, he said, because backwards people should be seen from a horse. He had borrowed Jacob Burckhardt's *Force and Freedom* from Sammler, and it affected him strongly. He wanted to examine peoples in various stages of development. In Spanish Morocco he was robbed. He then flew on to Turkey and tried again. Somehow he managed to enter Russia on his horse. In Soviet Armenia he was detained by the police. After Gruner had gone five or six times to see Senator Javits, Wallace was released from prison. Then, once again in New York, Wallace, taking a young lady to see the film *The Birth of a Child*, fainted away at the actual moment of birth, struck his head on the back of a seat, and was knocked unconscious. Reviving, he was on the floor. He found that his date had moved away from him in embarrassment, changed her seat. He had a row with her for abandoning him. Wallace,

borrowing his father's Rolls, let it somehow get away from him; carelessly parked, it ended up at the bottom of a reservoir somewhere near Croton. He drove a city bus crosstown to pay off debts. The Mafia was after him. His bookie gave him two months to pay. The handicapping hadn't worked. He flew with a friend to Peru to climb in the Andes. Said to be quite a good pilot. He offered to take Sammler into the air ("No, I believe not. Thank you just the same, Wallace"). He volunteered for the domestic Peace Corps. He wanted to be of use to little black children, to be a basketball coach in playgrounds.

"What does this surgeon really think of Elya's chances, Wallace?"

"He's going to take new X rays of his head."

"Are they planning brain surgery, now?"

"It depends on whether they can get to the place. They may not be able to reach it. Of course, if they can't reach it, they can't reach it."

"To look at him you'd never think . . . He looks so well."

"Oh, yes," said Wallace. "Why not?"

Sammler guessed how well pleased the late Mrs. Gruner must have been with her Wallace, his shapely head, long neck, crisp hair, and fine eyebrows, the short clean line of the nose, and the neat nakedness of his teeth, the work of skilled orthodontia.

"It's hereditary, having an aneurysm. You happen to be born with a thin wall in an artery. I may have it. Angela may, too, though I'd be surprised if she had a thin place anywhere. But people, young people, too, perfect in every other respect sometimes drop dead of it. Walking along strong, beautiful, full of beans, when it explodes inside. They die. There's a bubble first. Such as lizards blow from the throat, maybe. Then death. You've lived so long, you've probably come across this before."

"Even for me, there's always something a little new."

"I had a lot of trouble with last week's crossword puzzle, the Sunday one. Did you work on it?"

"No."

"You sometimes do."

"Margotte didn't bring home the *Times*."

"Amazing how you know words."

For some months Wallace had actually practiced law. His father had rented the office; his mother had furnished it, calling in Croze, the interior decorator. For six months Wallace rose punctually like any commuter and went to business. But it soon came out that he worked on nothing but crossword puzzles, locking the door, taking the phone off the hook, lying on the leather sofa. That was all. No, one thing more: he unbuttoned the stenographer's dress and examined her breasts. This information came from Angela, who had it from the girl, direct. Why did she permit it? Maybe

she thought it would lead to marriage. Placing hopes in Wallace? No sane woman would. But his interest in the breasts had evidently been scientific. Something about nipples. Like Jean Jacques Rousseau, who became so engrossed in the breasts of a Venetian whore that she pushed him away and told him to go study mathematics. (More of Uncle Sammler's wide reading, his European culture.)

"I don't like the people who make up the puzzles. They have low-grade minds," said Wallace. "Why should people know so much trash? It's Eastern-seaboard-educated trash. Smart-ass Columbia University quiz-kid miscellaneous information. I actually telephoned you about an old English dance. Jig, reel, and hornpipe were all I could come up with. But this one began with an m."

"An m? Might it have been morrice?"

"Oh, damn! Of course it was morrice. Jesus, your mind is in good order. How do you happen to remember?"

"Milton, *Comus*. 'A wavering morrice to the moon.'"

"Oh, that's pretty. Oh, that's really lovely, a wavering morrice."

"*Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move*. It's the fishes, by the billions, I believe, and the seas themselves, performing the dance."

"Why, that's splendid. You must be living right, to remember such pretty things. Your mind is not devoured by fool business. You're a good old guy, Uncle Artur. I don't like old people. I don't respect many individuals—a few physical scientists. But you—you're very austere in a way, but you have a good sense of humor. The only jokes I tell are the ones I hear from you. By the way, let me make sure I have the De Gaulle joke right. He said he didn't want to be buried under the Arc de Triomphe next to an unknown. *A côté d'un inconnu*. Right?"

"So far."

"And he wouldn't go into the Invalides with Napoleon, who was only a lousy corporal. But the Israelis wanted to charge him a hundred thousand bucks for space in the Holy Sepulchre, but De Gaulle said, 'For three days? It's too much money.' '*Pour trois jours?*' Now, that, I think, is very funny." Wallace's grave judgment. "Poles love to tell jokes," he said.

"Conquered people tend to be witty."

"You don't like Poles very much, Uncle."

"I think on the whole I liked them better than they liked me. Besides, a Pan once saved my life."

"And Shula in the convent."

"Yes, that too."

"I can remember Shula years ago in New Rochelle, coming downstairs in her nightgown, kneeling in front of everybody in the parlor and praying. Did she use Latin? Anyway that nightgown was damn flimsy. I thought she was trying to get your goat, with her Christian act. It was a put-

down, wasn't it, in a Jewish house? Some Jews, anyhow! Is she still such a Christian?"

"At Christmas and Easter, somewhat."

"And she bugs you about H. G. Wells. But fathers are soft on daughters. Look how Dad favors Angela. He gave her ten times more. Because she reminded him of Mae West. He was always smiling at her boobs. He wasn't aware of it. Mother and I saw it."

"What do you think will happen, Wallace?"

"My dad? He won't make it. He's got about a 2 percent chance. What good is that screw?"

"He's struggling."

"Any fish will fight. A hook in the gill. It gets jerked into the wrong part of the universe. It must be like drowning in air."

"Ah, that is terrifying," said Sammler.

"Still, to some people death is very welcome. If they've spoiled their piece of goods, I'm sure many would rather be dead. What I'm finding out is that when the parents are living, they stand between you and death. They have to go first, so you feel pretty safe. But when they die, you're next, and there's nobody ahead of you in line. At the same time I see already that I'm taking the wrong slant emotionally, and I know I'll pay for it later. I'm part of the system, whether I like it or not." Another moment of silent aberrant thought—Mr. Sammler felt the density and the unruliness of it. Then Wallace said, "I wonder why Dr. Cosbie is so keen on football pools."

"Aren't you?"

"Not the way I was. Dad told him how much I know about pro football. College football, too. It was like Dad offering me to the surgeon, so I would do something for him, so that we would all be close and friendly."

"But it's something else you're keen on now?"

"Yes. Feffer and I have a business idea. It's practically all I can think about."

"Ah, Feffer. He brought me yesterday to speak at Columbia, and I haven't seen him since. I wondered even whether he was trying to make money on me."

"He's a terribly imaginative businessman. Here's what we've come up with, as an enterprise. Aerial photographs of country houses. Then the salesman arrives with the picture—not just contacts but the fully developed picture—and offers you a package-deal. We will identify the trees and shrubs on the place and band them handsomely, in Latin and English. People feel ignorant about the plants on their property."

"Does Feffer know trees?"

"In every neighborhood, we'd hire a graduate student in botany. In Dutchess County, for instance, we could get someone from Vassar."

Mr. Sammler could not keep from smiling. "Feffer would seduce her, and also the lady of the house."

"Oh, no. I'd see he didn't get out of hand. I can control that character. He's a top salesman. Spring is a good time to start. Right now. Before the leaves are too thick for aerial photography. In the summer we could work Montauk, Chilmark, Wellfleet, Nantucket from the sea. My father won't give me the money."

"Is it a great deal?"

"A plane and equipment? Yes, it's considerable."

"You intend to buy a plane, not rent one?"

"Rent doesn't make sense. If you buy you get the tax write-off—depreciation. The secret of business is to make the government cover your risk. In Dad's bracket we'd save seventy cents on the dollar. The IRS is murder. He doesn't file a joint return, and isn't head of a family since Mother died. He doesn't want to give me another lump sum. It's set up for me in trust so I'll have to live on the income. When I had my chance I dropped fifty thousand in that boutique."

"Gambling, I thought. Las Vegas."

"No, no, it was a motel complex in Vegas, and we had the clothing shop, the men's boutique."

A furious dresser and adorer of men's bodies Wallace would have been.

"Uncle Artur, I'd like to put you on our payroll. Feffer agrees. Feffer loves you, you know. If you don't want to do it, we'll put Shula on at fifty bucks a week."

"And? In return for this? You want me to talk to your father?"

"Use your influence."

"No, Wallace, I'm afraid I couldn't."

"You wouldn't upset him. He thinks the same thoughts whether you talk to him or not. Six of one, half a dozen of the other. He's brooding on this anyway."

"No, no."

"Well, that's your decision. There is something else, though. There's money at home, in New Rochelle. In the house."

"Excuse me?" From curiosity, uncertainty, Sammler's voice went up.

"Hidden cash. A large amount. Never declared."

"It can't be, can it?"

"Oh, yes, it can, Uncle. You're surprised. If the inside of a person were only as simple as a watermelon—red meat, black seeds. Now and then, as a favor to highly placed people Papa performed operations. Dilatation and curettage. Only when there was a terrific crisis, when some young socialite heiress got knocked up. Top secret. Only out of pity. My dad pitied famous families, and got big gifts of cash."

"Wallace, look. Let's talk straight. Elya is a good man. He stands close to the end. You're his son. You've been brought up to think that for your health you have to throw a father down. You've had a troubled life, I know. But this old-fashioned capitalistic-family-and-psychological struggle has to

*Essence of a statute passed in 1660
in the Massachusetts Colony.*

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a Sacrilege, the exchanging of Gifts and Greetings,*

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Satanical Practices are hereby

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Even in Boston, times move along. Today, not only is celebrating Christmas very legal hereabouts, but one of the season's most welcome gifts comes from the Back Bay. That gift is The Atlantic—offered now for as little as \$7 a subscription (regularly \$9.50). Bestow The Atlantic on doctor, lawyer, professor, minister, employer, client, undergraduate, relative, neighbor, and the editors do the work of creating not one, but twelve superb presents for each friend:

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If Africa, Asia and South America go communist, don't blame him.

Karl Marx is not responsible for famines in Asia or epidemics in Africa. It's not his fault that the average South American earns 75c a day.

All he did was predict the consequences.

That a population living in misery will turn to communism as a way out. Unless something is done to alleviate these conditions.

But the countries themselves don't have the economic resources to make these changes. The U.N. doesn't. Even the United States doesn't.

They need the help of world industry. Particularly U.S. industry.

Industry is in an ideal position to do this. It can deal directly with the people of a country. It can change their lives in a way no government can.

A small case in point: in 1958, Olinkraft, a subsidiary of Olin, bought a paper mill in Igaras, a small town in the remote interior of Brazil.

Igaras was the kind of town on which communism thrives—a declining mill, no doctors, shoeless children, men working an 84-hour week, etc.

It wasn't hard to increase the production of the mill eightfold, to lower hours and raise wages, to reforest the woodlands—but that wasn't enough.

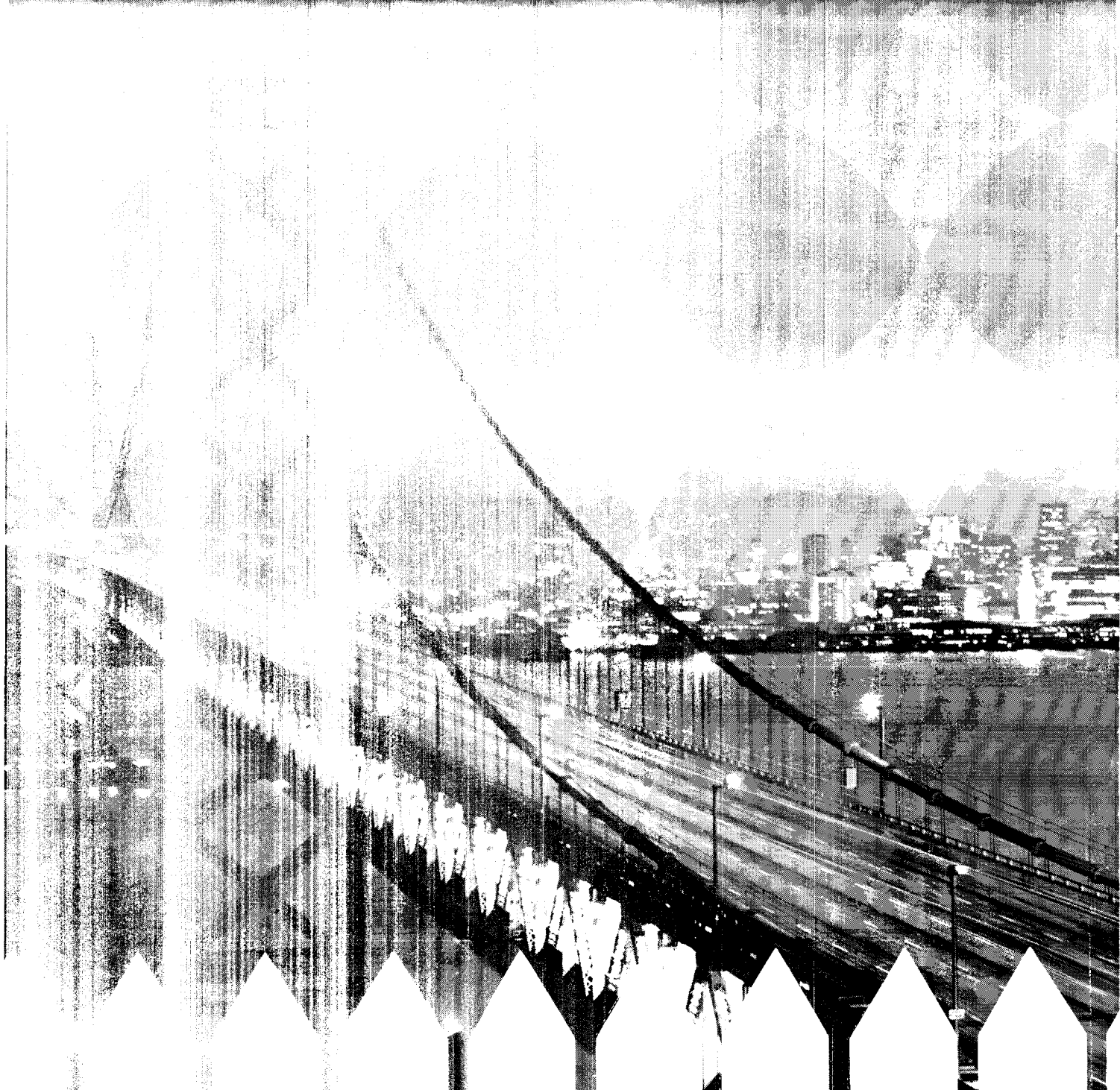
We hired a doctor, nurses, teachers; expanded the school; built a dispensary, a clubhouse; provided free medical and dental care (and medicines at cost to non-employees); financed housing loans and helped set up a cooperative store.

And then the people joined in. They rebuilt their own homes, paid for their own teachers, built and operated their own store and, in effect, revitalized the whole town.

But the people weren't the only ones to benefit. Olinkraft did well enough from the mill to start an extensive expansion program.

Igaras, of course, is only one town. But Olin is only one company. Imagine this kind of success multiplied by tens of thousands of companies and towns all over Africa, Asia and South America.

The deeds of industry may well be as important as the gospel of democracy. **Olin**



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DISCOVER AMERICA

IT'S SOME BACKYARD

be given up, finally. I'm telling you this because you're basically intelligent. You've done a lot of peculiar things. No one can call you boring. But you may become boring if you don't stop. You could retire honorably now with plenty of interesting experience to point to. Enough. You should try something different."

"Well, Uncle Sammler, you have good manners. I know it. You put up with people's shenanigans and *schtick*. It's just your old-fashioned Polish politeness. All the same, there is also a practical question here. Nothing but practical. My father has X-thousands of dollars in the house, and he won't tell where it is. He's sore at us. *He's* in the capitalistic-family-psychology struggle. You're perfectly right—why should a person burn himself out with neurotic fever. There are higher aims in life. I don't think those are shit. Far from it. But you see, Uncle, if I have that plane, I can make a nice income with a few hours of flying. I can spend the rest of my time reading philosophy. I can finish up my Ph.D. in mathematics. Now listen to this idea.

People are like simple whole numbers. Numbers also bear an important relation to people. The series of numbers is like the series of human beings—infinite numbers of individuals. The characteristics of numbers are like the characteristics of matter, otherwise mathematical expressions could not tell us what matter will or may do. Mathematical equations lead us to physical realities. Things not yet seen. Like the turbulence of heated gases. The equations preceded the actual observations. So what we need is a similar system of signs for human beings. In this system, what is One? What is the human integer like? Now, you see, you've made me talk seriously to you. But just for a minute or two, I want to go on with that other thing. There is money in the house. I think there are phony pipes through the attic in which he hid the bills. He borrowed a Mafia plumber once. I know it. You might just slip in a reference to pipes or to attics in your next conversation. See how he reacts. He may decide to tell you. I don't want to have to tear apart the house."

III

Homeward.

On Second Avenue the springtime scraping of roller skates was heard on the hollow, brittle sidewalk, a soothing harshness. Turning from the new New York of massed apartments into the older New York of brownstone and wrought iron, Sammler saw through large black circles in a fence daffodils and tulips, mouths of these flowers open and glowing, and on the pure yellow the fallout of soot already sprinkled. You might in this city become a flower washer. There was an additional business opportunity for Wallace and Feffer.

He walked once around Stuyvesant Park, only a large square with the statue of the peg-legged Dutchman. Tapping the flagstones with his ferrule every fourth step, Sammler held *The Future of the Moon* under his arm. He had read it on the subway, though he didn't like being conspicuous in public, passing pages back and forth before the eye, pressing back the hat brim and his face intensely concentrated. He seldom did that.

And Sammler had learned to be careful on public paths in New York, invariably dog-fouled. Within the iron-railed plots the green lights of the grass were all but put out, burned by animal excrements. The sycamores, blemished bark, but very nice, brown and white, getting ready to cough up leaves. Red brick, the Friends' School, and ruddy coarse warm stone, broad, clumsy, solid, the Episcopal Church. St. George's. Sammler had heard

that the original J. Pierpont Morgan had been an usher there. In Austro-Hungarian-Polish-Cracovian antiquity old fellows who had read of Morgan in the papers spoke of him with high regard as Pieper-notter-Morgan. At St. George's, Sundays, the god of stockbrokers could breathe easy awhile in the riotous city. In thought, Mr. Sammler was testy with White Protestant America for not keeping better order. Cowardly surrender. Not a strong ruling class. Eager in a secret way to come down and mingle with all the minority mobs. Beating swords into plowshares? No, rather converting dog collars into gee strings. But this was neither here nor there.

Watching his steps (the dogs), looking for a bench for ten minutes, to think of Gruner, perhaps despite great sadness to read a few paragraphs of this fascinating moon manuscript, he noted a female bum drunkenly sleeping like a dugong, a sea cow's belly rising, legs swollen purple; a short dress, a mini-rag. At a corner of the fence, a wino was sullenly pissing on newspapers and old leaves. Cops seldom bothered about these old-fashioned derelicts. Younger people, autochthonous-looking, were also here. Bare feet, the boys like Bombay beggars, beards clotted, breathing rich hair from their nostrils, heads coming through woolen ponchos, somewhat Peruvian. Natives of somewhere. Innocent, devoid of aggression, opting out, much like Ferdinand the Bull. No *corrida* for them; only smelling flowers under the lovely cork

tree. How similar also to the Eloi of H. G. Wells's fantasy *The Time Machine*! Lovely young human cattle herded by the cannibalistic Morlocks who lived a subterranean life and feared light and fire. Yes, that tough brave little old fellow Wells had had prophetic visions after all. Shula wasn't altogether wrong in her campaign for a memoir. A memoir should be written. Only there was little time left for relaxed narration about this and that, about things fairly curious in themselves, like Wells at seventy-eight still bucking for the Royal Society—his work (on earthworms?) was not acceptable. Not earthworms. "The Quality of Illusion in the Continuity of Individual Life in the Higher Metazoa." They would not make him a Fellow. But to unscramble this would have taken weeks, and there were no free weeks for Sammler. He had other necessities, higher priorities.

He shouldn't even be reading this—this being the pages of Govinda Lal in bronze ink and old-fashioned penmanship. But Mr. Sammler having seen through so much had no resistance to real fascination. On page seventy, Lal had begun to speculate on organisms possibly capable of adapting themselves in exposed lunar conditions. Were there no plants which might cover the moon's surface? Water and carbon dioxide would have to be present, extremes of temperature would have to be withstood. Lichens, thought Govinda, possibly could make it. Also certain members of the cactus family. The triumphant plant, a combination of lichen and cactus, certainly would look weird to the eyes of man. But life's capacities are even now inconceivably diverse. What impossibilities has it not faced? Who knows what the depths of the seas may yet yield? Creatures, perhaps even one to a species. A grotesque individual which has found its equilibrium under twenty miles of water. Small wonder, said Govinda, that human beings stress so fiercely the next realizable possibilities and are so eager to bound from the surface of the earth. The imagination is innately a biological power seeking to overcome impossible conditions.

Mr. Sammler raised his face, aware that there was someone hastening toward him. He saw Feffer. Always in a hurry. Feffer was stout, should have lost weight. He had trouble with his back, and wore at times an elastic orthopedic garment. Large, with fresh color, with the vivid brown François Premier beard and straight nose, Feffer always seemed to demand haste from his body, his legs. An all-but-running urgency. The hands, awkward and pink, were raised just in case he was to meet another rush exactly like his own. The brown eyes were key-shaped. As he grew older, the corners would be more elaborately notched.

"I thought you might stop here a minute," said Feffer. "Wallace said you had just left, so I ran down."

"Indeed? Well, the sun is shining, and I was in

no hurry to go down into the subway. I haven't seen you since the lecture."

"That's right. I had to go to the telephone. I understand that you were wonderful. I genuinely apologize for the behavior of the students. That's my generation for you. I don't even know if they were real students or just tough characters—you know, militants, dropouts. It's not the young people who start the trouble. All the leaders are older. But Fanny looked after you, didn't she?"

"The young lady?"

"I didn't just disappear. I assigned a girl to look after you."

"I see. Your wife, by chance?"

"No, no." Feffer quickly smiled, and quickly went on, sitting on the edge of the bench. He wore a dark-blue velvet double-breasted jacket with large pearl buttons. His arm reached the backrest of the bench and lay affectionately near Sammler's shoulder. "Not my wife. Just a girl I fuck now and then, and look after."

"I see. It all seems so rapid. It strikes me that there is something electronic about your contacts. She was very nice. She conducted me from the hall. I didn't expect such a large crowd. I thought you might be making money on me."

"I? No. Never. Believe me—no. It was a benefit for black children, just as I said. You must believe me, Mr. Sammler. I wouldn't put you into a con, I have too much regard for you. You may not know it, or it may not matter to you, but you have a special position with me, which is practically sacred. Your life, your experiences, your character, your views—plus your soul. There are relationships I would do anything to protect. And if I hadn't been called to the phone, I would have blasted that guy. I know that shit. He wrote a book about homosexuals in prison, like a poor man's Jean Genêt. Buggery behind bars. Or being a pure Christian angel because you commit murder and have beautiful male love affairs. You know how it is."

"I have a general idea. But you misled me, Lionel."

"I didn't mean to. At the last minute a speaker didn't show for another student thing, and some of my graduate-school buddies who were frantic got hold of me. I saw a way to double the take. For the remedial-reading project. I assumed it wouldn't make so much difference to you, you would understand. I made a deal. I got the best of them."

"What was the subject of the missing speaker?"

"Sorel and Modern Violence, I think it was."

"And I talked about Orwell and what a sane person he was."

"Lots of young radicals see Orwell as part of the cold-war anti-Communist gang. You didn't really praise the Royal Navy did you?"

"Is that what you heard?"

"If it hadn't been such an important call I would never have left. It was a question of buying or not

buying a locomotive. The federal government creates these funny situations with tax-breaks to encourage investment. Where it thinks dollars ought to go. You can buy a jet plane and lease it to the airlines. You can lease the locomotive to Penn Central or the B & O. Cattle investments get similar encouragement."

"Are you already making such sums that you need these deductions?"

Sammler didn't want to lead Feffer into dream-conversation, exaggeration, fantasy, lying. He didn't know how much the poor young man was making up simply to impress, to entertain. Feffer had a strange need to cover himself with the brocade of boasts. And being deficient in contemporary American information, Sammler was tentative here. It was, however, no kindness to listen to this big talk. Sammler appreciated the degree of life in young Feffer, the marvelous high color of his cheeks, the passion-sounds he made. The voice resembling an instrument played with higher and higher intensity but musically hopeless—the undertones appealing really for help.

But sometimes Mr. Sammler felt that the way he saw things could not be right. His experiences had been too peculiar, and he feared that he projected peculiarities on life. Life was probably not blameless, but he often thought that life was not and could not be what he was seeing. And then again, most powerfully, he occasionally felt on the contrary that he was a million times exceeded in strangeness by the phenomena themselves. What oddities!

"Really, Lionel, you aren't about to buy a whole locomotive?"

"Not alone. As part of a group. One hundred thousand dollars a share."

"And what about this other plan, with Wallace? Photographing houses and identifying trees."

"It does sound hokey, but it's really a very good business idea. I intend to experiment with it personally. I have a great gift for salesmanship, I'll say that for myself. If the thing pans out, I'll organize it nationally, with sales crews in every part of the country. We'll need regional plant specialists. The problems would be different in Portland, Oregon, from Miami Beach or Austin, Texas. 'All men by nature desire to know.' That's the first sentence of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*. I never got much farther, but I figured that the rest must be out of date anyway. But if they desire to know, it makes them depressed if they can't name the bushes on their own property. They feel like phonies. The bushes belong. They themselves don't. And I'm convinced that knowing the names of things braces people up. I've gone to shrinkers for years, and have they cured me of anything? They have not. They have put labels on my troubles, though, which sound like knowledge. It's a great comfort, and worth the money. You say, 'I'm manic.' Or

you say, 'I'm a reactive-depressive.' You say about a social problem, 'It's colonialism.' Then the dull-est brain has these internal fireworks, and the sparks drive you out of your skull. Well, the way to wealth and power is to latch on to this. When you set up a new enterprise, you redescribe the phenomena and you have a feeling that you're getting somewhere. If people want things named or renamed, you can make dough by becoming a taxonomist. Yes, I definitely intend to try out this idea of Wallace's."

"Does he have to have a plane?"

"I can't say if it's essential, but he seems to have a thing about piloting. Well, that's his bag. Other people have other bags."

This last statement about other people was injected with much significance. Sammler saw what was happening. Feffer was pretending to hold back, out of a delicacy he didn't have, a piece of information he couldn't wait to release. His eagerness shone from his face. In the eyes. Over the ready lips.

"What are you referring to?"

"I'm really referring to a certain Hindu scientist. I believe that his name is Lal. I think that this Lal is a guest lecturer at Columbia University."

"What about him?"

"Several days ago, after his lecture, a woman approached him. She asked to see his manuscript. He thought she just wanted to glance at something in the text and let her take it. There was a small crowd of people around. I believe H. G. Wells was mentioned. Then the lady disappeared with the manuscript."

Mr. Sammler removed his hat and placed it on his lap over the sea-marbled cardboard.

"She walked off with it?"

"Disappeared with the only copy of the work."

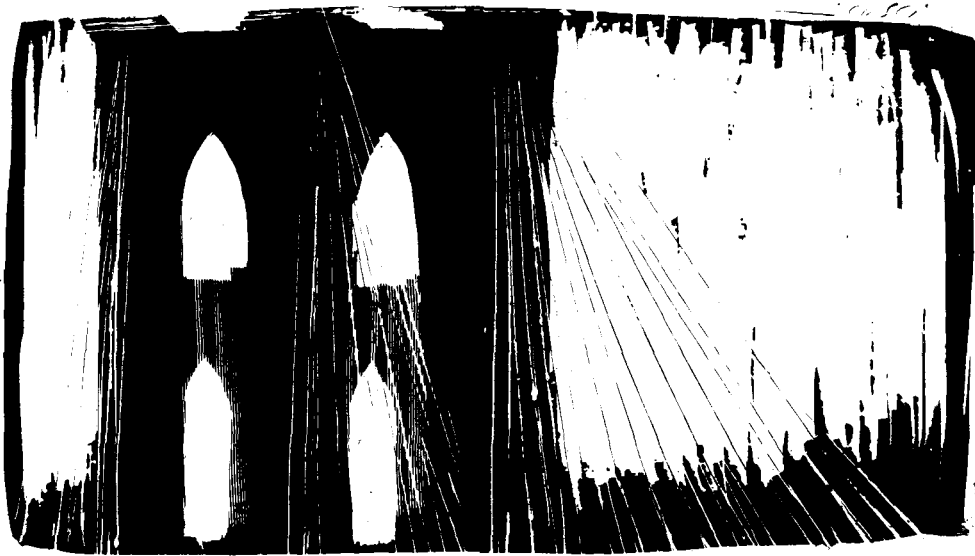
"Ah. How unfortunate. The only, eh? Quite bad."

"Yes, I thought you might think so. Dr. Lal thought she might come back with it, that she was just an absentminded person. He didn't say anything for twenty-four hours. But then he went to the authorities. Is it the department of astronomy? Or some space program Columbia has?"

"How is it that you always have information of this sort, Lionel?"

"I have to have so many contacts in my way of life. Naturally I know the university security people—campus cops. Anyway, they weren't equipped to handle this. They had to call in investigators. The Pinkertons. The original Pinkerton was picked by Abraham Lincoln himself to organize the Secret Service, you know. You do know that, don't you?"

"It doesn't seem to me an item of great importance. I suppose these Pinkertons will know how to recover this article. Isn't it stupid to have only one copy? With all these Xeroxes and reproducing machines, and the man is a scientist."



"Well, I don't know. There was Carlyle. There was T. E. Lawrence. Brilliant people weren't they? And they both lost the only copy of a masterpiece."

"Dear, dear."

"By now the campus is covered with posters. Manuscript missing. And there is a description of the lady. Often seen at public lectures. She wears a wig, carries a shopping bag, is associated somehow with H. G. Wells."

"Yes, I see."

"You wouldn't know anything about it, would you, Mr. Sammler? Naturally I want to help out."

"I am astonished by the amount of information that sticks to you. You remind me of a frog's tongue. It flips out and comes back covered with gnats."

"I didn't think I was doing any harm. Where you are concerned, Mr. Sammler, I have only one interest, and that is protection. I have a protective instinct toward you. I am aware it might be Oedipal—the names, again—but I have a feeling of veneration toward you. You are the only person in the world with whom I would use a word like veneration. That's the kind of word you write down, not say."

"Yes, I understand that somewhat, Lionel." Mr. Sammler's forehead, grown damp, was itching. He touched it finely with his ironed pocket handkerchief. It was Shula who brought his handkerchiefs back ironed so smooth and flat.

"I know that you are trying to condense what you know, your life experience. Into a testament."

"How do you know this?"

"You told me."

"Did I? I don't remember ever saying that. It is very private. If I am saying things unaware, it's a bad sign. I certainly never meant to mention it."

"We were standing in front of the Bretton Hall Hotel, that miserable bunch of decay, and you were leaning on the umbrella. And may I say"—there were signs of an upward expansion of feeling—"I

may have doubts about other people, whether they're human, but I love you without reservation. And to relieve your mind, you didn't discuss anything, you only said that you would like to boil down your experience of life to a few statements. Maybe just one single statement."

"Sydney Smith."

"Smith?"

"He said, 'Short views, for God's sake, short views.' An English clergyman."

To hear what Shula-Slawa had done (folly-devotion-to-Papa-comedy-theft) filled oppressively certain spaces for oppression which had opened and widened during the last three decades. Before 1939 Sammler could recall no such heaviness and darkness. Was there anywhere in the world a shrinking-tincture that could be prescribed for such openings? Mr. Sammler did try to turn toward the fun of the thing, imagining Shula in space shoes, disorderly crimson on the mouth, coming up like a little demon-body from *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, making off with the treasure of a Hindu sage. Sammler himself was treated like some sort of Enchanter by Shula. She thought he was Prospero. He could make beautiful culture. Compose a memoir of the highest distinction, so magical that the world would long remember what a superior thing it was to be a Sammler. The answer of private folly to public folly (in an age of overkill) was more distinction, more high accomplishments, more dazzling brilliants strewn before admiring mankind. Pearls before swine? Mr. Sammler, thinking of Rabbi Ipsheimer, whom he had been dragged by Shula to hear, revised the old saying. Artificial pearls before real swine were cast by these jet-set preachers. To have thought this made him more cheerful. His nervously elegant hand made a bridge over the tinted spectacles, adjusting them without need on the nose. Well, he was not what Shula believed him to be. Moreover, he was not what Feffer thought. How could he satisfy the needs of these imaginations? Feffer in the furious whirling of his spirit took him for a fixed point. In such hyperenergetic revolutions you fell in love with ideas of stability, and Sammler was an idea of stability. He made sure his large hat was covering the notebook entirely.

"Is there anything you would like me to do?" said Feffer.

"Why, yes, Lionel." He rose. "Walk with me to the subway. I'm going to Union Square."

By the wrought-iron gate they left the little park, westward past the Quaker Meeting House, and then the cool sandstone buildings set back among trees. The chained bellies of garbage cans. One of the chains even wore a sheath. And there were dogs, more dogs. Devoted dog-tendance—by schoolchildren, by women in fairly high style, by certain homosexuals. One would have said that only the Eskimos had nearly so much to do with dogs as this local branch of mankind. The veterinarians must be sailing in yachts, surely.

I shall get hold of Shula right away, Mr. Sammler decided. He hated scenes with his daughter. She might set her teeth, burst into screams. He cared too much for her. He cherished her. And really, his own contribution to the continuation of the species! It filled him with heartache and pity that he and Antonina had not blended better. Since she was a child he had seen, especially in the slenderness of her neck, so vulnerably valved, in the visible glands and blue veins, in the big bluish eyelids and top-heavy head, a pitiful legacy, loony, frail, touching him with a fear of doom. Well, the Polish nuns had saved her. When he came to the convent to get her, she was already fourteen years old. Now she was over forty, straying about New York with her shopping bags. She would have to return the manuscript immediately. Dr. Govinda Lal would be frantic. Who knew what Asiatic form that man's despair was taking.

Meantime, too, there was in Sammler's consciousness a red flush. Possibly due to Elya Gruner's condition. This assumed a curious form, that of a vast crimson envelope, a sky-filling silk fabric, the flap fastened by a black button. He asked himself whether this might not be what mystics meant by seeing a mandala, and believed the suggestion might have been implanted by association with Govinda, an Asiatic. But he himself, a Jew, no matter how Britannicized or Americanized, was also an Asian. The last time he was in Israel, and that was very recent, he had wondered how European after all Jews were. The crisis he witnessed there had brought out a certain deeper Orientalism. Even in German and Dutch Jewry, he thought.

Through 15th Street ran a warm spring current. Lilacs and sewage. There were as yet no lilacs, but an element of the savage gas was velvety and sweet, reminiscent of blooming lilac. All about was a softness of perhaps dissolved soot, or of air passed through many human breasts, or metabolized in multitudinous brains, or released from as many intestines, and it got to one—oh, deeply, too! Now and then there came an appreciative or fanciful pleasure, apparently inconsequent, combined from accidents out of the ruddy dun of sandstone, out of cool corners of the warmth. Bliss from his surroundings! For a certain period Mr. Sammler had resisted such physical impressions—being wooed

almost comically by momentary and fortuitous sweetness. For quite a long time he had not felt that he was necessarily human. Had no great use, during that time, for most creatures. Very little interest in himself. Cold even to the thought of recovery. What was there to recover? Little regard for earlier forms of himself. Disaffected. His judgment almost blank. But then, ten or twelve years after the War, he became aware that this too was changing. In the human setting, along with everyone else, among particulars of ordinary life he *was* human—and, in short, creatureliness crept in again. Its low tricks, its doggish hind-sniffing charm. So that now, really, Sammler didn't know how to take himself. He wanted, with God, to be free from the bondage of the ordinary and the finite. A soul released from Nature, from impressions, and from everyday life. For this to happen God Himself must be waiting, surely. And a man who has been killed and buried should have no other interest. He should be perfectly disinterested. Eckhart said in so many words that God loved disinterested purity and unity. God Himself was drawn toward the disinterested soul. What besides the spirit should a man care for who has come back from the grave? However, and mysteriously enough it happened, as Sammler observed, that one was always, and so powerfully, so persuasively, drawn back to human conditions. So that these flecks within one's substance will always stipple with their reflections all that a man turns toward, all that flows about him. The shadow of his nerves will cast stripes, like trees on grass, like water over sand, the light-made network. It was a second encounter of the disinterested spirit with fated biological necessities.

Therefore, walking toward the BMT, Union Square Station, one hears Feffer explain why it is necessary to purchase a diesel locomotive. A beautiful stroke of business. So apt! So congruent with spring, death, Oriental mandalas, sewer gas edged with opiate lilac sweetness. Bliss from bricks, from the sky!

Mr. Artur Sammler, confidant of New York eccentrics; curate of wild men and progenitor of a wild woman; registrar of madness. Once take a stand, once draw a baseline, and contraries will assail you. Declare for normalcy, and you will be stormed by aberrancies. All postures are mocked by their opposites. This is what happens when the individual begins to be drawn back from disinterestedness to creaturely conditions. Portions or aspects of his earlier self revive. The former character asserts itself, and sometimes disagreeably, weakly, disgracefully. It was the earlier Sammler, the Sammler of London and Cracow, who had gotten off the bus at Columbus Circle foolishly eager to catch sight of a black criminal. He now had to avoid the bus, dreading another encounter. He had been warned, positively instructed, to appear no more.

"Just a minute, now," said Feffer. "I know you

hate subways. Isn't there a switch here? I thought you were positively claustrophobic."

Feffer was extremely intelligent. He had been admitted to Columbia without a high school certificate by obtaining unheard-of marks in the entrance examinations. He was sly, shrewd, meddling, as well as fresh, charming, and vigorous. In his eyes a strangely barbed look appeared, a kind of hooking intensity. Sammler, the earlier Sammler, had had little power to resist such looks.

"It isn't because of the crook you saw on the bus, is it?"

"Who told you about him?"

"Your niece, Mrs. Arkin, did. Yesterday when I came to pick you up for the lecture."

"She did, did she?"

"Yes, about the fancy dress, the Dior accessories, and all of that. What a terrific gas! So you're afraid of him. Why? Has he spotted you?"

"Something like that."

"Did he speak?"

"Not a word."

"There's something going on, Mr. Sammler. I think you'd better tell me about it. You may not understand the New York idiom. You may be in danger. You should tell a younger person."

"You confuse me, Feffer. There are moments when I am ever so slightly not myself under your influence. You muddle me. You're very noisy, very turbulent."

"The man has done something to you. I know. I just know it. What has he done? He may hurt you. You may be in trouble, and you shouldn't keep it to yourself. You're wise, but you're not clever, and this cat, Mr. Sammler, sounds dangerous. Really! You've seen him in action?"

"Yes."

"And he's seen you looking?"

"That, too."

"That's serious. Now what has he done to scare you off the bus? You told the cops."

"I tried to. Come, Feffer, you're involving me in things I dislike. I don't care for this."

"It's being driven from the bus that should bother you, interference with your customs, your habits, and so on. Are you afraid of him?"

"Well, I was aroused. My heart beat very hard. The mind is so odd. Objectively I have little use for such experiences, but there is such an absurd craving for actions that connect with other actions, for coherency, for forms, for mystery or fable. I may have thought that I had no more ordinary human curiosity left, but I was surprisingly wrong."

"When he saw you, did he chase you?" said Feffer.

"He came after me, yes. Now let's drop the matter."

Feffer was unable to do that. His face was flaming. It seemed to prick with modern passions

within the old-fashioned frame of the beard. "He followed you but he didn't say anything? He must have gotten his message through, though. What did he do? He threatened you. Did he pull a switchblade on you?"

"No."

"A gun?"

"No gun." Had Sammler been in good balance he would have been able to resist, Feffer's hook would not have gotten in. But his balance was not good. Descending to the subway was a trial. The grave, entombment, the Mezvinski vault in Zamosht.

"But he found out where you live?" said Feffer.

"Yes, he tracked me home. He must have found out some time ago. He followed me into my lobby."

"But what did he do, Mr. Sammler! For God's sake, why won't you say!"

"What is there to say? It is ludicrous. It is not worth discussing. Simply nonsensical. But perhaps you have a natural claim to these bizarre nonsensical things, you have such a hungry curiosity about them. The man exhibited himself to me."

"He didn't! That's just wild! To you? That's far out. Did he corner you?"

"Yes."

"In your own lobby and pulled his thing on you? He flashed it?"

Sammler would say no more about it.

"Stupendous!" said Feffer. "What the devil was it like?" He was smiling, and if Sammler was any interpreter of smiles, Feffer was dying to see this phenomenon. To protect Sammler, yes. To guide him through the dangers of New York, yes. But to see, to meddle, to intrude, that was Lionel all over. Had to have a piece of the action—Sammler believed that was the current expression. "He yanked out his cock? Didn't say a word? Just flashed? What did he mean? How big did you say it was? You didn't say. I can imagine. It could be a line from *Finnegans Wake*. 'Everyone must bare his crotch!' And he operates between Columbus Circle and Seventy-second Street in the rush hours? Well, what does one do about this? New York is really a gas city. And ten guys running for mayor like a bunch of lunatics. And Lindsay, just imagine Lindsay campaigning on his record. His *record*, no less, when they can't even send a cop to arrest a bandit. And Wagner with *his* record! There must be a couple of injuries he missed inflicting on the town, and he wants another term. Mr. Sammler, I know a guy at NBC television who has a talk show. It's really Fanny's husband. We ought to put you on that to discuss all this."

"Oh, come, Feffer."

"It would do everyone a hell of a lot of good to hear you. I know, I know, it's as the man said, it's not the mind of the viewer you'll reach but his backsides. You'll tickle his backsides with beautiful feathers of deep thought."

"Absolutely."

"And yet, Mr. Sammler, to have influence and power. Or just confronting the phony with the real thing. You should denounce New York. You should speak like a prophet, like from another world—and you might like coming out of isolation."

"We did that at Columbia yesterday, Feffer. I came out of isolation. You've already turned me into a performer."

"I'm only thinking of the good you could do."

"You're thinking of the arrangements you could promote, how you could get a finder's fee from Fanny's husband, and how close you could bring together the TV and that person's genitalia." Mr. Sammler was intensely smiling. Another moment, and he would actually have been laughing, drawn out of his preoccupations.

"Very well," said Feffer. "I don't have the same ideals of privacy as you. Anyway, let's drop it."

"By all means."

"I'll ride uptown on the bus with you."

"No, thanks."

"To make sure no one bothers you."

"What you want is to have me point him out."

"Really, I know how you dislike, you *hate*, subways."

"It's quite all right."

"Of course you've stirred up my curiosity, why should I deny it. I know you finally told me about him to get rid of me, and here I am pestering you still. You say he wears a camel's-hair coat?"

"I thought it was that."

"A homburg? Dior shades?"

"Homburg I'm certain of. The Dior is a guess."

"You're a good observer, I take your word for it. A mustache, also, fancy shirts and psychedelic neckties. He's a prince of some kind, or thinks he is."

"Yes," said Sammler, "a certain majesty is assumed."

"I have an idea about him."

"Let him be. Leave him alone, I advise you."

"I wouldn't actually tangle with him. I'd never do that. He wouldn't even suspect I was there. But cameras can be introduced anywhere. They even have photos of the child in the womb. Somehow they got a camera in. I just acquired a new Minox which is as small as a cigarette lighter."

"Don't be stupid, Lionel."

"He'd never know. I assure you. Wouldn't be aware. Pictures could be valuable. Catch a criminal, sell the story to *Look*. Do a job on the police at the same time, and on Lindsay, who has no business being mayor while running for President. A triple killing."

The low wall of Union Park, the raised green platform of lawn parted by dry gray pathways, and the fast traffic. Sammler did not need Feffer's hand on his elbow. He drew away.

"I go down here."

"This time of day I can't get a taxi. The shift is changing. I'll ride uptown with you."

Sammler, still holding hat and notebook by his side, the umbrella hooked on his wrist, pursued his way in the half-light of the corridors in the smoke of grilled sausages. The quick turnstiles metered the tokens with a noise of ratchets. The bison-rumble of trains. Sammler wanted to ride alone. Feffer could not let him go. Feffer could not be quiet. His need was to be perpetually arresting, radiant with fresh interest. And, of course, because he respected Sammler so much he had to make tests or insert small notes or hints of disrespect, a little here, a bit there, liberties, familiarities, insinuations, exploring for spoilage. My dear fellow, why look so hard? There is corruption in certain places. I could show you.

"This Fanny—the girl who guided you—Feffer, forbear."

"She's very willing," said Feffer. "Nowadays girls are. Still somewhat shy. Not really so marvelous in the sack. Big tits. Married, of course. The husband works at night. He has the talk show I referred to . . ."

"And I like companionship. We spend a lot of time together . . ."

"Then when the insurance adjuster came . . ."

"What adjuster was that?" said Sammler.

"I put in a claim on a piece of luggage damaged at the airport. The fellow came over when Fanny was visiting, and he fell in love with her. He was a swinger, too, with chimpanzee teeth. Said he was a dropout from the Harvard School of Business. A real yellow face, and sweating. Awful. He looked like an oil filter that should have been changed five thousand miles ago."

"Ah, did he?"

"So I encouraged his interest in Fanny. Good for my claim. Would I give him her phone number? I certainly did so."

"With her permission?"

"I didn't think she'd mind. Then he phoned and said, 'This is Gus. Meet me for a drink.' But her husband had picked up the phone. He works nights. And next time Gus came I said, 'Boy, Gus, her husband is really sore. Stay away. He's tough, too.' Then Gus said . . ."

Was there no Eighteenth Street station? There was Twenty-third, Thirty-fourth. At Forty-second you changed to the IRT.

"Gus said, 'What am I afraid of? Look, I carry a gun.' He pulled out a pistol. I was flabbergasted. But it wasn't much of a gun either. I said, 'A thing like that? You couldn't shoot through a telephone book with it.' And before I knew it, he had the telephone book on a music stand and was aiming at it. That crazy sonofabitch. He was only five feet from it, and he fired. I never heard such a bang. The whole building heard. But I was right. The

bullet went in only two inches. Couldn't pierce the Manhattan directory."

"Yes, a poor weapon."

"You know something about weapons?"

"Something."

"Well, you could just about wound a guy with that gun. Probably wouldn't kill unless you shot him in the head at short range. What a lot of lunatics around."

"Quite so."

"But I'm getting about two hundred bucks from insurance, which is more than the suitcase is worth, a piece of trash."

"Yes, clever business."

"Next day Gus came again and wanted me to write a recommendation for him."

"To whom?"

"To his superior in the adjuster's office."

At Ninety-sixth Street they ascended together into the full blast of Broadway. Feffer accompanied Sammler to his door.

"If you need assistance, Mr. Sammler . . ."

"I won't invite you up, Lionel. The fact is I'm feeling tired."

"It's spring. I mean it's the temperature change," said Feffer.

Mr. Sammler in the elevator, extracting the Yale key from his change purse. He pushed into the foyer. In honor of spring, Margotte had set forsythia in Mason jars. One was overturned at once. Sammler brought a roll of paper towels from the kitchen, ascertaining as he went through the house that his niece had gone out. Soaking up the spilt water, watching the absorbent paper darken, he then lifted the telephone onto the maple arm of the sofa, sat on the bandanna covers, and dialed Shula.

No reply. Perhaps she had turned off her telephone. Sammler had not seen her for several days. Now a thief, she very likely was in hiding. If Eisen was actually in New York, she had an added reason for locking herself away. Sammler could not imagine, however, that Eisen would actually want to molest her. He had other irons in the fire, he had other fish to fry (how fond old Sammler was of such expressions!).

Carrying the paper towels, the sopping and the dry, back to the kitchen, Sammler cut himself several slices of salami with the large chef's knife (Margotte seemed to have no small knives, she pared onions, even, with these great blades). He made a sandwich. Colman's English Mustard, still a favorite. Margotte's noncaloric cranberry juice. Unable to find clean glasses, he sipped from a paper cup. The feel of wax was disagreeable, but he was on his way out of the house and had no time for washing and drying. He went at once across Broadway to Shula's apartment. He rang, he rapped, he raised his voice and said, "Shula, it's Father. Open. Shula?" He then wrote a note and

slipped it under the door. "Call me at once." Then, descending in the black elevator (how rusty and black it was!), he looked into her mailbox, which she never locked. It was full, and he sorted through the mail. Throwaway stuff. Personal letters, none. So she was evidently away, hadn't taken out her letters. Maybe she had taken the train to New Rochelle. She had a key to the Gruner house. Sammler had refused the offer of a key to her apartment. He didn't want to walk in when she was with a lover. Such a lover as she would have was surely to be dreaded. Undoubtedly she had one now and then. If only for her complexion, when it was bad. He once had heard this said.

When he returned, he asked Margotte, "You haven't seen Shula, have you?"

"No, Uncle Sammler, I haven't. You had a call, though, from your son-in-law."

"Eisen has called?"

"I told him you were at the hospital."

"What did he seem to want?"

"Why, to see the family. Though they don't come to see him when they're in Israel, not Elya and not you. He really sounded hurt."

Margotte's sympathies, so readily available, so full, made others feel stony-hearted.

"And Elya, how is he?" she said.

"Not well, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I must go and visit poor Elya."

"Perhaps you should, but very briefly."

"Oh, I wouldn't tire him. As for Shula, she's afraid to see Eisen. She thinks she did him a terrible injury when you forced her to leave."

"I never did. She seemed glad to go. He seemed glad, too. Did Eisen inquire for her?"

"Not a word. Didn't even mention her name. He talked about his work. His art. He's hunting for a studio."

"Yes . . . well, it won't be easy to find in this city of artists. Lofts. But, then, of course he fought at Stalingrad, he could winter in a loft."

"He wanted to go to the hospital and do a drawing of Elya."

"A thing we should prevent, by any means."

"Uncle Sammler, would you join me for a cutlet? I'm cooking schnitzel."

"Thank you, I've eaten."

He went to his room.

With a reading glass held trembling in the long left hand, Sammler threw quivering transparencies on the writing paper. From the desk lamp, glassy nuclei of brightness followed the words he wrote.

Dear Professor Doctor:

Your manuscript is safe. The woman who borrowed it is my daughter. She meant no harm. It was only her thick-handed, clumsy way of helping me and advancing an imaginary project that obsesses her. Please ask the authorities to call off their search. My

daughter evidently believed you were lending her the document, though it must seem treacherous of her not to give her name and address. However, I would be glad to bring *The Future of the Moon* to you. I have been reading it with fascination, though on the scientific side my qualifications are nil. More than thirty years ago, I enjoyed the friendship of H. G. Wells whose moon-fantasy you undoubtedly know—Selenites, subterranean moon-ocean, and all of that. As correspondent for Eastern European periodicals I lived in England for many years. I apologize for my daughter. I can well imagine the anguish of spirit she must have caused you. In women, the keenest sense of wrongdoing seems to be in a different place. Your notebook lies before me at this moment. It is marbled green cardboard and the ink is brown and iridescent, almost bronze. I can be phoned at any hour of the night at the Endicott number under the date above.

Your obedient servant,
Artur Sammler.

"Margotte," he said, leaving his desk.

She sat alone, eating in the dining room, under an imitation Tiffany shade of gay red and green paper. The tablecloth was an Indonesian print. All was really very dark in the awkward room. She herself looked dark there, cutting the yellow-crusted veal on her dish. He should, more often, sit down to meals with her. A childless widow. He was sorry for her, the small face with its heavy black bangs. He took a chair. "Look here, Margotte, we have a problem with Shula."

"Let me set a place for you."

"No, thank you, I have no appetite. Please sit down. I'm afraid Shula stole something. Not a theft really. That would be nonsense. She took something. A manuscript by a Hindu scientist at Columbia. It was, of course, done for me. That idiocy about H. G. Wells. You see, Margotte, this Indian book is about colonizing the moon and the planets. Shula took away the only copy."

"The moon. How fascinating, Uncle."

"Yes, industries on the moon. Manufacturing centers on the moon. How to build cities."

"I can see why Shula wanted it for you."

"But it must be returned. Why, it's stolen goods, Margotte, and detectives have been called in. And I can't find Shula. She knows she has done wrong."

"Oh, Uncle Sammler, would you call it a crime? Not by Shula. Poor creature."

"Yes, poor creature. To whom would this not apply, if you start to say poor creature?"

"I would never have said it about Ussher. I wouldn't say it about you, either."

"Really? Well, all right. I accept the correction. However, that Indian must be notified. Here, I have a letter for him."

"Why not a telegram?"

"Useless. Telegrams are no longer delivered."

"That's just what Ussher used to say. He said

the messengers just threw them down the sewer."

"Mailing won't do. It might take three days for the letter to arrive. All these local communications are in decay," said Sammler. "Even Cracow in the days of Franz Joseph was more efficient than the U.S. postal system. And Shula may be picked up by the police, that's what I'm afraid of. Could we send the doorman in a cab?"

"What's the matter with the telephone?"

"Yes, certainly, if I could be sure we would talk to Dr. Lal himself. A direct explanation. I hadn't thought of that."

"Couldn't you just take the manuscript to him?"

"Now that I know there is no copy, I hesitate, Margotte, to go into the street with it, and especially at night, when people are being mugged. Suppose it were snatched out of my hands?"

"And the police?"

"They have given little satisfaction. I hesitate to call them. I did think perhaps the security officers at Columbia, or even the Pinkerton people, but I would rather hand it over personally to Dr. Lal to make sure no charges will be brought against Shula. The Indian temperament is so excitable, you know. If he doesn't meet any of us, become personally acquainted, he will let the police advise him. Then we would need a lawyer. Don't suggest Wallace. In the past, Elya always took care of such matters through Mr. Widick."

"Well, perhaps handing him a letter is best. Bet-



ter than the telephone. Maybe I should take the letter to him, Uncle."

"Ah, yes, a woman. Coming from a woman, it might have a softening effect."

"Better than a doorman. It's still light. I can get a cab."

"I have a little money in my room. About ten dollars."

Then he heard Margotte on the telephone, making inquiries. He suspected that things were being done the least efficient way. But Margotte was prompt to help when difficulties were real. She didn't start discussions about Shula—the effects of the War or Antonina's death or puberty in a Polish convent or what terror could do to the psyche of a young girl. Elya was right. Margotte was a good soul. Not persisting mechanically in her ways when the signal was given. As others did, jumping into their routines.

In the bathroom there was a great rush of water. She was taking a shower, the usual sign that she was preparing to go out. If she had three occasions to leave the house, she took three showers in a day. He next heard her walking very rapidly in her bedroom, shoeless, but thumping quickly, opening closets and drawers. In about twenty minutes, dressed in her black basic and wearing a black straw hat, she was at his door and asking for the letter.

"You know where he is?" said Sammler. "Did you talk to him?"

"Not personally, he was out. But the switchboard knew all about it."

Gloves, though the evening was warm. Perfume, quite a lot. Bare arms. Bruch might have liked those arms. They had a proper little heaviness of their own. She was at times a pretty woman. And Sammler saw that she was glad to have this errand. It saved her from an empty night at home. Ussher had been fond of late-late shows. Margotte rarely turned on the television set. It was often out of repair. Since Ussher's death, it had begun to look old-fashioned in its wood cabinet. Maybe it wasn't real wood, but a woodlike wig of some dark and grained material.

"If I meet Dr. Lal—and should I wait for him at Butler Hall? Shall I bring him back with me?"

"I was planning to go again to the hospital," said Sammler. "You know, it's very bad for Elya."

"Oh, poor Elya. I know it's one thing on top of another. But don't make yourself too tired. You just got in."

"I'll lie down for fifteen minutes. Yes, if Dr. Lal wants to come, by all means, yes. Let him come."

Before she went, Margotte wanted to kiss the old man. He did not move away, although he felt that people were seldom in a fit state for kissing and that mostly it was done in some state of defilement as a reminder of beatitude. But this kiss of Margotte's, reaching upward, getting on her toes

and swelling her plump strong legs, was an appropriate one. She seemed grateful that he chose to live with her rather than with Shula, and that he turned to her also in trouble. Through him, moreover, she was going to meet a distinguished gentleman, a Hindu scientist. She was perfumed, she was wearing eye makeup.

He said, "I should be home by about ten."

"Then, if he is there, dear Uncle, I'll bring him back and he can wait here with me. He'll be so eager to see his manuscript."

He saw her soon in the street. Touching the frieze curtain, he watched her going toward West End Avenue, up the pale width of the sidewalk, alert for a taxi. She was small, she was strong, and had a sort of compact female pride. Somewhat shaking, as women do when they hurry. Gotten up strangely. And altogether odd. The drafts must blow between their legs. Such observations originated mainly in kindly detachment, in farewell-detachment, in earth-departure objectivity.

In daylight still, the white Spry sign across the Hudson began to flash against pale green and also down into the dark water; while in the sunset-copper the asphalt belly of the street was softly disfigured, softly rank, with its manhole covers. And the cars always packed tightly into the street. Machines for going away.

Removing shoes and socks, Mr. Sammler raised a long foot to the sink. Wasn't he too old for such movements? Evidently not. He bathed the feet and did not dry them thoroughly, for it was a warm evening. The evaporation relieved the smarting. As evolutionary time went, we had not long been bipeds, and the flesh of the feet suffered for it, especially in spring when organisms experienced a peculiar expansion. Tired and breathing quietly, Sammler lay down. He left his feet uncovered. He brought the coolness of the sheet over his flat, slender chest. He turned away his lamp to shine on the drawn curtain.

The luxury of nonintimidation by doom—that might describe his state. Since the earth altogether was now a platform, a point of embarkation, you could think with a very minimum of terror about going. Not to waive another man's terror for him (he was thinking of Elya with the calibrated metal torment in his throat). But often he felt himself very nearly out of it. And everything soon must change. Men would set their watches by other suns than this. Or time would vanish. We would need no personal names of the old sort in the sidereal future, nothing being fixed. Days and nights would belong to the museums. The earth a memorial park, a merry-go-round cemetery. The seas powdering our bones like quartz, making sand, grinding our peace for us by the aeon.

Ah. Before he had let go the curtain, when Margotte disappeared, before sitting to remove the shoes and turning to wash his feet, he had seen, come to

think of it, the moon not too remote from the Spry sign, and round as a traffic signal. But we know now from photographs the astronauts took the beauty of the earth, its white and its blue, its fleeces, the great glitter afloat. And wasn't everything being done to make it intolerable to abide here, an unconscious collaboration of all souls spreading madness and poison? To flush us out? Not so much Faustian aspiration, thought Mr. Sammler, as a scorched earth strategy.

But then, of course, he recognized by these thoughts that he was preparing to meet Govinda Lal. They would necessarily discuss such matters. Dr. Lal, whose field seemed to be biophysics, and who might, like most experts, turn out to be a non-individual, gave signs, in his writing anyway, of wider thoughtfulness. For after each technical section he offered remarks on the human aspects of future developments. He seemed aware, for instance, that the discovery of America had raised hopes in the sinful Old World of a New Eden. Well, it was very odd what Mr. Sammler found himself doing as he lay in his room, in an old building. Settling, the building had cracked its plaster, and along these slanted cracks he had mentally inscribed certain propositions. According to one of these he, personally, stood apart from all developments. From a sense of deference, from age, from good manners, he sometimes affirmed himself to be *out* of it, *hors d'usage*, not a man of the times. No force of nature, nothing paradoxical or demonic, he had no drive for smashing through the masks of appearances. No, his personal idea was one of the human being conditioned by other human beings, and knowing that present arrangements were not, *sub specie aeternitatis*, the truth, but that one should be satisfied with such truth as one could get by approximation. Trying to live with a civil heart. With disinterested charity.

New worlds? Fresh beginnings? Not such a simple matter. What did Captain Nemo do in *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*? He sat in the submarine, the *Nautilus*, and on the ocean floor he played Bach and Handel on the organ. Good stuff, but old. And what of Wells's Time Traveler, when he found himself thousands of years in the future? He fell in square love with a beautiful Eloi maiden. To take with one, whether down into the depths or out into space and time, something dear, and to preserve it—that seemed to be the impulse. Jules Verne was quite right to have Handel on the ocean floor, not Wagner, though in his day Wagner was avant-garde among the Symbolists, fusing word and sound. To Mr. Sammler's ears, Wagner was background music for a pogrom. And what should one have on the moon, electronic compositions? Mr. Sammler would advise against that. Art groveling before Science.

But Sammler, having let his mind go toward Govinda Lal, preparing to cope with him, wanting

to have something to offer, found that he was preoccupied by different matters, far from playful. Feffer, wishing to divert him, had told him the tale of the insurance adjuster who pulled out the pistol. It was no diversion. Feffer had said that with that rotten gun you would have to shoot a man at close range, and in the head. Killing point blank. This is what Sammler's thoughts and recollections were drawn toward. He wanted to resist, but as he knew by now, that was impossible. Once these recollections began they were not subject to control. They had to be endured. They had become a power within him which did not care whether he could bear them or not. Visions and nightmares for others, but for him daylight events, in full consciousness. Certainly Sammler had not experienced things denied to all others. Some others had gone through the like. Before and after. Especially non-Europeans had a quieter way of taking such things. Surely some Shoshone, Comanche must have fallen into the Grand Canyon, survived, picked himself up, possibly said nothing to his tribe. Why speak of it? Things that happen, happen. So, for his part, it had happened that Sammler, with his wife and others, on a perfectly clear day, had had to strip naked. Waiting, then, to be shot in the mass grave. (Over a similar new grave Eichmann had testified that he had walked, and the fresh blood welling up at his shoes had sickened him. For a day or two, he had to lie in bed.) Sammler had already that day been struck in the eye by a gun butt and blinded. In contraction from life, when naked, he already felt himself dead. But somehow he had failed, unlike the others, to be connected. Comparing the event, as mentally he sometimes did, to a telephone circuit: death had not picked up the receiver to answer his ring. Sometimes, when he walked on Broadway today, and heard a phone ringing in a shop when doors were open, he tried to find, to intuit, the syllable one would hear from death. And the air of the street visibly vaped with lead, and also with a brass tinge. But if there were live New York bodies passing as there had once been dead ones piled on top of him, if there was this crowd strolling, lounging, dragging, capering (a Broadway rabble to which he belonged)—if there was this, there was also enough to feed every mouth: baked goods, raw meat, smoked meat, bleeding fish, smoked fish, barbecued pork and chicken, apples like ammunition, antihunger orange grenades. In the gutters, along curbs was much food, eaten, as he saw at 3 A.M., by night-emerging rats. Buns, chicken bones, which, once, he would have thanked God to have. When he was a partisan in Zamosht Forest, freezing, the dead eye like a ball of ice in his head. Envyng fallen sticks from his nearness to their state. In a moldered frozen horse blanket and rag-wrapped feet. Mr. Sammler carried a weapon. He and other starved men chewing at roots and grasses to stay

alive. They went out at night to explode bridges, unseat rails, kill German stragglers.

Sammler himself, shooting men. All he had to hear was that Feffer's mad insurance adjuster, clutched by impulse or desire for display, had fired at the telephone book, and directly he went back to Zamosht Forest. There at very close range he shot a man he had disarmed. He made him fling away his carbine. To the side. A good five feet into snow. It landed flat and sank in. Sammler ordered the man to take off his coat. Then the tunic. The sweater, the boots. After this, he said to Sammler in a low voice, "*Nicht schiessen.*" He asked for his life. Red-headed, a big chin bronze-stubbled, he spoke with scarce breath. He was white. Violet under the eyes. Sammler saw the soil already sprinkled on his face. He saw grave on his skin. The grime of the lip, the large creases of skin descending from his nose transmitted this. "Don't kill me. Take the things." Sammler did not answer him, but stood out of reach. "I have children." Sammler pulled the trigger. The body then lay in the snow. A second shot went through the head and shattered it. Bone burst. Matter flew out.

Sammler picked up as much as he could—gun, shells, food, boots, gloves. Two shots in winter air; the sound would carry for miles. He hurried, looking back once. The red hair and thick nose he could see from the bushes. Regrettably there was no chance to get the shirt. The stinking woolen socks yes. He had wanted those badly. He was too weak to carry his loot far. He sat down under winter-creaking trees and ate the German's bread. With it, he took snow into his mouth to help the swallowing, which was difficult. He had no saliva. The thing no doubt would have happened differently to another man, a man who had been eating, drinking, smoking, and whose blood was brimming with fat, nicotine, alcohol, sexual secretions. None of these in Sammler's blood. He was then not entirely human. Rag and paper, a twine-wound bundle, and those objects might have been blown where they liked, if the string had snapped. One would not have minded much. At that minimum, we were. Not much there for human appeal, for the pleading of a distorted face and sinews spreading into the throat.

When Mr. Sammler hid later in the mausoleum, it was not from the Germans but from the Poles. In Zamosht Forest the Polish partisans turned on the Jewish fighters. The War was ending, the Russians advancing, and the decision seems to have been taken to reconstruct a Jewless Poland. There was therefore a massacre. The Poles at dawn came shooting. As soon as it was light enough for murder. There was fog, smoke. The sun tried to rise. Men began to drop, and Sammler ran. There were two other survivors. One played dead. The other, like Sammler, found a break and rushed through. Hiding in the swamp, Sammler lay under a tree

trunk in the mud, under scum. At night he left the forest. He took a chance with Cieslakiewicz next day. (Was it only a day? Perhaps it was longer.) He spent those summer weeks in the cemetery. Then he appeared in Zamosht, in the village itself, a wild man. Had lasted it all out. Scarcely worth so much effort, perhaps. There are times when to quit is more reasonable and decent, and hanging on is a disgrace. Not to go beyond a certain point in hanging on. Not to stretch the human material too far. The nobler choice. So Aristotle thought.

Mr. Sammler himself was able to add, to basic wisdom, that to kill the man he ambushed in the snow had given him pleasure. Was it only pleasure? It was more. It was joy. You would call it a dark action? On the contrary, it was also a bright one. When he fired his gun, Sammler, himself nearly a corpse, burst into life. Freezing in Zamosht Forest, he had often dreamed of being near a fire. Well, this was more sumptuous than fire. His heart felt lined with brilliant, rapturous satin. To kill the man and to kill him without pity, for he was dispensed from pity. There was a flash, a blot of fiery white. When he shot again, it was less to make sure of the man than to try again for that bliss. He would have thanked God for this opportunity. If he had had any God. At that time, he did not. For many years, in his own mind, there was no judge but himself.

In the privacy of his bed he turned very briefly to that rage (for reference, he did it). Luxury. And when he himself was nearly beaten to death. Had to lift dead bodies from himself. Desperate! Crawling out. Oh, heart-bursting! Oh, vile! Then he himself knew how it felt to take a life. Found it could be an ecstasy.

He got up. It was pleasant here—the lamplight, his own room. He had gathered a very pleasant sort of intimacy about himself. But he wasn't resting, and he might as well go to the hospital. His nephew Gruner needed him. That thing was fizzing in his brain. So, rising, Sammler smoothed back the bedding, the coverlet. He never left a bed unmade. He drew on clean socks. Up to the knee.

Too bad! Too bad, that is, to be pounded back and forth so abnormally on the courts, like a ball between powerful players. Or subject to wild instances. Thank you, no, I did not want to fall into the Grand Canyon. Nice not to have died? Nicer not to have fallen in. Too many inside things were ruptured. To some people, true enough, experience seemed wealth. Misery worth a lot. Horror a fortune. Yes.

After the socks his ten-year-old shoes. He kept having them resoled. Good enough for getting around Manhattan. He took good care of his things, he stuffed his good suit with tissue paper, put in shoe trees at night even though this leather had more wrinkles than an old man's scrotum. These same shoes Mr. Sammler had worn also in

Israel, in the summer of 1967. Not Israel only but also Jordan, the Sinai Desert, and into Syrian territory during the Six-Day War. His second visit. If it was a visit. At the beginning of the Aqaba crisis he had written to an old journalist friend in London and said he had a great desire to go, as a journalist, and cover the events. There was an association of Eastern European publications. All Sammler really wanted was credentials, a card to enable him to wire cables, a press pass to satisfy the Israelis. The money was supplied by Gruner. And so Sammler had been with the armies on the three fronts. It was curious, that. At the age of seventy-two on battlefields, wearing these shoes and a seersucker jacket and tan beret. Tankmen spotted him as an American because of the jacket, shouting, "Yank!" Coming up to them, he spoke to some in Polish, to others in French, English. No Zionist, Mr. Sammler, and for many years little interested in Jewish affairs. Yet, from the start of the crisis, he could not sit in New York reading the world press. If only because for the second time in twenty-five years the same people were threatened by extermination; the so-called powers letting things drift toward disaster; men armed for a massacre.

Perhaps it was the madness of things had the deepest effect on Sammler. The persistence, the maniacal push of certain ideas, themselves originally stupid, stupid ideas that had lasted for centuries, this is what drew the most curious reactions from him. The vulgar sultanism of a Louis Quatorze reproduced in General De Gaulle. Neo-Charlemagne, someone said. Or the imperial ambition of the Czars in the Mediterranean. They wanted to be the dominant naval power in the Mediterranean, a craving of two centuries, and this, under the "revolutionary" auspices of the Kremlin, was still worked at, in the same way—worked at! Did it make no difference that soon floating dominion by armed ships would be as obsolete as Ashurbanipal, as queer as the dog-headed gods of Egypt? Why, no, it made no difference. No more than the disappearance of Jews from Poland made a difference to the anti-Semitism of the Poles. This was the meaning of historical stupidity. And the Russians also, with their national tenacity. Give them a system, let them grasp some idea, and they would plunge to the depths with it, they would apply it to the end, pave the whole universe with hard idiot material. In any case, it had seemed to Sammler that he must reach the scene. He would be there, to send reports, to do something, perhaps to die in the massacre. Through such a thing, he could not sit in New York. That! Quivering, riotous, lurid New York—Feffer's gas city! And Sammler himself went to an extreme, became perhaps too desperate, carried away, beginning to think of sleeping pills, poison. He would not read a second day's reports on Shukairy's Arabs in Tel Aviv, killing thousands. He told Gruner that. Gruner

said, "If you feel so strongly about it, I think you should go."

Sammler, from keeping his own counsel for so long, from seven decades of internal consultation, had his own views on most matters. And even the greatest independence was insufficient, still not enough. And there were mental dry courses in his head, of no interest to anyone else, perhaps—wadis, he believed such things were called, small ravines made by the steady erosion of preoccupations. The taking of life was one of these. Just that. His life had nearly been taken. He had seen life taken. He had taken it himself. He knew it was one of the luxuries. No wonder princes had so long reserved the right to murder with impunity. At the very bottom of society there was also a kind of impunity, because no one cared what happened. Under that dark brutal mass blood crimes were often disregarded. And at the very top, the ancient immunities of kings and nobles. Sammler thought that this was what revolutions were really about. In a revolution you took away the privileges of an aristocracy and redistributed them. Killing was one such ancient privilege. This was why revolutions plunged into blood. Guillotines? Terror? Only a beginning—nothing. There came Napoleon, a gangster who washed Europe well in blood. There came Stalin, for whom the really great prize of power was unobstructed enjoyment of murder. That mighty enjoyment of consuming the breath of men's nostrils, swallowing their faces like a Saturn. This was what the conquest of power really seemed to mean. And for the middle part of society there was envy and worship of this power to kill. How those middle-class Sorels and Maurras adored it—the hand that gripped the knife with authority. How they loved the man strong enough to take blood guilt on himself. For them an elite must prove itself in this ability to murder. For such people a saint must be understood as one who was equal in spirit to the fiery twisting of crime in the inmost fibers of his heart. The superman testing himself with an ax, crushing the skulls of old women. The Knight of Faith, capable of cutting the throat of his Isaac upon God's altar. And now the idea that one could recover, or establish one's identity, by killing, becoming equal thus to any, equal to the greatest. A man among men knows how to murder. A patrician. The middle class had formed no independent standards of honor. Thus it had no resistance to the glamour of killers. The middle class having failed to create a spiritual life of its own, investing everything in material expansion, faced disaster. Also the world becoming disenchanting, the spirits and demons expelled from the air were now taken inside. Reason had swept and garnished the house, but the last state might be worse than the first. Well, now, what would one carry out to the moon?

He brushed the felt hat with an elbow, backed

into the vestibule, locked and tested the door, buzzed for the elevator, and descended.

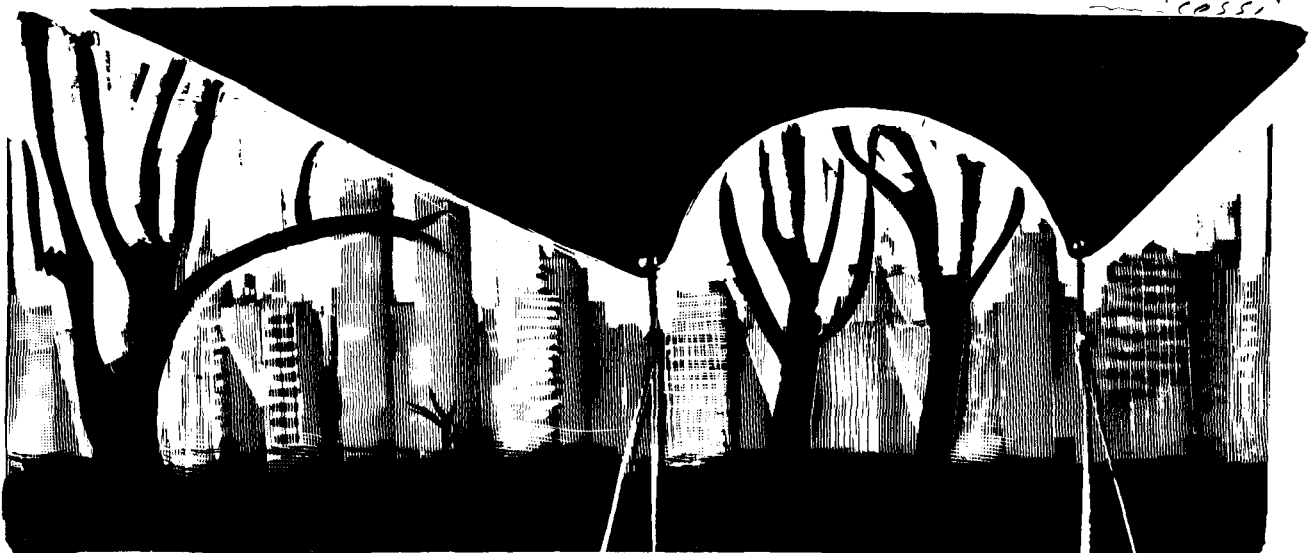
Mr. Sammler, back walking the streets, which now were dark blue, a bluish glow from the streetlamps. Stooped, walking quickly. He had only two hours, and if he couldn't catch the 86th Street Crosstown to Second Avenue, he intended to take a cab. West End was very gloomy. He preferred even fuming, heaving, fool-heaped, quivering, stinking Broadway. With the tufts above his glasses silken, graying, tangled, rising as he faced the phenomenon. No use being the sensitive observer, out on the street, inspecting the phenomenon. The phenomenon had in some way achieved a sense of its own interest and observability. It was aware of being a scene of perversity, it knew its own despair. Here you might see the soul of America at grips with historical problems, struggling with certain impossibilities, experiencing violently states inherently static. Being realized but trying itself to realize, to act. Attempting to make interest. This attempt to make interest was, for Mr. Sammler, one reason for the pursuit of madness. Madness makes interest. Madness is the attempted liberty of people who feel themselves overwhelmed by giant forces of organized control. Madness is a base form of the religious life.

But wait—Sammler cautioning himself. Even this madness is also to a considerable extent a matter of performance, of enactment. Underneath there persists, powerfully too, a thick sense of what is normal for human life. Duties are observed. Attachments are preserved. There is work. People show up for jobs. It is extraordinary. They come on the bus to the factory. They open the shop, they sweep, they wrap, they wash, they tend, they count. Each day, each night. And however rebellious at heart, however despairing or worn bare, come to their tasks. Up and down in the elevator, sitting down to the desk, behind the wheel, tending machinery. For such a volatile and restless animal,

such a high-strung, curious animal, an ape subject to so many diseases, to anguish, boredom, such discipline, such drill, such strength for regularity, such assumption of responsibility, such regard for order (even in disorder) is a great mystery, too. Oh, it is a mystery. One cannot mistake this for thorough madness, therefore. One thing, though, the disciplined hate the undisciplined to the point of murder. Thus the working class, disciplined, is a great reservoir of hatred. Thus the clerk behind his wicket finds it hard to forgive those who come and go in their apparent freedom. And the bureaucrat, glad when disorderly men are killed. All of them, killed.

What one sees on the street while bound for the bus. All human types reproduced, the barbarian, redskin or Fiji, the dandy, the buffalo hunter, the desperado, the queer, the sexual fantasm, the squaw; bluestocking, princess, poet, painter, prospector, troubadour, guerrilla. Not imitated are the businessman, the soldier, the priest, and the square. The standard is aesthetic. As Mr. Sammler saw the thing, human beings when they have room, when they have liberty and are supplied also with ideas, mythologize themselves. They legendize. They expand by imagination and try to rise above the limitations of the ordinary forms of common life. In some sense, separating themselves from the rest of their species, from the life of their species, hoping perhaps to get away (in some peculiar sense) from the death of their species. To perform higher actions, to serve the imagination with special distinction, it seems essential to be histrionic. This, too, is a brand of madness. Madness has always been a favorite choice of the civilized man who prepares himself for a noble achievement. It is often the simplest state of availability to ideals. Most of us are satisfied with that: signifying by a kind of madness availability for higher purposes. Higher purposes do not necessarily appear.

If we are about to conclude our earth business



—or at least the first great phase of it—we had better sum these things up. But briefly. As briefly as possible.

Short views, for God's sake!

Then: a crazy species? Yes, perhaps. Though madness is also a masquerade, the project of a deeper reason, a result of the despair we feel before infinities and eternities. Madness is a diagnosis or verdict of some of our greatest doctors and geniuses, and of their man-disappointed minds. Oh, man stunned by the rebound of man's powers. In the matter of histrionics, see, for instance, what that furious world-boiler Marx had done, insisting that revolutions were made in historical costume, the Cromwellians as Old Testament prophets, the French in 1789 dressed in Roman outfits. But the proletariat, he affirmed, would make the first non-imitative revolution. From sheer ignorance, knowing no models, it would simply do the thing pure.

Thus history would get away from mere poetry. Then life of humankind would clear itself of copying. It would be free from Art. Oh, no. No, no,

not so, thought Sammler. Instead, Art increased, and a sort of chaos. More possibility, more actors and mummies, more apes and copycats, more invention and fiction, more fantasy, more despair. Life looting Art of its wealth, destroying Art as well by its desire to become the thing itself. Pressing itself into pictures. Reality forcing itself into these shapes. Better, thought Sammler, to accept the inevitability of imitation and then to imitate good things. The ancients were more right. Greatness without models? Inconceivable. One could not be the thing itself—Reality. One must be satisfied with the symbols. Make peace therefore with intermediacy and representation. And no imitation for its own sake. Make it the object of imitation to reach and release the high qualities. But choose higher representations. Otherwise the individual must be the failure he now sees and knows himself to be.

Before lighting out, before this hop to the moon and outward bound, we had better look into some of this. As for the Crosstown and at this time of night, it was a perfectly safe bus to take.

IV

Around the clock Dr. Gruner, who could afford private nurses, had them of course. Sammler entered and found the uniformed woman sitting by the bed. Gruner was asleep. Sammler in a careful whisper introduced himself. "His uncle—oh, yes, he said you'd probably come," said the nurse. She didn't make it sound like a pleasant prediction. Under her starched cap the dyed dry hair was puffed out. The face itself, middle-aged, was fleshy, healthy, bossy. The eyes had an expression of sovereignty. Patients would be brought along the way that they must go: recovery or death.

"Is he asleep for the night, or is he taking a nap?" said Sammler.

"He may be waking up soon, but that's a guess. Miss Gruner is in the visitors' room."

"I'll stand a bit," said Sammler, not invited to sit.

There were many flowers, baskets of fruit, candy boxes, best sellers. The television set was running, soundlessly. The nurse listened with earpieces, and reflected light flickered on the wall behind the bed. Elya's hands were turned downward at his sides, as though he had arranged himself symmetrically before dropping off. The hairy hands were clean, strong, venous, the fingers with polished nails. The nails had the same shine as the shot glass from which Gruner had sipped his mineral oil. The Nujol bottle was there, too, and beside it the *Wall Street Journal*. Bald dignity. The cord of the elec-

tric razor was plugged in above. He always was clean-shaven. The priests of Apis the Bull, as described by Herodotus, with shaven heads and bodies. And with the sleeping mouth bulged out on one side, as if Elya, who liked to say that he had grown up in Greenpoint among hoodlums, was having a dream about racketeers and gunfire. Under his chin the bandage was like a military collar. Sammler thought of him as a man who badly, even desperately, needed confirmation, support, and touch. Gruner was a toucher. His habit, even in passing through a room, was to touch, to take people's arms, even perhaps getting medical information about their muscles, glands, weight, or the growth of their hair. He also implanted his opinions, his hopes in your breast, and then if he said "Well, isn't it so?", it was indeed so. Like a modern General of the Armies, an Eisenhower, he made his logistical preparations. This was very shrewd and very childish. It was very easy to pardon. Especially at such a time.

Sammler backed through the door softly and went to the visitors' room. There Angela sat smoking but not in her usual sensual and elegant style. She had been crying, and her face was white and hot. Her figure was heavy, breasts a burden, knees bulging pale against the taut silk of the stockings. Was it only because of her father that she was weeping? Sammler sensed a combined cause for those

tears. He sat opposite her and laid the Augustus John hat, mole-gray, on his lap.

"Sleeping still?"

"Yes," said Sammler.

Angela's large lips, as though to cool herself, were open; she breathed through her mouth. Hot, the slope face with close-textured skin seemed very tight. The heat rose also into the whites of the eyes. "Does he understand the situation?"

"I wonder. But he is a doctor, and I think he does."

Angela cried again, and Sammler was even more convinced of a second cause for her tears. "And there's nothing else wrong with him," said Angela. "He's perfectly well except for that thing—that one tiny damned thing. And do you really think he knows?"

"Yes, probably."

"But acting so normal. Talking about the family. He was so glad to see you and hoped you'd come back tonight. And he's very bothered about Wallace."

"One can see why."

"Wallace has been such a headache. At six, seven, he was such a beautiful gifted little boy. He put together mathematical things. We thought we had another Einstein. Daddy sent him to MIT. But next thing we knew he was a bartender in Cambridge, and beat some drunk almost to death."

"I've heard."

"And now he's bothering Daddy at such a time to get him a plane. A flying saucer would be more like it. Of course, I also am to blame for Wallace." Sammler knew that the conversation would take a tiresome psychiatric-pediatric turn and he would have to endure a certain amount of explanation.

"Of course, I was resentful when they brought the kid home from the hospital. I asked mother to put his crib in the garage. I'm sure he felt rejected by me later. I didn't like him. He was too gloomy. He just wasn't like a child. He had terrible fits of rage."

"Well, everybody has a history," said Sammler.

"I think I decided in adolescence that my brother was going to be a queer. I thought it was my fault, that I was so slutty that he became frightened of girls."

"Is that so? Well, I remember your confirmation," said Sammler. "You were a studious girl, too. I was impressed that you were studying He-brew."

"Just a front, Uncle. I was a dirty little bitch, really."

"I wonder. In retrospect, people exaggerate so."

"Neither Father nor I really liked Wallace. We pushed him off on Mother, and that was like condemning him for life. Then it was one thing after another, his obese stage, his alcoholic stage. Well, now have you heard? He thinks there's money hidden in the house."

"Do you think so, too?"

"I'm not sure. There have been hints from Daddy about it. Mother too before she died. She seemed to believe that now and then Daddy would—he'd step out of line, as she used to say."

"To help out famous families from Dutchess County, as Wallace tells me?"

"Is that what he says? No, Uncle, what I heard was that it was for the Mafia characters Daddy grew up with. Top people in the Syndicate. He knew Lucky Luciano very well. You probably never heard of Luciano."

"Just vaguely."

"He'd come out to New Rochelle now and then. And if Daddy did those things and they paid him in cash, it must have been embarrassing. He probably didn't know what to do with that money. But that's not what's weighing on my mind."

"No. Speaking of New Rochelle, you haven't seen Shula, have you, Angela?"

"I haven't. What is she up to?"

"She brought me a very interesting book. However, it wasn't hers to bring."

"I assume she's hiding from Eisen. She thinks he's come to claim her."

"If only he were capable of it, and if only there were something to claim. If he didn't hit her. It would answer many needs. It would be a mercy. No, I don't think he wants her at all. He doesn't like it that she's a part-time Christian. That's his pretext. Although he did say he got along well with Pope Pius at Castel Gandolfo, but the Pope was not a convert. And now he's an artist, like many another madman. I don't think Eisen has much genius, but he's crazy enough to want great glory."

But Angela didn't want to hear this now. Apparently she thought Sammler was trying to turn the subject in a theoretical direction—a discussion of creative psychotics.

"Well, he's been here."

"You saw Eisen? He's been annoying Elya? Did he go in?"

"He wanted to make drawings—sketches, you know."

"I don't like it. I wish he wouldn't come bothering Elya. What the devil does he want? Keep him away."

"Well, maybe I shouldn't have let him in. I thought he might entertain Daddy."

Sammler was about to answer, but several beats of comprehension passed through his head and made him see matters differently. Of course. Ah, yes. Angela was having her own troubles with Dr. Gruner. Angela was not one of your great weepers, not like Margotte, with her high annual tear-fall. If Angela was looking so wan that even the frosted hair, usually so glossy and powerful, seemed to bristle dryly and Sammler thought he saw the dark follicular spots on her scalp, it was because she

had been wrangling with her father. Under stress, Sammler believed, the whole faltered, and parts (follicles, for instance) became conspicuous. Such at least was his observation. Elya must be furious with her, and she was trying to divert his attention. Visitors. Obviously this was why she had taken Eisen straight in. But Eisen was not diverting. He was one of those smiling gloomy maniacs. Very gloomy, really. The smart silk suit he had worn in Haifa when he and his father-in-law had gone for a stroll might have made a satisfactory coffin lining. Eisen certainly deserved to be cared for, and that was one of the uses of Israel, to gather in these cripples. But now Eisen had broken out, had heard the jolly frantic music of America and wanted to get into the act. He made a beeline for the rich cousin. The rich cousin was in the hospital with some kind of fiddle-peg in his neck. Odd what an instinct they all had for molesting a dying man.

"Did Elya find Eisen amusing? I doubt it."

Angela wore a playful cap, matching the black and white shoes. Now that her head was lowered he saw the large button of kid leather set in the radial creases.

"Awhile he did, I think," she said. "He made sketches of Daddy. But then he tried to sell them to him. Daddy would hardly glance at them."

"Not surprising. I wonder where Eisen got the money to come here."

"I don't know, maybe he saved up. He's put out with you, Uncle."

"I'm sure of that."

"For not coming to see him in Israel."

"Of course. That doesn't concern me much. I wasn't there to pay my respects to a son-in-law or to make social visits."

"He started to complain to Daddy about you."

"Horrible!" said Sammler. "Everybody hitting away with these stupidities. At this time, Elya should be protected."

"But Daddy takes an interest in all kinds of things. If everything suddenly stopped, it would be too abnormal. Of course it's bad to aggravate him. For instance, he's angry with me."

"I suppose that the only way for Elya to do this thing is the way he himself will find. Still there seems to be too much noise about him."

"I'd say that he should stop talking to Widick. You know his fat lawyer, Widick?"

"Of course, I've met the man."

"Four or five times on the telephone. And Daddy asks me to leave the room. They're still buying and selling, trading on the stock market. Also I assume they discuss his will, or he wouldn't tell me to step outside."

"Evidently, Angela, in spite of the case you make against Mr. Widick, you've crossed your father yourself in some way. You seem to want me to ask about it. Do you?"

"I think I should tell you."

"It doesn't sound good."

"It isn't. It was when Wharton Horricker and I went to Mexico."

"I believe Elya likes Horricker. He wouldn't have objected to that."

"No, he hoped that Wharton and I would get married."

"Won't you?"

Angela holding a lighted cigarette in forked fingers before her face, shook her head, her eyes filling quickly. Ah, trouble with Horricker. Sammler had guessed something of the sort. It was a little hard for him to understand why there should always be so much difficulty. Perhaps he put it to himself that she had so much, what more did she want? She had the income from half a million to live on; tax-exempt municipals, as Elya would repeat. She had this flesh, these sex attractions and talents—*volupté*, she had. She brought back the French sex vocabulary Sammler had learned at the University of Cracow reading Emile Zola. That book about the fruit market. *Le Ventre de Paris*. Les Halles. And that appetizing woman there who was also something good to eat, a regular orchard. *Volupté, seins, épaules, hanches. Sur un lit de feuilles. Cette tiédeur satinée de femme*. Excellent, Emile! And—all right!—orchards suffering when there were earth tremors could drop all their pears: this too Sammler could sympathetically understand. But Angela was always unusually involved in difficulty and suffering, tripping on invisible obstructions, bringing forth complications of trouble, of painful mischief which made him wonder whether this *volupté* was not one of the sorest, strangest burdens that could be laid on a woman's soul. Saw the woman (by her own erotic account) as if in the actual bedroom. By Angela's invitation. He was a perplexed bystander. She felt that he should know, or believed it necessary that he should be informed, of what went on in America. He did not need quite so much information, but admitted that the surplus was better than ignorance. Both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. were, for Sammler, utopian projects. There, in the East, the emphasis was on low-level goods, on shoes, caps, and tin basins for peasants and laborers. Here it fell upon certain privileges and joys. Here wading naked into the waters of paradise, et cetera. But always a certain despair underlining possibility and pleasure, death seated inside the health-capsule, and darkness winking at you from the golden utopian sun.

"So you've had a quarrel with Wharton Horricker?"

"He's angry with me."

"Aren't you angry with him?"

"Not exactly. I seem to be in the wrong."

"Where is he now?"

"He's supposed to be in Washington. He's doing something statistical on antiballistic missiles. He's a

volunteer for a group lobbying against the ABM. I don't understand the thing."

"It's a pity to have trouble with him now, to have a double difficulty."

"I'm afraid Daddy has found out about this."

In Angela's expression as in Wallace's there was something soft, a hint of infancy or of baby reverie. The parents must have longed overmuch for babies and so inhibited something in the cycle of development. Angela's last glance, before she began to sob, astonished Sammler. Open lips, wrinkled forehead, the skin expressing utter surrender, traits of the original person. An infant! But the eyes did not give up their subsequent experience.

"Found out about what?"

"A thing that happened at Acapulco, I didn't think it was so very serious. Neither did Wharton. At the time, it was just a kick. I mean it was funny. We had a party with another couple."

"What sort of party was it?"

"Well, it was a sex thing for the four of us."

"With other people? Who were they?"

"They were perfectly all right. We met them on the beach. The wife suggested it."

"An exchange?"

"Well, yes. Oh, it is done now, Uncle."

"I hear it is."

"You are disgusted with me, Uncle."

"I? Not really. I knew all this long ago. I regret it when things become so stupid, that's true. It seems to me that things poor professionals had to do for a living, performing for bachelor parties or tourist sex circuses on the Place Pigalle, ordinary people, housewives, students, now do just to be sociable. And I can't really say what it's about. Maybe some united effort to conquer disgust. Or to show that repulsive things are not as the puritanical past believed so repulsive. I don't know. It may be an effort to 'liberalize' human existence and show that nothing is really loathsome to the understanding—to love, to pleasure, or to rational comprehension, or whatever. Affirming the Brotherhood of Man? Ah, well—" Sammler steadied and restrained himself. He did not want to know the details of this incident in Acapulco, didn't want to hear that the man in the case was a municipal judge from Chicago, or a chiropractor or CPA or a dope-pusher or that he made perfume or formaldehyde.

"Wharton went along, he did his share, but afterward he got very sullen. Then on the plane, flying back, he told me how angry he was about it."

"Well, he's a fastidious young man. You can see from his shirts. I assume he was well brought up."

"He acted no better than the rest of us."

"If you expected to marry Wharton, it was certainly poor judgment. It is like divorcing before uniting."

Sammler badly wanted to get this conversation behind him. Elya had told him not to worry about

the future, a hint that he was provided for; but there were also practical considerations to bear in mind. What if he and Shula had to depend on Angela? Angela had always been generous—she spent easily. When they went to a gallery or to lunch, she, naturally, paid for cabs, for everything. But it would not do to go too deeply with Angela into this life of hers. The facts were too bad, too bald, abominable, pitiful. In part such behavior was founded on theory, on generational ideology, and was therefore to an extent impersonal. But in the end she might regret these confessions—regret, and resent his disapproval. On the whole he received her confidences in a disinterested way. He was not unsympathetic, unfeeling; he was (she had said it herself) objective, nonjudging. As they faced Elya's death, he decided that under no circumstances and on no account would he become involved in a perverse relationship with Angela in which he had to listen for his supper. His disinterestedness would never become one of her comforts, part of the furniture of her life. Not even his anxiety over Shula's future could force him into such a position. A receiver of sordid goods? His whole heart rose against this.

"Daddy is asking very pointed questions about Wharton."

"He has heard about this episode?"

"That's right, Uncle."

"Who would tell such things to him when he's in the hospital for surgery? It seems unusually cruel."

"I don't know whether you understand about that fat Widick, the lawyer. He and Wharton are related somewhere along the line. Daddy thinks the world of Widick. He won the big case for him against the insurance company. I told you they talk four or five times a day on the phone. So—Widick is critical of me."

"How do you know that?"

"I can feel it. I get the spoiled-daughter look from him. There have always been people around who thought that Daddy had a bad thing about me, made me financially too independent. You know—pampered me and let me hang too loose."

"Hasn't he been exceptionally indulgent?"

"Not just for my sake, Uncle Sammler. You don't just act for yourself, and he's also lived through me. You can believe it."

Men, thought Sammler, often sin alone; women are seldom companionless in sin. But although Angela might be trying to force this interpretation on her father's kindness, it was possible that Elya too had his own lustful tendencies. Who was Sammler to say no? Things in general were desperate. The arterial bulge in Elya's brain must have cast its shadow earlier—spatters before the cloudburst. Sammler believed in premonitions, and death was a powerful instigator of erotic ideas. Sammler's own sex impulses (perhaps even now not altogether

gone) had been very different. But he knew how to respect differences. He didn't measure others by himself. Now, Shula had no *volupté*. She had something else. Of course she was not a rich man's daughter, and money, the dollar, must certainly be a terrific sexual additive. But even Shula though a scavenger or magpie had never actually stolen before. Then suddenly she too was like the Negro pickpocket. From the black side, strong currents were sweeping over everyone. Child, black, unspoiled Seminole against the horrible white man. Millions of people wanted oceanic, boundless, primitive, neckfree nobility, experienced a strange release of galloping impulses, and acquired the peculiar aim of sexual niggerhood for everyone. Humankind had lost its old patience. It demanded accelerated exaltation and would accept no instant without pregnant meanings as in epic, tragedy, comedy, or films. He had an idea that the very special development of the significance of prisons since the eighteenth century had some relation to the shrinking ability to endure restraint. Punishment must be fitted, closely tailored to the state of the spirit, adapted to the need of the soul. Where liberty had been promised most, they had the biggest prisons. All right, then, Shula, stealing, was contemporary. Elya, with the screw in his throat, had not wished to be left behind, and had delegated Angela to experience the Age for him.

Be all that as it might—life once had nearly ended. Someone ahead, carrying the light, stumbled, faltered, and Mr. Sammler had thought it was over. However, he was still alive. He had not come through, for the connotation of coming through was that of an accomplishment and little had been accomplished. He had been steered from Cracow to London, from London to the Zamosht Forest, and eventually into New York City. One result of such a history was that he had formed a habit of condensation. He was a specialist in short views. And in the short view, Angela had offended her dying father. He was angry, and she wanted Sammler to intercede for her. Maybe Elya would cut her out of his will, give his money to charity. He had made large contributions to the Weizmann Institute. Or perhaps she was afraid that he himself, Sammler, who was so close to Elya, would become his heir.

"Will you talk to Daddy, Uncle?"

"About this . . . thing of yours? Is that really necessary? I don't think he's just become aware of your style of life. I can't say what he's gotten out of it—vicariously, as you suggest. But he's not stupid, and giving a young woman like you a capital of half a million dollars to live in New York City he would have to be very dumb to think you were not amusing yourself."

Great cities are whores. Doesn't everyone know? Babylon was a whore. *O La Reine aux fesses cascadantes*. Penicillin keeps New York looking

cleaner. No faces gnawed by syphilis, with gaping noseholes as in ancient times.

"Daddy has such respect for you."

"I regret he has to undergo this, in addition. If I feel I have an opportunity to take this up without upsetting him—I'll say what I can."

"I know, I know you'll have to play it by ear."

"Lord only knows what's in his mind," said Sammler.

"Oh, God, I realize that."

"That lawyer Widick, if he is telling Elya such things as you suggest, he should be flogged. Oh, I believe you, I know what people are capable of. At heartbreak moments, too. They'll heap it up. What do you say?—they'll pour it on."

"I'll see if he's awake," said Angela, and rose. Her soft and heavy self was dressed in one of its costumes. Her legs, exposed to the last quarter of the thigh, were really very strong, almost clumsy. Her face was at this moment baby-pale, and soft under the little leather cap. As she detached herself from the plastic seat, and the evening was quite warm, an odor flowed out. Both low comic and high serious. Goddess and majorette. She walked away.

As she was going, he remembered where he had last seen a cap like hers. It was in Israel—the Six-Day War he had seen.

It was almost as if he had attended!—among other spectators. Arriving in fast cars at a point before Mount Hermon, where a tank battle was taking place, he was one of a press group watching a fight, below. Down in the flat valley, as in Vista-Vision. Where they were standing, Mr. Sammler and the others, Israeli press officers and journalists, were safe enough. The battle was two miles or more beyond them. The tank columns were maneuvering in dust. Bombs were spilling from planes as remote as insects. You saw the wings when they spun into the light, then heard detonations, and shrubs of smoke rose briefly. Remotely, you heard machinery—distant tank treads. You heard tiny war sounds. Then two more cars came tearing up, joined the group, and cameramen leaped out. They were Italians, *paparazzi*, someone explained, and had brought with them three girls in mod dress. The girls might have come from Carnaby Street or from King's Road in their buskins, miniskirts, false eyelashes. They were indeed British, for Mr. Sammler heard them talking, and one of them had on just the sort of little cap that Angela wore, of houndstooth check. The young ladies had no idea where they were, what this was about, had been quarreling with their lovers, who were now lying in the road on their bellies. Photographing battle, the shirts fluttering on their backs. The girls were vexed. Carried off from the Via Veneto, probably, without knowing clearly where the jet was going. Then, bare to the waist, a runt but muscular, a Swiss correspondent with small twisted

kinky-blond beard and his chest hung with cameras began to complain to the Israeli captain that it was improper for these girls to be at the front. Sammler heard him give this protest through his teeth, which were bad and tiny. The place where they were standing had been bombed earlier. One could not see why. There seemed no military reason for it. But the ground was full of large holes, still black with fresh bomb soot.

"Put them at least in those holes," the Swiss insisted.

"What?"

"Foxholes, foxholes. Another shell may come. You can't have them walking on the road, like this. You can't have it, don't you understand?" He was an unbearable little man, and the Israeli officer gave in. He made the girls get into the burnt holes. All you could see of them then was heads and shoulders. Not quite frightened out of their anger, but beginning to be. Somewhat stunned by now, in the great paint of amorousness, one beginning to sob a little, and another puffing up and growing red. Becoming middle-aged—a scrubwoman. Frills of glistening black rising about the girls, the cordite-shining grass. Other things as strange were occurring. Father Newell, the Jesuit correspondent, was there. He wore the full battle dress of the Vietnam jungles—yellow, black, and green daubs and stripes of camouflage. Representing a newspaper in Tulsa, Oklahoma, was it, or Lincoln, Nebraska? Sammler still owed him ten dollars, his share of the taxi they had hired in Tel Aviv to drive to the Syrian front. But he didn't have Father Newell's address. He might have tried harder to find it. On his way home from Southeast Asia, the priest was a tourist in Athens, looking at the Acropolis, when he heard of the fighting and went at once. The big jungle shoes were as ample as galoshes. Father Newell sweated in his green battle clothes. His hair cropped Marine-style, his eyes also green and the cheeks splendid meat-red. Down below, the tanks raced and the smoke puffed yellow from the ground. Few sounds rose.

Mr. Sammler in the waiting room now stirred and stood up. Wallace, entering from the general light of the corridor into the lamplight of the visitors' room, was already speaking to him. "Dad is sleeping, Angela says. I don't suppose you've had a chance to talk to him about the attic?"

"I have not."

Wallace was not alone. Eisen entered at his back. Wallace and Eisen knew each other. How well? A curious question. But quite long, at any rate. They had met when Wallace, after his attempted horse tour of Central Asia and his arrest by the Russian authorities, had visited Israel and stayed with Cousin Eisen. Wallace had then prepared a full set of notes for an essay arguing that the modernization Israel was bringing to the Middle East was altogether too rapid for the Arabs. Pernicious.

Wallace, of course, was bound to oppose Elya's Zionism. But Eisen never comprehending, unaware of Wallace's sudden passion (soon vanishing) for Arab culture, brought him coffee in bed while he was working. Because Wallace was just out of a Soviet prison, thanks to Gruner and Senator Javits, and Eisen knew what it was to be in Russian hands.

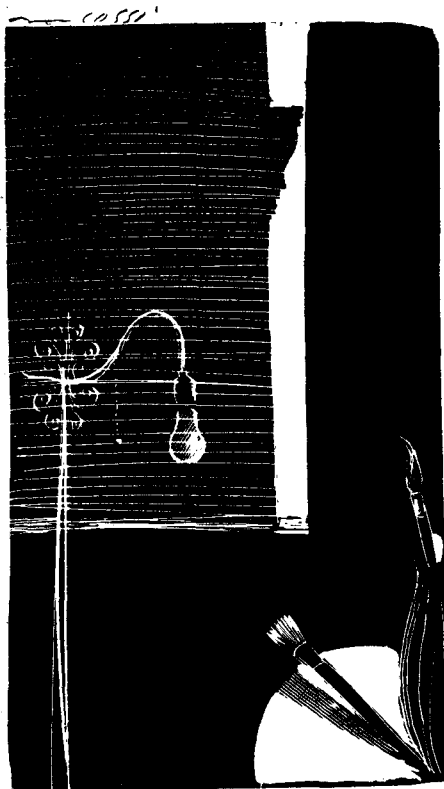
He had made Wallace rest, he waited on him. On his mutilated feet he had learned to move rapidly. Ingenious adaptation. The shuffle of his toeless feet in Haifa had put Sammler's teeth on edge. He couldn't have endured two hours alone with handsome, curly, smiling Eisen. But Wallace, with his great-orbited eyes and long lashes, reaching a skinny hairy arm from the bed and, without looking, taking the cup in trembling fingers, coddled himself ten days in Eisen's bed after the jails of Soviet Armenia. The Russians had sent him to Turkey. From Turkey he went to Athens. From Athens, like Newell the Jesuit later, he flew to Israel. Tenderly, devotedly, Eisen had waited on him.

"Ah, here is my father-in-law."

Was it with pleasure at seeing him that Eisen beamed, or was it because the event (Eisen in New York for the first time in

his life) was so splendid? Gay but stiff, cramped under the arms and between the legs by his new American clothes. Wallace must have taken him to one of those execrable mod male shops, like Barney's. Perhaps to one of the unisex establishments. The madman wore a magenta shirt with a persimmon-colored necktie as thick as an ox tongue. The gloom of his never-ending laughter! The shining of his excellent teeth unharmed by the Stalingrad siege and unaffected by starvation when he hobbled over the Carpathians and the Alps. Teeth like that deserved a saner head.

"How nice to find you here," said Eisen to Sammler in Russian.



Sammler answered in Polish, "How are you, Eisen?"

"You wouldn't stop to visit me in my country, so I came to see you in yours," said Eisen.

In this reproach, a familiar and traditional Jewish opening, there was at least a vestige of normalcy. Not so in the next statement. "I have come to America to make myself a new career." *Karyera* was the word he employed. Dressed in the cramping narrow gray-denim garments, obviously old stock from the Ivy League period that had been palmed off on him, in magenta, persimmon, and tomato colors (the red Chelsea boots mounting to the ankles), his unbarbered curls fusing head and shoulders and brutally eliminating the neck, he was obviously getting a new image, revising his self-conception. No longer a victim of Hitler and Stalin, deposited starved to the bones on Israel's sands, lice and fever his only assets, taken from internment in Cyprus, taught a language and a trade. But you could not tell recovery where to stop. He had gone on to become an artist. Rising from negligibility, expendability, something that waited to be slaughtered with a trenching-tool (Eisen said he had watched this—men too insignificant to waste bullets on having their heads smashed by shovel blows); but rising and rising to heights of world mastery. By the divinity of art. Speaking inspired to mankind. Making signs in the universal language of charged pigments. Hurray, Eisen, flying from peak to peak! Though the colors were grayer than slate, blacker than coal, redder than disease, and his life studies were double dead, the bus that brought him in from Kennedy was a limousine; the expressways greeted him like a glorious astronaut, and he faced his *Karyera* with the moist laughing teeth, in most desperate ecstasy. (To pair with the Russian *Karyera*, you wanted the Russian *Extass*!)

He and Wallace were already doing business together. Eisen was designing labels for trees and bushes. They showed Sammler sample cards: *Quercus* and *Ulmus*, in thick blotchy lettering copied from medieval manuscripts or Gothic black letter. Other labels in the foreign cursive style Eisen had learned in the *Gymnasium* were neater. Poor Eisen had been a schoolboy when the War broke out and had no higher education. Sammler did his best to say something appropriate and harmless, though he was repelled by everything that Eisen set on paper.

"These have got to be modified here and there," said Wallace. "But the idea is surprisingly right. For a greenie, you know."

"You are going into this business, really?"

Wallace said firmly, even with a slight jeer at the old man's doubts, "Definitely, really, Uncle. In fact I'm going to test-fly some planes tomorrow, in Westchester. I'm going back this evening to spend the night at the old place."

"Is your pilot's license still good?"

"Why, of course it's good."

"Well, it must be an agreeable feeling of excitement—a new enterprise, with friends and relatives. What have you got there, Eisen?"

A heavy green baize bag hung from cords wound about Eisen's wrist. "Here? I have brought work of mine in a different medium," Eisen said. He clinked down the weight on the glass tabletop; the baize fell back.

"You've made some paperweights."

"Not paperweights. You could use them for that purpose, Father-in-law, but they are medallions." You couldn't offend Eisen because he took such pleasure in his accomplishments, as if he inhaled some aromatic rarity, beginning to close his eyes and to show those peerless bones, his teeth, and with both hands smoothing back the curls over his ears. "I have invented a new process in the foundry," he said. And in technical Russian began to explain, but Sammler said, "You are losing me, Eisen. I am not familiar with the vocabulary."

The metal was crude-looking, partly bronze but also pale yellow, tinged with sulfides like fool's gold. And Eisen had made the usual Stars of David, branched candelabra, scrolls and rams' horns, or inscriptions flaming away in Hebrew: *Nahamu!* "Comfort ye!" Or God's command to Joshua: *Hazak!* With a certain interest Sammler watched these crude, lunky pieces being laid out. After each, a pause, while the face of the connoisseur was intently examined for beautiful reaction. These iron pyrites belonging at the bottom of the Dead Sea.

"And what is this, Eisen, a tank, I take it, a Sherman tank?"

"Metaphor for a tank. Nothing is literal in my work."

"No one simply hallucinates anymore," said Mr. Sammler in Polish. The remark was unnoticed.

"Shouldn't these be ground smoother?" said Wallace. "And what is this word?"

"*Hazak, hazak*," said Sammler. "The order God gave before Jericho, to Joshua. 'Strengthen thyself.'"

"*Hazak, v'ematz*," said Eisen.

"Yes, well . . . Why does God speak such a funny language?"

"I brought these medallions to show to Cousin Elya."

"Nonsense," said Sammler. "Elya's sick. He can't handle this rough metal."

"No, no, I'll hold up one piece at a time. I want him to see what I accomplished. Twenty-five years ago I came to the Eretz a broken man. But I wouldn't die. I couldn't shut my eyes—not before I did something like a human being, important and beautiful."

Sammler ventured no comment. After all, his heart was not so hard to touch. Moreover, he had been schooled in the ancient mode of politeness.

Almost as, once, women had been brought up to chastity. Well-schooled in murmuring over the trash Shula found in wastebaskets, he made the necessary passes and sounds, but then he said again that Elya was very ill. These medallions might tire him.

"I differ," said Eisen. "On the contrary. How can art hurt?" He began to stow the clinking pieces in the baize bag.

Wallace then said to someone behind Sammler, "Yes, he is." The private nurse had come in.

"Who is?"

"You, Uncle. This is Mr. Sammler here."

"Is Elya asking for me?"

"You're wanted on the telephone. You are Uncle Sammler?"

"Miss? I am Artur Sammler."

"A Mrs. Arkin. She wants you to call home."

"Oh, Margotte. Did she phone Elya's room and wake him?"

"The call was to the floor, not to the room."

"Thank you. Oh, yes, where is the public phone?"

"Do you need dimes, Uncle?" Sammler picked two warm coins out of Wallace's palm.

Margotte tried extraordinarily hard to speak firmly. "Uncle? Now listen. Where did you leave Dr. Lal's manuscript?"

"I left it on my desk."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am sure. On my desk."

"Is there no other place you might have put it? I know you aren't absentminded, but the strain is unusual."

"It isn't on the desk? Is Dr. Lal with you?"

"I sat him down in the living room."

Among the pots of soil. So little growing.

"And does he know it's gone?"

"I couldn't lie to him. He wanted to wait here for you. We raced back from Butler Hall, of course. He was so anxious about his work."

"Now, Margotte, we must keep our heads."

"He is in such distress. Really, Uncle, no one has the right to expose a person to such things."

"My apologies to Dr. Lal. I regret more than I can say . . . I can imagine his feelings. But Margotte, only one person in the world could have taken that notebook. You must find out from the elevator man. Has Shula been there?"

"Rodriguez lets her in as one of the family. She is one of the family."

Rodriguez had a giant ring of keys, practically a hoop. He fetched it at need from a nail in the brick wall of the cellar.

"Really, Shula is too stupid. Enough is enough. I've been too easy with her. The embarrassment is terrible. This woman-lunatic who ambushes him. You spoke to Rodriguez?"

"It was Shula."

"Ah."

"Dr. Lal had a report from the detective who

visited her today, at noon. I think the man threatened her."

"As I feared."

"He said the manuscript must be back by 10 A.M. tomorrow; otherwise he would come with a warrant."

"To search? Arrest?"

"I don't know. Neither does Dr. Lal. But she got very excited. What she said was that she would go to her priest. She would go to Father Robles and complain to the Church."

"Margotte, you had better check with the priest. A search warrant in that apartment? She has been filling it with trash for twelve years. If the police put down their hats, they'll never find them again. But I would say she has gone to New Rochelle."

"Do you think so?"

"If she's not with Father Robles, that's where she is." Sammler knew her ways; knew them as the Eskimo knows the ways of the seal. "She is protecting me now, because the stolen property is in my hands. She must have been terrified by the detective, poor thing, and then waited till we had both gone out." Spying on the door like the black man. Feeling that she was not included by her father among his most serious concerns. Determined to regain the top priority. "I let her go too far with this H. G. Wells nonsense. And now someone has been hurt."

This unlucky Lal, who must have been sick of earth to begin with if he had such expectations of the moon.

And partly he was right, for humankind kept doing the same stunts over and over. The old comical-tearful stuff. Emotional relationships. Desires incapable of useful fulfillment. Over and over, trying to vent and empty the breast of certain cries, of certain fervencies. What positive balance was possible? Was this passionate struggle altogether useless? It was the energy bank also of noble purposes. Barking, hissing, ape-chatter, and spitting. But there were times when Love seemed life's great architect. Even stupidity might at times be hammered out as a golden background for great actions. But for these weaknesses and these tenacious sicknesses, were there true cures? Sometimes the idea of cures seemed to Sammler pernicious. What was cured? You could rearrange, you could orchestrate the disorders. But cure? Nonsense. Change Sin to Sickness, a change of words (Feffer was right), and then enlightened doctors would stamp the sickness out. Oh, yes! Brilliant intellects, understanding how this is, thus sue for divorce from all human states. Then they launch outward, moonward, their flying arthropod hardware.

"I shall go to New Rochelle with Wallace," said Sammler. "She is certainly there. To be sure, we will check with Father Robles. If he knows where she is, call back."

Because she was not an American he felt a cer-

tain solidarity with Margotte. From her he did not have to conceal his (foreign) mortification. And she had shown delicacy in remembering not to ring Elya's room.

"What shall I do with Dr. Lal?"

"Apologize," he said. "Reassure. Comfort him, Margotte. Tell him I'm sure the manuscript is safe. Shula's respect for the written word is a guarantee. And please ask him to keep the detectives out of this."

"Wait a minute. He is here. He would like to say a word."

An Eastern voice enriched the wire.

"Is this Mr. Sammler?"

"It is."

"Dr. Lal, here. This is the second robbery. I cannot tolerate much more. Since Mrs. Arkin has appealed for patience, I can hold off just a very little longer. But then I must have the police detain your daughter."

"If only it would help to put her behind bars! Believe me, I am sorrier than I can say. But I am perfectly sure the manuscript is safe. I understand you have no other copy."

"Three years of composition."

"That is distressing. I had hoped it was more like six months. But I can see how much careful preparation it would need." Normally Sammler shrank from flattery, but now he had no choice. Moisture formed upon the black instrument, against his ear, and on his cheek was a red pressure mark. He said, "The work is brilliant."

"I am glad you think so. Judge how it affects me."

I can judge. Anyone can clutch anyone, and whirl him off. The low can force the high to dance. The wise have to reel about with leaping fools. "Try not to be too anxious, sir. I know I can recover the manuscript, and do it tonight. I don't use my authority often enough. Believe me, I can control her, and I shall."

"I had hoped to publish by the time of the first moon landing," said Lal. "You can imagine how many bad paperbacks will be out. Confusing to the public. Meretricious."

"Of course." Sammler sensed that the Indian, probably passionate, resisting great internal pressure, was after all being decent, allowing for the frailty of an old man, the tightness of the situation. He thought, the fellow is a gentleman. Inclining his head within the soundproof metal enclosure, the dotted voile of insulation, he yielded to Oriental suggestion: "May the sun brighten your face. Single you out among the multitude (imagining Hindus always in crowds; like mackerel-crowded seas). Many years yet." Sammler was determined that Shula should hurt no one but himself. He had to put up with it, but no one else should.

"I shall be interested in your comments on my essay."

"Gone to the Ladies' to have a cry, I suppose. talk about it. Please stand by. I will phone as soon as there is some news. Thank you for bearing with me."

Both parties hung up.

"Wallace," said Sammler, "I think I shall be driving to New Rochelle with you."

"Really? Then Dad did say something about the attic?"

"It has nothing to do with the attic."

"Then why? Is it something about Shula? It must be."

"Why, yes, in fact. Shula. Can we leave soon?"

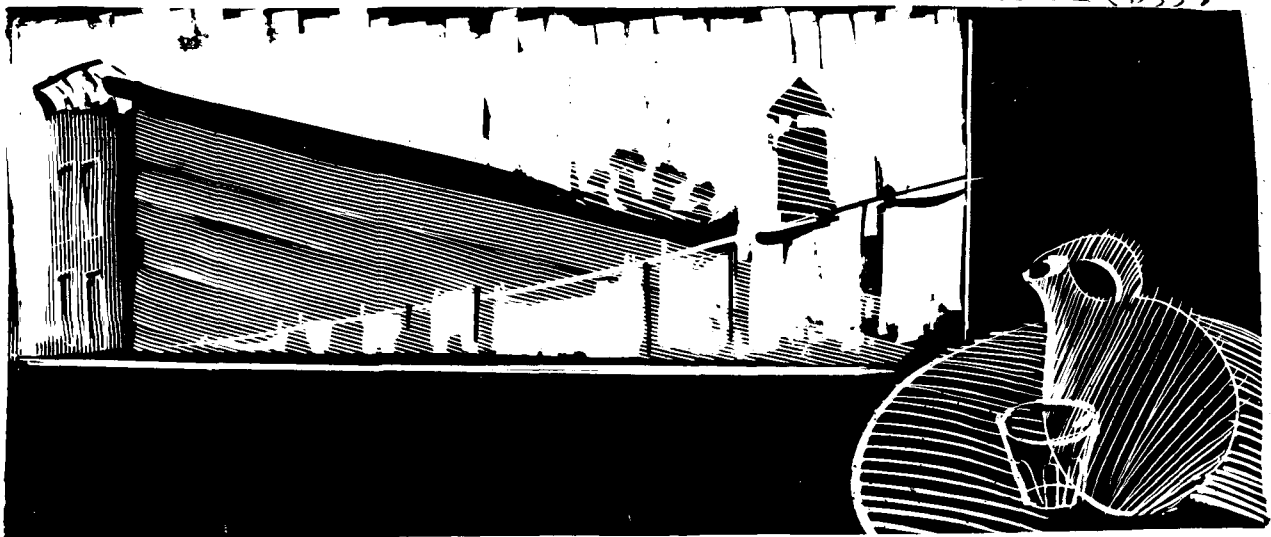
"Emil is out there with the Rolls. Might as well use it while we can. What is Shula up to? She called me."

"When?"

"Not long ago. She wanted to put something in Dad's wall safe. Did I know the combination. Of course I couldn't say I knew the combination."

"Where was she calling from?"

"I didn't ask. Of course you've seen Shula



whispering to the flowers in the garden," said Wallace. Wallace was not observant and took little interest in the conduct of others. But for that very reason he prized highly the things he did notice. What he noticed he cherished. He had always been kind and warm to Shula. "What language does she speak to them, is it Polish?"

The language of schizophrenia, very likely.

Sammler opened the patient's door and saw him sitting up, alone. Dr. Gruner in his large black spectacles was studying, or trying to study, a contract or legal document. He would sometimes say that he should have been a lawyer, not a doctor. Medical school had not been his choice, but his mother's. Of his own free will he had probably done little. Consider his wife.

"Come in, Uncle, and shut the door. Let's make it fathers only. I don't want to see children tonight."

"I understand that feeling," said Sammler. "I've had it often."

"It's a pity about Shula, poor woman. But she is only wacky. My daughter is a dirty cunt."

"A different generation, a different generation."

"And my son, a high-IQ moron."

"He may come around, Elya."

"You don't believe it for a minute, Uncle. What, a ninth-inning rally? I ask myself what I spent so many years of my life on. I must have believed what America was telling me. I paid for the best. I never suspected that I wasn't getting the best."

Had Elya spoken in excitement, Sammler would have tried to calm him. He was, however, speaking factually and sounded utterly level. In the goggles he looked particularly judicious. Like the chairman of a Senate committee hearing scandalous testimony without loss of composure.

"Where is Angela?"

"Gone to the Ladies' to have a cry, I suppose. If she isn't Frenching an orderly, or in a daisy-chain. When she goes around the corner, you never know."

"Oh, too bad. You ought not to be quarreling."

"Not quarreling. Just making things plainer, spelling them out. I figured this Horriker to marry her, but he'll never do it now."

"Is that certain?"

"Did she tell you what happened in Mexico?"

"Not in detail."

"That's just as well, if you don't know the details. The joke you made was right on the head, about the billiard table in hell, about something green where it's hot."

"It wasn't aimed at Angela."

"Of course I knew my daughter with twenty-five thousand tax-free dollars must be having herself a time. I expected that, and as long as she was handling herself maturely and sensibly I had no objections. All that, theoretically, is fine. You use the words 'mature' and 'sensible,' and they satisfy you. But then you take a close look, and when you take a close look, you see something else. You see a woman who has done it in too many ways with too many men. And she looks . . . Her eyes—she has fucked-out eyes."

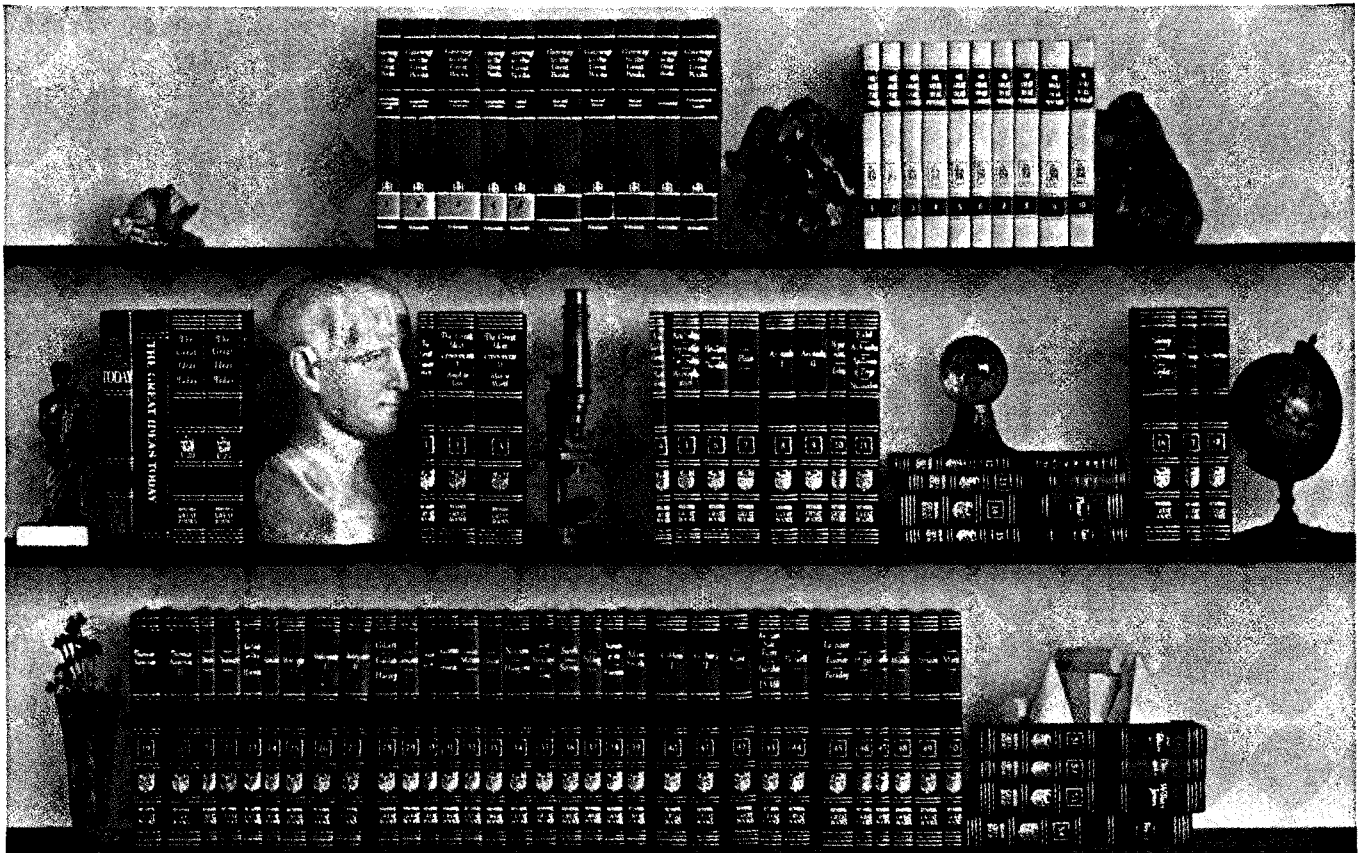
"I'm sorry."

Something very odd in Elya's expression. There were tears about, somewhere, but dignity would not permit them. Perhaps it was self-severity, not dignity. But they did not come out. They were rerouted, absorbed into the system. They were subdued, converted into tones. They were present in the voice, in the color of the skin, in the lights of the eye.

"I must go, Elya. I'll take Wallace with me. I'll be back tomorrow."

To be concluded in the December ATLANTIC

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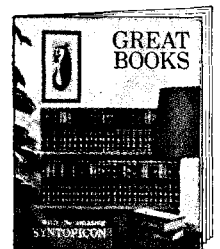
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GREAT BOOKS

The Anti-Tuesday League.

We were shocked to learn that certain prominent parties are reported to have formed the International Anti-Tuesday League.

We know little about it, except that petitions are already circulating in Altoona, Ankara, Lisbon, Ft. Worth, Djibouti and Council Bluffs.



Why on earth? Our modest claim to Tuesday (every Tuesday) as the day for drinking Teacher's Scotch leaves six perfectly good days for the rest to share.

We trust you will sign nothing without reading the small print and will encourage any League member who comes to your door to forget all this foolishness and pick a day of his own. Wednesday, anyone?

Teacher's Scotch

LIFE & LETTERS:

OF THEE I CHING

by Elizabeth Janeway

Let's be serious. What can we do about astrology? The damn thing's all over the place again and spreading like crabgrass. Once more, just as in the Roaring Twenties, when "Evangeline Adams" was a name to conjure with, you can buy a book which "establishes a direct line of communication between the Science of the Stars and the Mystery of the Stock Market." This one is called *The Astrology Way to Stock Market Profits* and is published by the Library of Wall Street, whose address—perhaps it has been teleported by the Wizard of Oz—is Springfield, Massachusetts. Readers of *Harper's Bazaar* are now receiving advice from the stars via a lady named Xavora Pové as to what days of the month to get their hair cut. It's all very well to say, O wonderful absurdity! O marvelous persistence of sheer idiocy! O dear crazy lovable human race! We, after all, are conditioned to believing six impossible things before breakfast; it keeps our minds flexible. But may not (as people are saying about other areas of life), may not permissiveness go too far? Should mankind, delightfully ridiculous as it is, be allowed to corrupt the computer?

At least two outfits are doing it.

Zodiactronics, Box 230, Radio City Station, New York, and the Time Pattern Research Institute, Incorporated, of Valley Stream, New York, have infiltrated the logical world of IBM and are programming these docile, patient creatures to set up and analyze astrological charts. Members of the Zodiactronics Horoscope System can even *talk* to their computer. All you have to do is call up and (assuming the New York Telephone Company staggers to its feet and gets its circuits unjammed) the computer will answer and give you your personal zodiac analysis, newly calculated and covering the next twenty-four hours, every time you call. Charter members get one hundred calls free. Nor do you have to worry about the Internal Revenue Service or your draft board or your ex-wife's lawyer getting to hear your personal analysis: nobody else—and I quote— "Nobody else can get your horoscope because nobody else has your registered identification number."

Zodiactronics is still tooling up as I write, and hasn't gone into actual production, so I cannot give you a report on an actual conversation with their computer. They plan, however,

to tell you, concisely and precisely, "how the stars are projecting their influence on *health, love, sex, family, finance and partners*—the vital aspects of your daily life," (italics by Zodiactronics). I have been able, meanwhile, to take advantage of the opportunity offered by the Time Pattern Research Institute to make contact with *their* computer, an IBM 360. If Zodiactronics has dreamed up an astrological Telanserphone, the people out in Valley Stream have put together another interesting conceptual combination. You merely fill out a card giving date and place of birth, the time if you happen to recall it, *and* your Diners Club number (Carte Blanche, Unicard, or a charge account at Best & Company will work too), and send it off. In a week or so your Time Pattern arrives, with the same sort of little yellow receipt enclosed that you get when you take an editor to lunch. It's the neatest application of the principle of economy of means to the mystic arts since some forgotten Tibetan genius invented the prayer wheel.

I imagine you will want to know what you get. Well, visualize thirty feet of meaty Dow-Jones news-ticker

Of Thee I Ching by Elizabeth Janeway	155
---	-----

Pygmy Patriotism by Isaac Asimov	158
-------------------------------------	-----

Poverty Revisited by Carter Wilson	162
---------------------------------------	-----

The Peripatetic Reviewer by Edward Weeks	164
---	-----

New Styles of Storytelling by Dan Wakefield	170
--	-----

The Queen's Music Master by Robert Evett	172
---	-----

Short Reviews: Books by Phoebe Adams	176
---	-----

reports cut and stapled into a folder, with your very own name and address neatly showing through a hole in the cover. Open the cover, and you will find that your Time Pattern—oh. The name. This horoscope calls itself a horoscope only on the order card. Ever after, Time Pattern is the phrase, and rather a good one, too; at least it's better than mortician for undertaker. All right, open the cover, and you will find that your Time Pattern has been prepared under the supervision of Katina Theodosiou, director of research for Time Pattern Research Institute, and that this organization has taken the trouble to insert a copyright notice, All Rights Reserved, right there on the first page.

That raises an interesting economic question. It costs six dollars to register a copyright, which is rather a large bite out of the twenty-dollars-plus-sales-tax that your Time Pattern puts on your Diners Club account; then there's the standard 7 percent charge that the credit card companies collect from their accounts; and then there's advertising. Of course, you don't have to feed a computer, or pay it wages, but still, "How do they do it?" I wondered, and called up a copyright lawyer of my acquaintance. "Well," he confided after a while, "It's perfectly legal to delay applying for registration of copyright as long as you intend to do it some time. And then," he added dreamily, "I suppose the only time you have to prove you've registered is if you're going to sue somebody for infringement. You're not planning to get sued, are you?" "Certainly not," I replied; and indeed, it would be embarrassing for the chairman of the Copyright Committee of the Authors League to be charged with copyright infringement. My remarks on what the Time Pattern Research Institute (which will henceforth be known as Tipareri) foresees for me will therefore be kept within the limits known in the trade as "fair use of copyright material."

We begin with mathematics, just as if we were reading the *American Journal of Sociology*, with all the relations between Sun, Moon, Merc, Ven, and so on worked out by trines and sextiles. Then comes a brief résumé of Theory and Technique, which includes the reassuring explanation that "your Time Pattern is

not the astrology that rests upon foolish superstitions and ignorance. It is the product of that ancient knowledge which has withstood the test of time, plus precise mathematical formulae and computation." Moreover, the inestimable value of my Time Pattern does not derive from any attempt to fatalistically predict anything about me or my future (infinite cleft by Tipareri), but from the fact that it enables me to exercise my free will to its full dimensions.

Follows a character analysis, which tells me that I am predominantly communicative and have a highly developed artistic sense, surely a pleasant thing for a writer to hear. Indeed, it's not an unpleasant thing for anyone to hear. Instinct plays an active part in my mental processes. How about you? I am apt to change my mind. Some of my ideas are idealistic, but can also be impractical. I have a delicately poised emotional nature. It is nice to know that the type of woman whom I especially appreciate is born between August 22 and September 21, which means my senior daughter-in-law, and I do, I do! (though I would not have hit on precisely the adjectives "unassuming, industrious, and methodical" to describe her). Two things come through, however, with great clarity: I am Libra, and I have married the wrong man.

I rather think that the latter situation must have come about via a full-dimensional exercise of free will. ("You seem to be providentially protected against any kind of cataclysmic misfortune, financially or otherwise," Page 8.) At any rate, Tipareri's 360 declares that I most admire and respect the type of man who is very domesticated, very attached to his family, very fond of children and animals. The kind of man who has a sensitive, shy streak, and would never be heard shouting, "Those goddamn cats have been at the furniture again!" On the other hand, as Mr. Dooley used to say, not so fast. It may be a good thing that I did not meet this gentleman at an auspicious time, because 360 also says very firmly, "Your marriage will be a stormy one." Not only do I see clearly how this could have happened. Thirty years of storm with a sensitive, shy family man would certainly have involved me from time to time, as 360 has been clever enough to suggest, in "triangular situations."

Part of the value of reading one's Time Pattern is evidently finding out what could have happened and, thank God, didn't.

Tipareri hasn't neglected my character flaws (jealousy, vacillation, superficiality), or my health, or useful advice on professions to follow and locations to settle in. "Embassy posts available to women" leads off the list of career ideas, and that may explain why the countries favorable to me are such a far-flung bunch—Uruguay, Crete, Afghanistan, and Ethiopia turn up, along with Thailand, South Africa, and Argentina, but neither the United States nor anything "developed" in Western Europe except Sweden (very cold, Sweden). I seem to have missed the boat again; but since I'm somewhat accident-prone, that may be a good thing too. This brings the general structure of me to its conclusion, and the rest of my Time Pattern is occupied by a rundown on the year ahead.

How exciting it promises to be, if only I can remember what to look for! I've already lived through one week of it without noticing much change, so I must try harder. There are good days coming pretty soon for cherishing secret ambitions on a big scale, and several for carrying out activities which require a lot of vitality but have to be undertaken privately, and at least one for secret assignments, especially sentimental ones. There are also discordant atmospheres, lack of zest, and bad days, both emotionally and for travel. Next January will bring a good day for writing family letters and a bad day for writing love letters—"You might regret them later," 360 adds, a view supported by much evidence. One is January 6 and one is January 16, and I shall have to be careful to keep them straight. Indeed, it may be wise to swear off writing love letters at all, as a New Year's resolution; my resolutions usually last through January. March has a solar eclipse and will generally be terrible, with April not much better; but things pick up after that, so I shall get out of bed in May, some time around the tenth, have my hair cut if Xavora Pové approves, and phone Zodiactronics for a new flight plan. Or else, of course, I shall not. Neither Tipareri nor Zodiactronics is apt to miss me. They will be far too busy.

Is it simply the ecological cycle

of nature, working on astrologers as well as locusts, that brings them swarming out once a generation? It's a possible explanation. The people who relied on Evangeline Adams for market tips forty years ago must now be either dead or retired, with trust officers and other conservative types firmly in charge of their funds. Immunized to the plague they may be, but they are off in Sunny Senile Senior Citizenland, and their children and grandchildren who are left behind have not been exposed before. Just as the *I Ching* has risen where the Ouija board sank from sight, so the readers of the stars appear again, and every day another newspaper carries their wisdom. "Invest your money carefully and spend it wisely," they advise. "Show appreciation to well-informed persons who have helped you in the past." "Patience is now essential." "With a bit of luck, added income is possible from some special skill." "Show others that you have practical sense and you will gain their respect." One begins to wonder, after a while, whether *Poor Richard's Almanack* was not, in fact, a crypto-astrological work.

Ecological cycles, however, don't explain everything. To say that a new generation of potential believers has been born merely indicates that an opportunity exists. Why are they so easily infected with astrological hoopla, and why does it spread so fast? Within the week, my friendly neighborhood bank has filled two windows with a display of signs of the zodiac, and the *Manchester Guardian* has begun advertising for intelligent readers on the grounds that it does *not* run daily horoscopes, thus setting itself off from the common run of British journals. The explanation for the phenomenon, if one there be, must lie somewhere in the rather marshy field of social psychology. Perhaps we can approach it best by recalling a pertinent quotation from that well-known social psychologist, W. Shakespeare: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

You will remember the context: *Julius Caesar*, Act I, Scene II. Brutus and Cassius are on stage chatting about political trends, while Caesar, off, is refusing the crown before the shouting populace. Neither is happy with the prospect of tyranny revived under King Caesar, and Cassius is

urging Brutus toward action, on the grounds that men should be masters of their fate. Very well. The theme—or, rather, the question, Are they and should they be?—is central to Shakespeare's thought. So does Lady Macbeth prod her husband to action, so does Hamlet debate whether to take up arms against a sea of troubles. The Renaissance, the Reformation, the physical fact of the New World—all these unthinkable realities have confronted the times with the challenge of individual action counter to traditional patterns of behavior and thought. Meanwhile, the creaking machinery of custom has begun to exhibit severe malfunctioning, and it appears that something will have to be done. But by whom? By you and me, says Cassius to Brutus, in historical analogy. It happens that Cassius is selling Brutus on assassination, but his sales talk is formidably pertinent to Elizabethan thinking.

Its reverse is formidably pertinent today. Assassination is still prevalent, but Shakespeare's conclusion—that in the end it doesn't make much difference; scratch Caesar from the race, and Octavian makes it first to the winning post—has got mixed up with the antecedents. Not only does assassination produce irrational results today; it occurs for irrational causes. Shakespeare's question about the working of fate has been answered over and over again by the theater of Beckett and Ionesco and Pinter, Hochhuth and Weiss. Individual action will land you in Charenton or a dustbin, strip you of eyeglasses, hope, clothes, wife, and sanity, until it gives way to total passivity before the final nonsensical possibility that Godot may turn up before the curtain comes down.

And so, the astrologers. For here we sit, underlings all, buffeted and bounced about by manic demons with a genius for practical jokes. It's all very well for those superior persons, Brutus and Cassius, to declare that they are masters of their fate, but what about the rest of us? How can we agree that we have arrived at the madhouse in Charenton by our own design? That we are not only underlings (which we know) but underlings intentionally, through our own fault? It's too much. No, no; the fault, dear Brutus, is not in ourselves, But in the stars, that we are underlings. We all know what



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November Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



Most of us find it easier to express our dislike of a book than our pleasure. How can you explain what attracts you in a novel? What ignites a poem? Hardest of all, how to speak well of poetry that tells a story? This month we are up against it.

But there is help for our tied tongues. **L. E. SISSMAN's** second book of poems, **SCATTERED RETURNS**, has already found advocates. Anne Sexton has said of these poems, "They are full of content and thickness — both are important. My favorite poem, 'A Death Place,' is one I return to often, I find it very moving." And John Updike says, "Sissman is, of course, a marvel whose totally fresh combination of wit, specifics, and a middle tone is one of the few good things that has happened in American poetry since Stevens."

That gives us the courage not to depend entirely on the good report of others. The central poem in this volume is a thirty-two-part, somewhat autobiographical narrative called "A War Requiem." It traces, with a social subtlety worthy of John O'Hara, the shift in American awareness from 1929 to 1969. Wise, entertaining, witty, and sometimes melancholy, Sissman's poetry unearths an enigmatic sadness concealed beneath the most familiar surfaces of life. His voice is unlike that of any other American poet writing today.

SCATTERED RETURNS

by **L. E. Sissman**

Hardcover \$4.75, Paperback \$1.95

LITTLE, BROWN

Voltaire said about God, and the same thing appears to be true at rather lower levels of counseling. When things get this mixed-up, we invent somebody to tell us what to do, in order not to have to blame ourselves for the mess. E. R. Dodds, in *The Greeks and the Irrational*, is at pains to show how the post-Homeric Hellenes did exactly this during the bad times of the Archaic Age, setting up an oracle at Delphi to give them "the assurance that behind the seeming chaos there was knowledge and purpose."

So perhaps, to be serious, we can't do anything to stamp out horoscopes, and should simply take the current wave as a Sign from Somewhere that times are bad. Hardly news, that. And yet it is always news, in a way, that the human mind can stretch to include so much; that

sense and nonsense are so intimately bonded; and that on the day when Armstrong and Aldrin stepped out onto the moon a newspaper column on astrology advised "Moon Children" that there could be "no better day than this to do those thoughtful things that will please your family and keep them happy."

On the other hand, if you want to regard the two space-travelers as being under the influence of Gemini, the Twins, and if you look in another newspaper, you will find that "this should be a rather successful Sunday, with your managing to touch everything planned." O dear nutty human race! By the time the computers take over, we shall certainly have programmed enough illogic-plus-will-to-believe into them so that the change will hardly be noticeable.

PYGMY PATRIOTISM

by Isaac Asimov

THE OPPENHEIMER CASE:
SECURITY ON TRIAL
by Philip M. Stern
Harper & Row, \$10.00

Once, when I was serving my stint as a buck private in the Army of the United States, I sat about a convivial table at a U.S.O. On the jukebox in the background a recording of "God Bless America" began to play. Everyone stood up.

Well, not everyone. The song is *not* our country's national anthem. It is, in my opinion, an embarrassing collection of mawkish phrases set to abominably poor music. I was in a contrary mood, and I remained seated.

I was promptly berated by one of the soldiers present for my lack of patriotism.

On another occasion, the conversation in the barracks turned upon the various means and stratagems for getting Army property back home to the profit of the individual soldier.

I listened with gathering disapproval as it became apparent that I was the only one in the barracks not doing this. Virtuously, I expressed my opinion that this was theft and that stealing from the government

was stealing from the American people.

I was promptly berated by one of the soldiers present for my lack of intelligence.

You are right. Same soldier.

What is patriotism, anyway, to the average man? I have long been puzzled, for I have a naïve mind that is easily confused.

During the war, for instance, we were all urged to buy war bonds as a matter of patriotism. In the period when I was a civilian, I therefore bought war bonds regularly. I was bothered, though, by the fact that the bonds carried interest and that we were therefore making a profit out of patriotism. Should we not have donated our money without interest?

I asked someone that and was told that hardly anyone would be patriotic enough to buy, without interest promised in return.

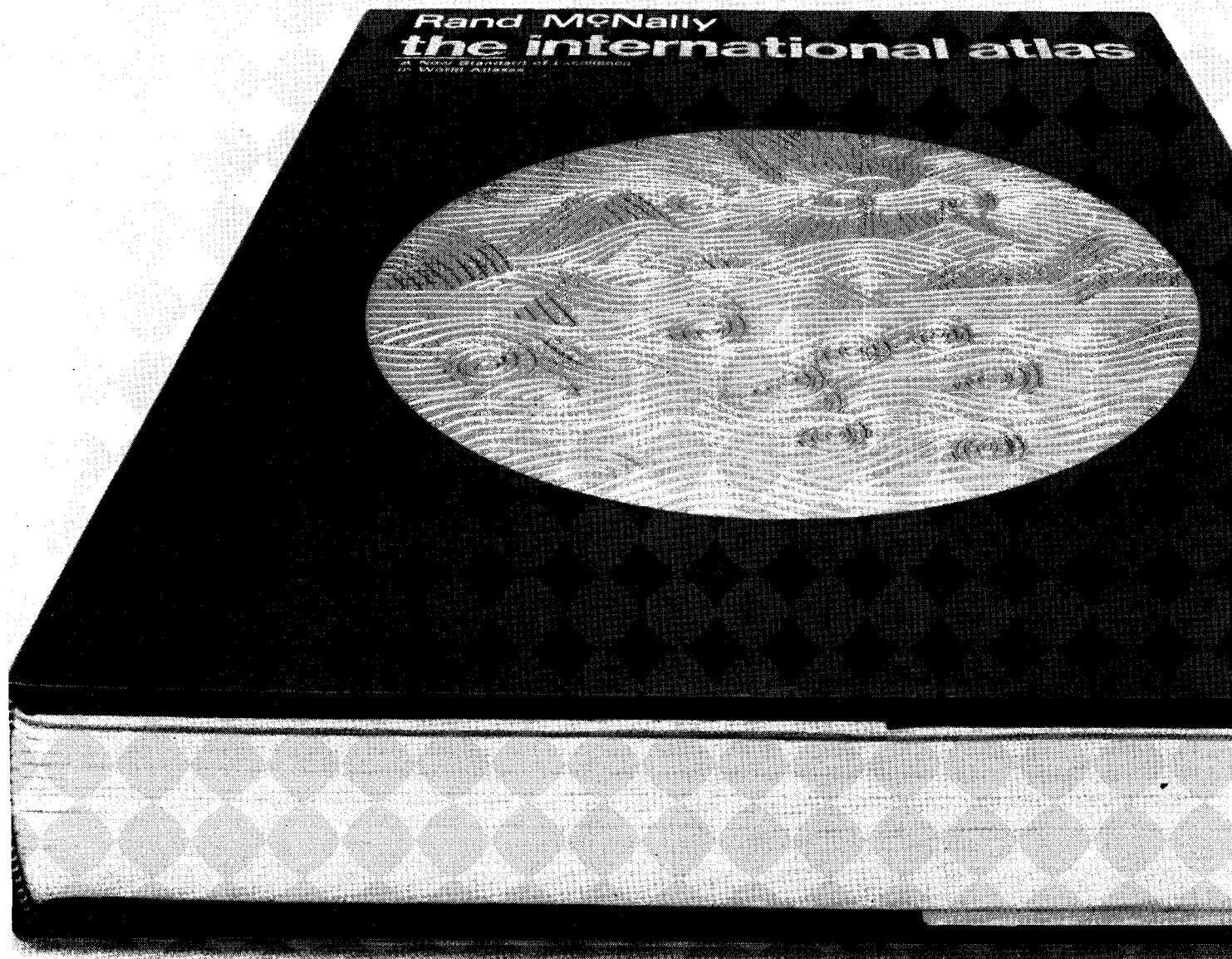
We were also told that the war bonds were needed to buy war matériel. My own personal bonds, I was given to understand, would go toward a tank to fight the enemy?

But, I asked, suppose the government ran short of bond money with which to buy tanks? Would the tank manufacturer then refuse to sell a

The world today may seem smaller to some of you—but not to us. The all new maps in Rand McNally's International Atlas are unusually large in scale because the events of each year demand more detailed geographic knowledge. They were created by a team of cartographers from many nations, each contributing his special knowledge. Only six different scales are used to facilitate direct visual comparison of continents, regions, countries and even most of the world's major metropolitan areas. To publish such an atlas required new skills and a unique creative approach. It's available wherever fine books are sold. **Rand McNally**, publishers, book manufacturers, mapmakers.



small world? large maps!



tank to the United States on a promise to pay later? Where was *his* patriotism?

Someone explained, when I asked this, that all that stuff about buying tanks and planes was just a sales pitch. Actually, the important thing was to buy bonds and withdraw money from circulation, thus preventing wartime inflation.

So I asked why the income taxes weren't simply raised sufficiently to make such inflation impossible. That way, money would be withdrawn in due proportion from all, instead of only from those who lacked sales resistance where war bonds were concerned. Furthermore, if inflation were fought by income tax alone, all the effort put into war bond promotion could be put directly into the war itself. And besides, bond money would have to be returned after the war, with interest added, and it would then contribute to postwar inflation, while income tax money, nonreturnable, would do no harm afterward.

No answer was even considered necessary to that one. The person I questioned simply walked away.

I have gathered since that paying income taxes is not considered an effective way of demonstrating patriotism by most people. Nor is evading income taxes considered unpatriotic.

Can it be, then, that that which counts as patriotism to most of us is *not* a foolish refusal to steal from the government, but a wicked refusal to stand when Kate Smith sings "God Bless America"?!

Is it the little touches that cost nothing that make the average patriot: a salute, a song, a cheer, a sneer at foreigners and dissenters? Nothing more?

And what about the more than average? What about the policymakers within government? What defines patriotism for them?

I have noticed, for instance, that Air Force officials, in their totally sincere desire to serve America best, fight hard for an increased role, money, and power for the Air Force at the expense of the Navy. Navy officials, equally patriotic, do the same in reverse.

The heads of each department of the executive branch, each committee of the legislature, fight for increased shares of the public pie for the segment of the government they

head, out of an undoubtedly firm conviction that in so acting they are doing their patriotic best for their country.

It is inconceivable that they would want this power if they thought it was to the harm of the country, yet how is it they always come to the conclusion that it is precisely increased power for themselves that is for the public good? I can only marvel at the Divine Providence (nothing else will account for the coincidence) which gives each person in the government a sincere concern for the commonweal that just happens to parallel the aggrandizement of his own role.

If, as in my case, you have the unsettling habit of thinking of these things, Philip Stern's powerful volume will give you no solace. Rather, it will deprive you of sleep, as it did me.

The book centers upon the security hearings of J. Robert Oppenheimer, a man who, according to the common admission of all who worked with him, did more than any other man to gain for the United States possession of the fission bomb, and without whom, many are quite sure, the Soviet Union would have had it first.

To be "father of the A-bomb" might be considered worth the gratitude of the nation (given the situation of the early 1940s), but such deeds, apparently, are equivalent to filing a reasonably honest income tax return. They are not considered a satisfactory measure of patriotism.

Never mind Oppenheimer's deeds; how did he feel about "God Bless America"? Oppenheimer had leftist associations prior to the war, and during and after the war he refused to throw his friends to the wolves. No one ever proved, in the hearings or elsewhere, that his friendships and associations ever led to a single *act* that could be interpreted as being against the interest of the United States; indeed, all his *acts*, insofar as their effects could be measured, worked to the country's enormous benefit and never to its harm.

The suspicions against Oppenheimer were alive from the start. The points against him were well known to the government all through World War II, and he was employed nevertheless. He was bugged and shadowed to exhaus-

tion, and no *act* of his was ever demonstrated to be treasonable.

What happened after the war, then, to make it necessary to bring up the suspicions of his thoughts, opinions, and associations, as though they had been freshly discovered, and to reward him for the fission bomb by destroying him?

There was another bomb in prospect after the war, you see—a fusion bomb, a hydrogen bomb. Oppenheimer was somewhat opposed to this. In the opinions of some, he delayed action upon it, influenced others against it. He had, indeed, on various occasions supported the research but with what was considered to be lack of enthusiasm.

In short, Oppenheimer *did* (in effect) stand up when "God Bless America" was played, but not rapidly enough.

Yet why Oppenheimer? There were other physicists who were more confirmed and more open in their opposition to the hydrogen bomb. There were others who had had leftist associations in their youth. There were others whose devotion to the nation was not so notoriously deserving of reward. Why, then, Oppenheimer?

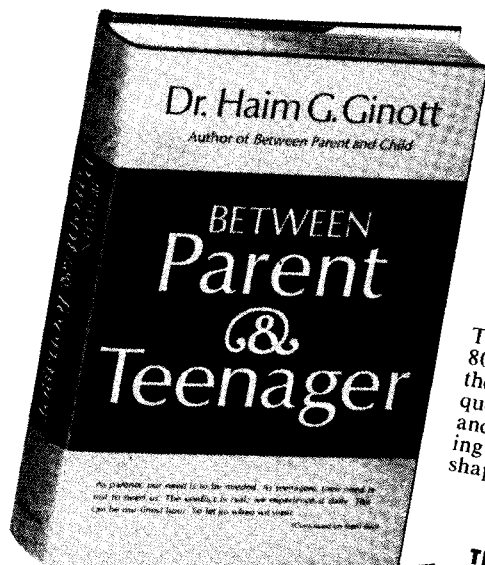
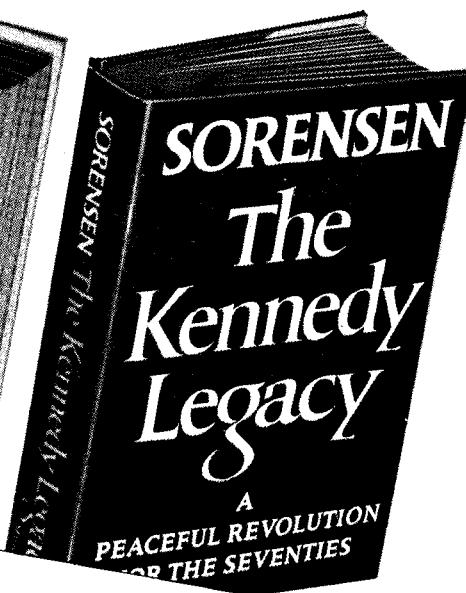
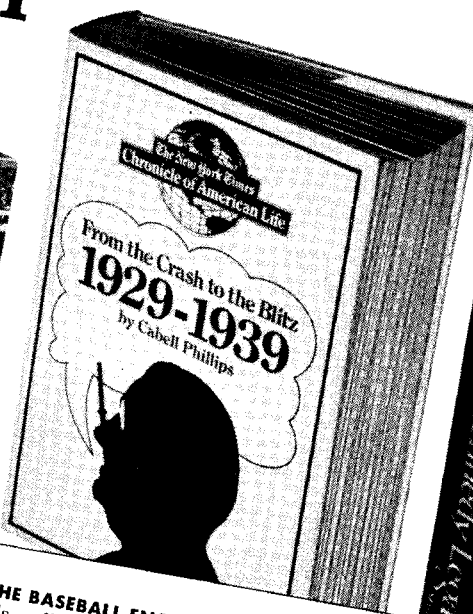
Well, Oppenheimer was a demigod, not a man. It was not merely ordinary men who felt, when with him, that they were in the presence of an intellectual superior. Nobel Prize winners felt the same way. His lucidity, his insight, his intellectual power, put him in a class by himself—and not everyone liked that.

What's more, Oppenheimer, far too often, felt himself the demigod and, with a flick of lightning, would demolish a lesser being in public. He made enemies in this way; enemies who would not and could not forget; and in the fullness of time, they patriotically clawed him down.

For the mid-fifties came, the era of McCarthyism, when, in the name of patriotism, any deed could be done; any deed at all, however damaging to America.

In *The Oppenheimer Case*, Stern tells the story in single-minded concentration on the hearings. Oppenheimer's biography is given in a series of flashes that illuminate just those events which were later to play a part in the hearings. The background of others, and of national events, are also given sparingly

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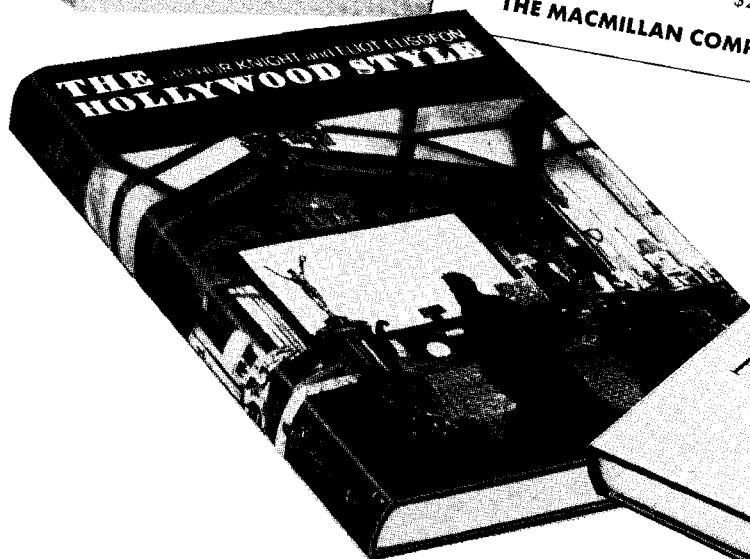
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and only to the extent that they contributed.

The effect is of a straightforward undeviating slide, slow at first, then rapid and more rapid, toward catastrophe. That catastrophe looms from the start, visible, horrifying, inevitable. The matter is superbly handled.

The author, who is plainly and emphatically on the side of Oppenheimer, does not bother to pillory individuals as villains. It is the system of "security" that he opposes; it is the climate of pygmy patriotism that horrifies him.

The hearings, as he painstakingly and abundantly (even aching) makes clear, were a grimly unfair travesty of traditional American justice. It was a case where the prosecution was given all the weapons, and where the defense was bound hand and foot and then (when the knots were tested and found tight) kicked in the head. Oppenheimer himself, bludgeoned

mercilessly, without any of the safeguards that are set about a prisoner in a court of law, broke, and was never less the demigod than at his hearings.

In that dark time there were many others who suffered as Oppenheimer had done, and worse (though few deserved it less at the hands of an ungrateful nation), and the liberties of Americans generally were eroded in consequence.

And all in the name of patriotism. For as long as patriotism is, for most people, a thing of show rather than reality, and a vehicle for rewarding oneself and punishing one's enemies, the darkness can never pass. Insofar as pygmy patriotism remains, this book should be read for its application to today, and if it keeps you awake nights (and it should), let it be not over Oppenheimer's tragedy, but over the continuing danger to America's liberties and the possible tragedy of us all.

away in the ground with some slight decency can become unbearably complex and finally obscene.

Most cultures provide handsomely for death, because death dislocates survivors and reduces their effectiveness and their faith in the society. The community steps in and surrounds the mourners, through ritual and care asserting the priority of the culture over individual sorrows. But in the culture of poverty, where living every day is a crisis, an extraordinary event like a death so overtaxes the community that the strain on individuals becomes cruel. The Sánchez children have no time to sort through their feelings or resolve their griefs because they have to be out in the streets begging, borrowing, and pawning to get together forty dollars for the undertaker. They begin the funeral ordeal with love and an honest sense of duty to their Aunt Lupe, but by the end of four days they are scrapping over her pitiful few possessions, and her neighbors are jockeying feverishly for the right to move into her single wretched room. The hearse races through the streets, and the priest at the cemetery bilks a last eighty cents from the mourners for organ music at the burial Mass.

Lewis' method, tape-recorded autobiographies of family members set in dramatic juxtaposition, again has its curiously powerful effect on us. Taken immediately into the lives and emotions of the narrators for a brief time we see the world presumably as they see it. Since the material is primary, we feel that the interpretations we make are our own and not Lewis'. And the pride of possession of an idea can be as strong as any pride of ownership. Though by careful editing and by asking the storytellers the right questions, Lewis actually guides us along the path to particular conclusions, his hand remains nearly invisible.

The narrators themselves offer some clear insights into their lives. Perhaps through their contact with Lewis, maybe from their widening view of the world and its possibilities, they recognize that the indignities they suffer are not necessarily the indignities of the human condition. Consuelo, the daughter who has fought her way into near respectability as a stenographer

POVERTY REVISITED

by Carter Wilson

A DEATH IN THE SANCHEZ FAMILY
by Oscar Lewis
Random House, \$5.95

For many of us who are still in our twenties, Oscar Lewis' books were once spurs to action. Lewis was the anthropologist who told not about primitive, timeless societies as far away as the moon, but about people living in a poverty and misery we could do something about. Just as we came into our strength, Lewis made us aware that the bounty we had accepted as a given was not the lot of the children of a certain Jesús Sánchez in a filthy *vecindad* in Mexico City.

We were shown how chronic poverty and separation from old values produce not only physical suffering but also a maiming of the soul, a permanent loss of expectation, and a schizophrenia in everyday life which rattle to pieces the family and the self. Like any virulent culture, chronic poverty provides for its own continuity through generations.

Today the knowledge we gained

from Lewis may seem commonplace, but even subtle polemics always contain obvious truths. And if our personal reactions—a term in the Peace Corps or a summer in Harlem or Mississippi—turned out to be minimal responses, the fault is ours and not Oscar Lewis' or Michael Harrington's. In our first optimism we thought we could lift the children of Sánchez out of their despair without breaking the vessel which trapped them. The generation which comes after ours may not be so naïve as we were.

A Death in the Sánchez Family takes us back over the territory Lewis explored a decade ago. The people telling their story are the ones we knew then, adults now, a bit better off and more class-conscious, but still enmeshed in the machinery of survival.

Three of the Sánchez children come together to bury their aunt, a destitute, alcoholic woman who was their support in times of trouble. When there is virtually no cash on hand, the simple act of getting the shriveled old body put

blames her aunt's miserable life and death on Mexico itself:

Oh yes, we are making progress. We are advancing in technology and science; the steel structures are rising over the corpses. Everybody knows that the peasants and the poor in the cities are being killed by starvation or other means An entire generation is disappearing in an unforgivable fashion. I can no longer bear to see how they are humiliated or how they die.

Despite recent advances in Mexico's social welfare system, Consuelo's statement is fair. Her Aunt Guadalupe could not take advantage of "free" medical care because she couldn't afford the bus fare to the hospital.

In *La Vida*, Oscar Lewis admitted that the culture of poverty provides people with values which help them to tolerate and survive their regular degradation in the world which preys on them. Consuelo looks back with a certain fondness for her old life and for the old ideology. "I recognized the love and understanding that existed among them in spite of their poverty-stricken lives. What would I have done in the same circumstances?"

Anyone who read the first long Sánchez saga was led first through a new land of despair and stench, but eventually came to rest in an old and well-known sanctum—the inner world of a breathing family, rife with love and hate, guilt and re-creation. I at least felt very much at home with them: it appears that all *unhappy* families also resemble one another.

Caught up in the daily struggle, the Sánchez children naturally don't recognize the "universal" quality of their family. Like their mentor Lewis, they blame the culture of poverty for all their unhappiness.

Certainly their anger is just. I doubt that anyone could ever totally reckon the damage which systematic deprivation does to a person. But pinning all the meanness of people on their culture does not work as a comprehensive explanation of their actions. The Sánchez children remember their aunt, poorest of the poor, as a generous and superior person. Yet according to the theory, she should have been among the most petty. In our own society a funeral is an expensively oiled and smooth-running machine



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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

for the mussless and fussless disposal of an offensive object. According to the theory, our wealth should insulate us and make us decent to each other at such times. Yet our cat-fights over a dead man's many goods can be as vicious as the squabble among the Sánchez children over their aunt's cheap religious pictures.

In spite of its modesty, *A Death in the Sánchez Family* is nearly as shattering to read as the first Sánchez book was. But I doubt that it will affect people as the earlier story did.

For the young Marxists of 1970, the culture of poverty must seem a literal blind alley of capitalist history. It offers no dynamic for radical betterment, only an ideology for adjustment. And those of us who now search for ways to resurrect the human spirit will find in a death in Mexico City only the same sad ego trips and pettiness we can observe daily in our own lives. Our righteous pity for other people may have waned with the realization that we must first become physicians to ourselves before we can save the world.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

DARWIN AND THE BEAGLE
by Alan Moorehead
Harper & Row, \$15.00

What makes *Darwin and the Beagle* by Alan Moorehead such an enchanting book is the magnetic buoyancy of Charles Darwin as he was in his early twenties: "the most open, transparent man I ever saw, and every word expresses his real thoughts"—so his wife, Emma, described him (they were married shortly after his return from the historic voyage), and so he was as he came down from Cambridge and made his bow to the world. At Christ's College this blithe, tall young man with his pleasant good looks had acquired a reputation for "horsiness." He loved to hunt and shoot, and from boyhood, as Mr. Moorehead says, "everything in the fields delighted him. Flowers, rocks, butterflies, birds and spiders"—he collected them all with an aimless absorption. He loathed the classics and mathematics, but—and the but is decisive—the undergraduates, with their singular capacity for identification, had marked him as "the man who walks with Henslow." Henslow was Professor of Botany, and the understanding between the don and the student was to be the most sustaining relationship in Darwin's development.

Darwin's father, a wealthy physician, stood 6'2", weighed 328 pounds, and was just as autocratic as that bulk suggests. Mrs. Darwin

had died when the boy was eight, and he had been brought up by his three older sisters. Since the classics were beyond him (Julian Huxley said that with today's standards Darwin would never have got into a university), Charles was first sent to study medicine at Edinburgh, but he could not stand the sight of blood and did not take dissection seriously. After this initial failure, his father let him go to Cambridge with the dim possibility that he might eventually enter the Church. And then in the summer of 1831, with his degree in his pocket, Charles opened an unexpected letter from Henslow offering him the post of unpaid naturalist aboard the H.M.S. *Beagle*, which was soon to be outward-bound to chart the unmapped seas.

Dr. Darwin did not approve: "If you can find any man of common sense who advises you to go I will give my consent." The man Charles found was Josiah Wedgwood, his uncle and father-in-law-to-be, who heartily approved of the expedition and persuaded the bulky doctor to change his mind. There remained the necessity that Charles must commend himself to Robert FitzRoy, the captain of the ship, whose cabin he would share for two years or more. They were of an age, and after a chilly beginning the attraction was mutual.

What makes Mr. Moorehead's books, *The White Nile*, *The Blue Nile*, and now *Darwin and the*

Beagle, of such unfailing delight are his capacity to get inside the skin of his leading characters, the skill with which he recaptures the atmosphere of an earlier age, and his brilliant power of description. The attraction and the inevitable competition between Darwin and FitzRoy we are never permitted to forget. FitzRoy, a martinet of precarious temper, was at heart a fundamentalist, and apart from his duty, the voyage, he believed, "would provide a grand opportunity to substantiate the Bible, especially the book of Genesis." As a naturalist, Darwin might easily find many evidences of the Flood and the first appearance of all created things upon the earth, and Charles, the young clergyman-to-be, was ready to agree. Discretion and irony were implicit in this situation, for the bolder Charles became in his discoveries, the more he antagonized FitzRoy, who could at any time order him home.

In the early stages there was some question whether Charles could take it, for he was dreadfully seasick, as he would be recurrently in the rougher passages. Yet his charm and his manliness commended him to the ship's company, to the seventy-two who were crowded aboard the little brig, and whenever they put him ashore, his resourcefulness in exploration and the strange things he discovered and packed off to Henslow back in Cambridge made him an endearing object of curiosity. "Use more paper, and not so much tow," Henslow would write. "One excellent crab had lost all its legs, a bird had its tail feathers crumpled, two mice were rather mouldy."

Mr. Moorehead illuminates those major discoveries which erased Genesis from Charles's mind and prompted his evolutionary speculation. In Patagonia at Punta Alta, he and his assistant pickaxed out the bones of gigantic creatures embedded in a thick matrix of seashells. There were breathtaking days in the Andes, where at 12,000 feet he found a bed of fossil seashells and only a little lower a forest of white petrified pine trees, with marine rocks at their base. In the grim aftermath of the earthquake at Talcahuano Darwin observed that the level of the land had risen a few feet higher than before—if in an hour the land was thrust up like that

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from the sea, how long had it taken the Andes to grow? On the Galapagos the different species of finch and the variety of their beaks—one had a beak for cracking nuts and seeds, another to catch insects, and still another fed on fruits and flowers—convinced him that he was “on the edge of a remarkable and disturbing discovery.”

The voyage lasted five years, and except for seasickness Darwin's physique was equal to every test; he climbed the highest peaks, penetrated the densest forests, rode for eleven unbroken hours in the saddle, and in the midst of this prodigious output, was learning to write! He was never to enjoy such physical fitness again, and during the long writing years that followed he was ailing and sedentary. Dar-

win's theories, so furiously denounced by the Church, were to prove the most profound of his century, and it is Mr. Moorehead's achievement to have shown us the discoverer at the peak of his power and unafraid. The contemporary illustrations, colorplates and black and whites, point up the text to perfection.

FOR YOU DEPARTED

by Alan Paton
Scribner's, \$5.95

Adversity is a powerful stimulant to writers, and it is no coincidence that two of the ablest in the English-speaking world, Nadine Gordimer and Alan Paton, are South Africans who have done their best books in an atmosphere no less oppressive than that in which Pasternak died. *For You Departed*, Alan Paton's new book, is by design a long epistle of sixty-eight episodes composed for his wife, who died in 1967. In substance it is a memoir in which his self-portrait and that of Doris, their love, their friction, and their anguish stir the reader with that lyrical power one recalls in his novels *Cry*, *The Beloved Country*, and *Too Late the Phalarope*.

Doris was twenty-eight, six years his senior, and married to another man when Alan first watched her playing tennis, and her mischief and zest on the court captivated him. He was a twenty-two-year-old teacher in the Ixopo High School, a virgin, hard-disciplined and pious. His love for her could not be disguised, and when her husband died of tuberculosis, he declared himself and was tentatively accepted, with the warning that she could never care for him as she could for her first lover. The story within this memoir is how Paton won her despite her indecision, her sharpness, and her diffidence.

Alan's parents were severe Puritans: the theater was wicked, they would have no alcohol in the house, and they disapproved of the pomp of the Anglican and the Roman Catholic Church. (Doris on her visits was forbidden to smoke.) From this stern, sometimes cruel, household, young Paton emerged a dedicated being much in need of the liberation and the encouragement he was to receive from his defiant but intensely loyal wife. She

backed him again and again in his harder choices; she backed him when he turned from the pleasant security of Maritzburg College, of which he might have become headmaster, to accept the principalship of Diepkloof Reformatory, with its four hundred African delinquents ranging in age from thirteen to seventy. “Why do we have to leave Natal, where all our family and friends are?” she said tearfully, “I don't want to go.” But she did go, to the miserable small dark house which was their allotment, and she was with him when he cleaned up that evil-smelling prison, issued tobacco to the inmates, and set up trust and freedom as incentives. Doris was with him when he accepted the leadership of the National Liberation Party, which was eventually suppressed because of its advocacy of a multiracial society. She typed his novels, joyed in them, and went on a lighthearted trip with him when he received the London *Sunday Times* Award. She shared his house arrest while he sat coldly watching the inspectors riffle his papers and she lay in her bed, invalid and gasping for breath.

Doris had a quick temper, which Alan and their sons could easily provoke; she rarely found words for her love; and he tells how in her prickly way she inflicted “my green and foolish hurts.” This book in its intimate way searches for and reveals their hard-won understanding, and the gloom of grief is relieved by Alan's acceptance of the life hereafter. Rarely has a partnership been so well defined in its scriptural purity.

HERO OF THE CITIES

by Matthew and Hannah Josephson
Houghton Mifflin, \$7.95

Hero of the Cities is a political portrait of Alfred E. Smith, a lively, sympathetic account of “the gentleman from Tammany,” as his Republican opponents dubbed him, who, as Frances Perkins truly said, “was the man responsible for the first drift in the United States toward the conception that political responsibility involved a duty to improve the life of the people.” The Josephsons have Miss Perkins to thank for much of their source material, and they do so handsomely in their foreword. Miss Perkins, a welfare worker and

THE WRITERS:

Elizabeth Janeway is a novelist, critic, and astute observer of the American scene.

Isaac Asimov is a scientist and writer whose *Opus 100* has just been published.

Carter Wilson is the author of two novels.

Edward Weeks has been reviewing books in this column for more than forty years.

Dan Wakefield's books include *Between the Lines* and *Supernation at Peace and War*.

Robert Evett's piece on Scarlatti will appear in a forthcoming book, *Atlantic Brief Lives*.

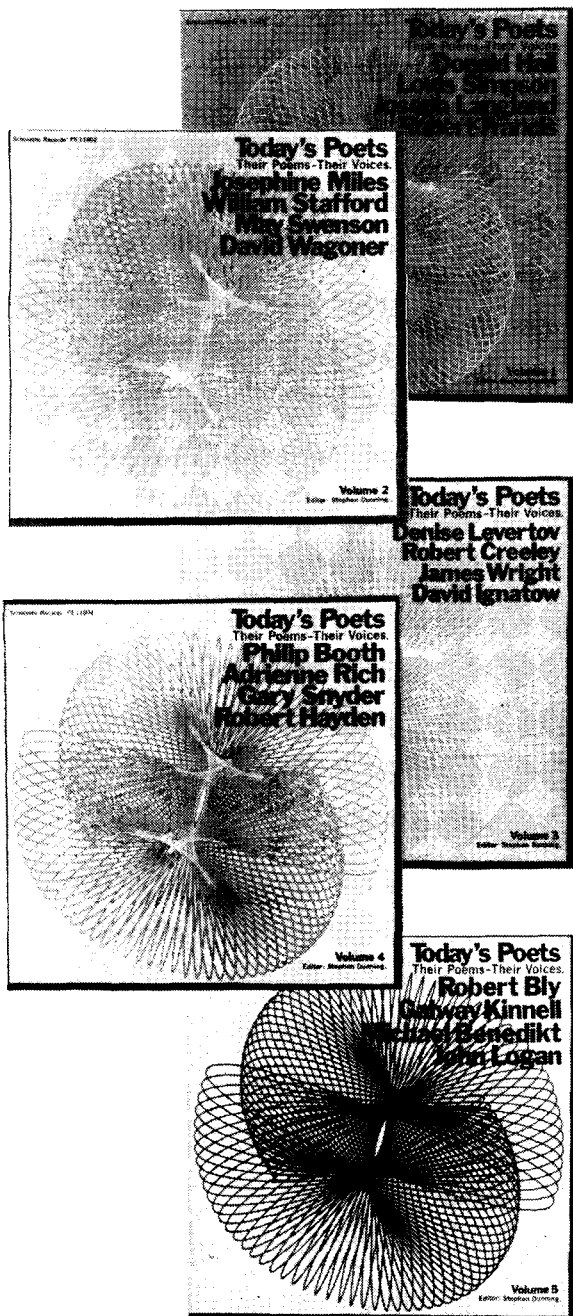
Phoebe Adams writes regularly for this department.

Paul Petrie (page 68) will have a collection of poems published this month by Vanderbilt.

Robley Wilson, Jr. (page 77), is editor of the *North American Review* and teaches at the University of Northern Iowa.

Barbara Howes (page 90) is the author of several books of poetry, the most recent, *Looking Up At Leaves*.

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*Publishers' Weekly

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

one of Al Smith's ablest lieutenants, was destined to become the first woman Cabinet member in our history. But, say the Josephsons, "she never forgot that she owed her advancement to Smith, as he owed his growing social consciousness to her." She had long planned to write the life of her beloved chief, and as she approached eighty, had finished three brief chapters on his boyhood and youth and taped nearly a thousand pages about him for the Columbia University Archives. With such leads the Josephsons went on to do their own research and to write from first to last their frank, admiring, sometimes sad, often amusing chronicle of the "Happy Warrior" in action.

An East Side Irish boy and a grandson of Irish and Italian immigrants, Alfred Emmanuel Smith began to support his widowed mother when he was fourteen, as a truck chaser, then as a fishmonger ("I might also mention that we ate quite a lot of fish"). When Tammany Hall began to keep an eye on him, he peddled all about the city serving notice on those chosen for jury duty, and with his alertness he was promoted to be investigator for the Commissioner of Jurors, with authority to pursue the shirkers. He learned from whatever he did, had the memory of an elephant, and was unafraid. Tammany Hall, in which he received his political education, was a tough machine, but like Harry Truman, he emerged with his principles intact and a capacity to grow.

As a young assemblyman in Albany, Al Smith had a moderate taste for liquor, found prizefights repugnant, and would not gamble. With another newly elected assemblyman, Robert F. Wagner, who had graduated from City College and law school, he cut through the occult terms of the bills before the legislature to find the real intent. Since nearly all the bills involved spending the state's money, he toiled through the six hundred pages of the annual appropriation retaining a good deal of what was essential; and after five years, as the biographers tell us, his racy language, his defense of the plain people of the city streets, his resonant voice, and the humor he packed into the punch line marked him as a comer.

The Triangle factory fire, in

which more than a hundred young girls, garment workers, were burned or jumped to their death, shocked Al Smith, for his mother had been a factory worker, and if this could happen in the middle of New York City, he reasoned, it could happen anywhere. This tragedy put him in touch with Miss Perkins, and during the four years that followed, it led to one of Al's greatest political achievements, the measures to protect the health of workers, to limit the hours of labor of women and children, and to compensate the victims of accidents. Years later Frances Perkins overheard a man asking one of the Tammany satchems where Smith got all his information. "He read a book," said the Tammany man. "What did he read?" "He knew Frances Perkins, and she was a book."

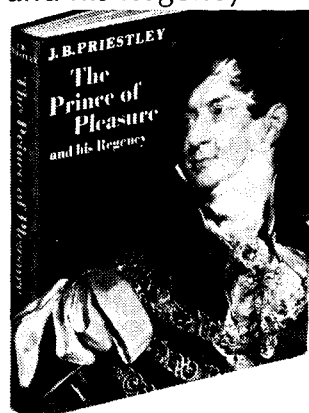
The politics of that era, Republican and Democratic, were often sordid, and being warmed over does not make them less so. When this occurs it is advisable to skip in search of the Brown Derby. One of the best scenes in the book is the Constitutional Convention of 1915, when Al with his extraordinary knowledge of the legislature and his wit first came to the notice of the ranking Republicans, such as Elihu Root, Henry L. Stimson, and John Lord O'Brian. Smith's inner cabinet of Boss Murphy, Judge Proskauer, Frances Perkins, Belle Moskowitz, and young Robert Moses are well characterized, and the progressive legislation which he pressed through during his four terms as governor set a record which FDR was to emulate.

Al Smith's tragedy began in the Democratic National Convention of 1924, when for a full fortnight he and McAdoo were locked in a stalemate for the nomination which finally went to John W. Davis. The country was not yet ready for "a Wet, a Roman Catholic, brown derby, cigar, and all," to be its President. The famous article he wrote for the *Atlantic* in affirmation of his loyalty as Patriot and Catholic dismissed the issue but not the prejudice. Al's break with Roosevelt, his sorry association with Raskob and the Liberty League, his vindictive attack on the New Deal, and his bolting the party for Landon were the embittered reactions of a leader rejected.

J. B. Priestley

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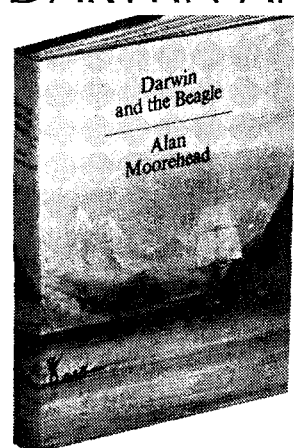


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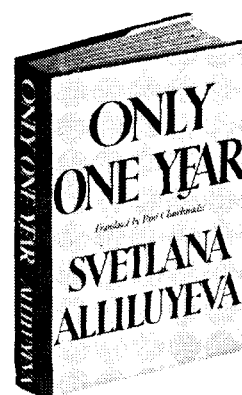
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MOVIES

NEW STYLES OF STORYTELLING

by Dan Wakefield

ALICE'S RESTAURANT

directed by Arthur Penn
United Artists

MEDIUM COOL

directed by Haskell Wexler
Paramount

JUSTINE

directed by George Cukor
Twentieth Century Fox

I am suspicious of the discovery of "new art forms" (especially when announced by the artist himself), as well as of the many "breakthroughs" we are always hearing about in one field or another. Without sounding any such cataclysmic cultural alarm, I would like to call attention to some recent movies that seem to me to represent, in their different ways, new styles of storytelling for commercially produced Hollywood movies.

For several years there has been proud talk of the "New Hollywood" by people in Hollywood, though even the most ardent upholders of the concept find it difficult to pin down, and as far as I was able to translate the disconnected definitions of it, the general idea seems to be that Hollywood need no longer be ashamed of being Hollywood because it is doing such daring new stuff, real artistic and all, just like the Europeans; and Darlings, we shouldn't feel guilty anymore.

Since the end of World War II there indeed have been innovations and new departures in American moviemaking, but not in the area of what I think of as "storytelling." There of course have been great advances in color, lighting, wide screens, photography, and many technical aspects of production. There was talk of a "new kind of movie" in the fifties, but that was primarily a different kind of acting style, made popular by James Dean, Marlon Brando, and the many other talented acolytes of Strasberg's version of Stanislavski's Method. But the American movies thought of as bold and daring in that era were

ones like *On The Waterfront*, in which, despite all of Brando's introspective and untraditional (for Hollywood) acting style, the story itself followed the same conventional Hollywood plot form of fast-paced beginning, middle, and inevitably victorious and glorious (happy) end. In the sixties the American commercial movies that were hailed as bold and daring most often have been regarded as such because of the theme, the dealing with controversial subjects such as a white girl marrying a Negro (*Guess Who's . . .*), a college girl getting a diaphragm (*Goodbye, Columbus*, whose theme is really out of the fifties when the story was written and is now outdated by the Pill), a crackpot SAC general going off his rocker and ordering atomic war (*Dr. Strangelove*), a teen-age girl getting laid by a wide and wild assortment of older men (*Candy*), and a nice young housewife getting knocked up by the devil (*Rosemary's Baby*).

Despite some taboo-breaking in themes, however, most of these movies pretty faithfully stuck to conventional plotting techniques, the linear progress from beginning to middle to end (though in some cases the end wasn't happy/victorious), with all elements fitting neatly into place and building with traditional momentum to the wrap-up climax that tied all the threads of the story together.

European film-makers have broken out of these standard conventions and experimented with new storytelling techniques for some time now (with varying degrees of success) in works such as Truffaut's imaginative love-murder story *Shoot the Piano Player*, Fellini's dreamlike, autobiographical *8½*, and Antonioni's self-consciously pretentious mod murder fable, *Blow-Up*.

Most of our own allegedly daring commercial movies have adhered to traditional storytelling conventions (with a few recent exceptions in the loose, somewhat improvisational story of *Easy Rider*, and the almost

nonstory of 2001: *A Space Odyssey*), but several new ones make definite departures from the norm in imaginative, unpretentious ways that hopefully mean an opening up of new possibilities for American moviemakers.

Alice's Restaurant, based on the rambling song by Arlo Guthrie, comes fresh from a rich and thriving storytelling form that has gained great popularity in this country among the young, the "stories" set to music of a talented generation of singer-composer-lyricists that began with Bob Dylan and has been joined by Phil Ochs, Leonard Cohen, Judy Collins, Guthrie himself, and perhaps most beautifully of all by Joni Mitchell, one of whose songs is sung in this movie. These songs are most often a kind of poem-story, sometimes autobiographical, sometimes wholly imaginative, often a mixture, funny and sad and personal. In many ways they provide for both the author-singer and the audience the sort of identification and relation of experience that was served for past generations by more conventionally unsung poetry and by short stories and novels. Joni Mitchell's first album, for instance, is a series of songs about a young girl coming to New York, experiencing first love and disillusionment, and finally leaving, sadder and wiser. The songs have the youthful poignance and the fine observation of a good first novel, and in a sense the album is a first novel, except it is on a record instead of in a book, and the author herself sings the story.

Arlo Guthrie's song of "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre" is an anecdotal, humorous, artfully exaggerated account of some of his own adventures with his friends, a picaresque story set to music. There isn't much of a formal plot, things just seem to happen. These friends of his, Alice Brock and her husband, Ray, open a restaurant in Stockbridge, Mass., and Arlo goes up to visit and says that's something he always wanted—not owning a restaurant, but having a friend who owned a restaurant. More friends come up for a big Thanksgiving dinner and everyone has a good time eating all the good food and smoking all the good grass, and afterward Arlo and a buddy take out the garbage and dump it off the roadside out of town and get arrested for "littering" and

are taken to jail. Alice bails them out, but when Arlo goes down to New York to take his Army physical, the "littering" charge on his record puts him into a group of undesirables who have committed a lot of weird crimes, and even though Arlo jumps up and down and tells the recruiting officer he wants to Kill, Kill, Kill, the Army decides he's a weirdo and doesn't draft him after all. Then he goes back up to see Alice and Ray, and things just keep happening, and that's roughly what the song's all about.

That's what the movie's all about, too, and director Arthur Penn had the good sense to try to make it in the anecdotal, rambling style of the song, and had the considerable ability to bring it off. There are more things added to the story told in the song, like Arlo visiting his dying father, Woody, in the hospital in New York, and he and Pete Seeger singing for him. Other people and trips and encounters are added, but everything happens casually and without any forcing for a standard plot.

The last quarter of the movie becomes terribly morose, with Woody dying and a young junkie friend of Alice and Ray's getting killed, and a colorful but somehow strained and joyless "remarriage" ceremony Alice and Ray hold in their church-house, after which Arlo and most of their friends leave them for other travels and adventures. There is a last long shot of Alice standing at the church door, not looking very happy. I can't tell whether this last part was added for "significance," or perhaps because some things like that really happened and Arlo wanted them in the movie, or what. Though the ending makes the whole thing heavier, it doesn't basically violate the spirit and style of the song or of most of the movie. Arlo is relaxed and charming and funny playing himself, and Pat Quinn is a tough and tender, sharp and impetuous, sad-eyed, marvelous Alice. The movie is never dull, and moves along at its own informal, quirky, personal pace. It is as likable as Arlo himself.

When I first heard the general idea of *Medium Cool*—the mixing of "real" documentary footage of the Chicago riots, the Democratic convention, and other public events of 1968 into a fictional story of the life of a young TV cameraman—I feared

that the actors and the story would seem like thinly veiled devices to make an excuse for using the documentary material in a feature movie. To my pleasant surprise, that obvious pitfall was artfully avoided, and the story of the young TV cameraman, played superbly by Robert Forster, is unusually convincing.

Through most of the movie (right up to a tacked-on ending), the only plot is the cameraman's growing conflict about the uses of his work, its influence on the public, the corruption of the media, and his own responsibilities to his job, his beliefs, and the people whose lives he is influencing by his own life and work. But you are anxious to know what happens next, as deeply as in the most fast-paced thriller, because you have a sense that this is what a particular person's real life and concerns are actually like.

At least part of the authenticity comes from perfectly realized interiors, like the bachelor-cameraman's casual, comfortable pad with all the right posters and mementos and modern mix of furniture, its aura of a place where one man lives and brings home his casual women. The cameraman becomes accidentally involved with a young Vietnam War widow from the West Virginia hills and her young son. Her own plain, cramped apartment, where the kitchen is headquarters, is again just right. So is Verna Bloom, who plays the part of the widow with complete charm and naïveté, not glamorous but pretty, not intellectual but smart. There are unhurried, wonderful scenes of these people, talking, touching, eating, wondering.

The authenticity of the whole movie is of course enforced and deepened by the scenes of the actual demonstrations and clubbings of the crowd by the Chicago police, and the inside of the Democratic convention during the proceedings. Director-photographer Haskell Wexler set his actors into these "live" scenes—at considerable physical risk to them and to him. The mixture of art and life that Wexler comes up with is eerie and powerful, and continually fascinating.

The "storytelling" lesson of both these entertaining movies seems to be that it isn't necessary to follow the conventional mold of single-minded plot in order to hold an audience. I was further convinced of

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this by seeing another new movie done in the more conventional story style, which was much less interesting because of its insistence on following the traditional rules of plot. Ironically this was *Justine*, based on Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*, which was one of the more successful attempts to break some of the old storytelling molds, to forget the linear structure of this-happened and that-happened next, to move backward and forward in time, not just with conventional flashbacks, but with a continuous flow of past and present that probed deeply into the heads and hearts of the characters.

Certainly a movie couldn't strictly follow the complex structure of the *Quartet*, but one might have been attempted with its complexities in mind, its method of turning in on itself and looking backward and forward in the lives of the characters, whose motives and behavior are the real story anyway. But the movie *Justine* hacked out a simple, linear plot line from the four books, tossed most of the characters in, and set them shuttling obediently from beginning to middle to neatly wrapped end.

When they are just going about their daily lives, reacting to and off one another, the movie is most alive. It is worth seeing for Dirk Bogarde's magnificent portrayal of the British diplomat Purswarden, Anouk Aimée's sleek, cold sexuality as Justine, and Anna Karina's touching performance as the muddled, good-hearted, often abused Melissa. But the major "plot" role is an embarrassment—the supposedly fiery but capable Coptic Christian Naruz, who becomes obsessed and mad with his plan to fight the Muslims before they strike at his own people. He seems in the movie not like the driven, dedicated man of the books, but a loud-talking nitwit. Weirdly enough, he is played by Robert Forster, who did such a beautiful job as the TV cameraman in *Medium Cool*. I would guess that the difference was that in the cameraman role he believed in the reality of the character he was playing, but delivering the lines of Naruz in *Justine* he must have known he was playacting, and blustered his way through it as best he could.

Some movies, anyway, are getting real-er than ever.

MUSIC

THE QUEEN'S MUSIC MASTER

by Robert Evett

If musical scholars were as suspicious a breed as Shakespearean scholars, there might be a movement to prove that Domenico Scarlatti never existed, or that his best pieces were written by somebody else—possibly the Queen of Spain. The man left hardly any record of himself: one letter (inviting the Duke of Huescar to come calling), a will, some signatures, and a very few musical autographs. Most of what we know about him comes from legal documents and gossip.

Until he was almost forty, Domenico seems to have been under the thumb of his eminent father, Alessandro Scarlatti—then one of the great lions of Italian music. Alessandro was a purveyor of musical entertainment to the very rich, and guided his own career by the simple rule that a prince of the blood is a better financial risk than a prince of the church. When he was twenty, he was already music master to Queen Christina of Sweden (who was living in Rome). A pretty good start. And, as a man who contrived to support himself in great style, Alessandro did what he could to transmit success and the secrets of it to his son. Therefore, from his youth into his middle age, Scarlatti *films* supported himself creating diversions, mostly operatic, for the dowager queen of Poland and the notorious libertine Cardinal Ottoboni; and—to round out his Italian

career—as musical director of the Archbasilica of St. Peter's. Then, when he was thirty-five, Domenico resigned his post and left Italy for good. By that time, he had written a great deal of operatic and liturgical vocal music. What has survived (and a lot of it hasn't) is perfectly all right, but slapdash and in no sense arresting.

Because so many documents were destroyed in the Lisbon earthquake of 1755, it is hard to say what happened next and when. Scarlatti did go west, and before he was forty he had taken the post of music master to Maria Barbara de Braganza. A frightfully ugly little girl, she was then the Infanta of Portugal, and was soon to become the Queen of Spain.

If he had gone into a cloistered monastery, Scarlatti could not have been kept under wraps more securely than he was in the Portuguese and Spanish courts. Maria Barbara and her husband, Fernando VI, were music lovers. They were in a position to buy musicians, and this is just what they did. (They did not, in fact, buy Scarlatti, who was a gift from King João V of Portugal to his daughter.) But once they acquired a musician, his public life was over. He could look forward to a life of great security, following the court from one royal estate to the next, but his audience would be a private one.

The traveling must have been unpleasant, but there is no indication that life at court was particularly tedious. The musicians in the entourage were men of unusual endowments, and, allowing for occasional temperamental outbursts, they must have found each other stimulating. And the royal patrons were generous. Scarlatti's salary was large enough to allow him to keep a fine house in Madrid. The Queen, in her will, bequeathed her music master 2000 doubloons—which was, and still is, a fortune in Spanish gold. (Scarlatti died before Maria Barbara, and nobody got the doubloons.) Furthermore, in 1738, Scar-

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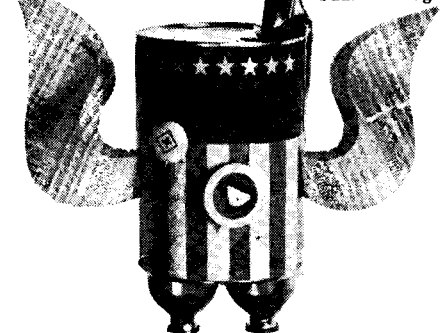
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latti was made a knight of the order of Santiago by João V. They checked his ancestry in a cursory way, and finding no heretics, Jews, or Moors in it, bestowed the cloak of the order on him, with special permission to "wear clothes of velvet and silk in any color, rings, jewels, chains and clothing of gold, inasmuch as the hat be of velvet."

It was in these circumstances that Scarlatti wrote the sonatas that constitute his major contribution to music and on which his reputation rests. There are 555 of them in Ralph Kirkpatrick's catalogue. It is impossible to state flatly when the composition of the series began, but in 1738, when he was fifty-three, Scarlatti published thirty of them under the title *Essercizi per Gravicembalo*. The following year, a British publisher brought out an edition of the *Essercizi* with an additional twelve sonatas. Aside from these, most of the works have survived in beautiful manuscripts copied and bound in leather at the command of the Queen.

It is hard to remember that these pieces were composed not only for the Queen's pleasure but also for her use. She must have been a most unusually accomplished performer by any standards. The Scarlatti sonatas are not only extremely idiomatic for the harpsichord; they are hard to play. Many, in fact most, of them, are accessible only to the virtuoso. Of the eighteenth-century keyboard works that immediately suggest comparison—works of Couperin, Rameau, Handel, and the Italian crowd—none are as treacherous. J. S. Bach wrote pieces that are every bit as hard, but Scarlatti could not possibly have known them.

Since Scarlatti could not have started the sonata series before he was forty, and was still working hard right up to the time of his death at the age of seventy-two, it is proper to think of this literature as an old man's music—a source of encouragement to late starters everywhere. Much of Scarlatti's facility must be attributed to the fact that the composition of the sonatas made few demands on his imagination in point of form. Scholars, enthusiasts, and apologists can demonstrate enormous differences between one piece and another, but the fact remains that they are all about the same length—five minutes, give or take a

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minute or two; and that almost all of them are divided at or near the middle by a caesura. And there are whole families of pieces that resemble each other closely. Of the D major sonatas, twenty-two fast ones are in $\frac{3}{8}$ time. Faced with this combination of tempo, key, and meter, Scarlatti always went into the same whirling dervish routine.

The largest distinction of the sonatas is a stylistic one. A great deal—too much, I think—has been made of how much of Spain got into them: brassy sounds from outdoor processions, hints of flamenco, and so on. The real eccentricities are in the harmony, which is never completely predictable and at its wildest is extraordinarily audacious, as in one of the A minor sonatas (number 175 in the Kirkpatrick catalogue), which takes the dissonance as far as it was to go before *Le Sacre du printemps*. This can be explained by the fact that the only ears to which he was responsible besides his own belonged to a King and Queen whose taste he had helped form.

The most nearly complete edition of Scarlatti's keyboard music is the work of the Italian musicologist Alessandro Longo, who died in 1945. In the interest of correctness, Longo altered some notes which he took to be copyist's errors, and for this he has been savagely attacked, and with justification. Nonetheless, his edition is quite serviceable and will do nicely until something better comes along. It contains 545 sonatas in ten volumes and a supplement, is supplied with an invaluable thematic index, is in print, and sells for about four dollars a volume.

With the re-emergence of the harpsichord in recent years, there has been some question whether it is ever legitimate to perform Scarlatti on the piano. Actually, there were pianos as well as harpsichords at the Spanish court at the time Scarlatti was there, though they were quite unlike modern instruments, and we have no way of knowing whether he liked them. However, the music often goes slack and loses its bite when played on the piano. This does not mean that a pianist shouldn't play Scarlatti if he wants to, but it does mean that he will have some trouble finding pieces that are truly effective on his instrument.

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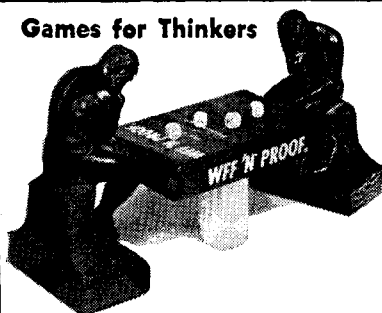
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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE ESTABLISHMENT IS ALIVE AND WELL IN WASHINGTON by Art Buchwald. Putnam, \$5.95. Mr. Buchwald's daily columns, collected, are as pertinent and as comical as the day he wrote them. What a pity that some of his commonsense fun cannot be injected into the politicians he pokes it at.

HAMLET'S MILL by Giorgio de Santillana and Hertha von Dechend. Gambit, \$10.00. Drawing arbitrarily on various learned disciplines, the authors have attempted to construct a master theory of myth—a theory, that is, which accounts for the appearance of identical mythical motifs in areas between which no cultural contact can be discovered or even surmised. This courageous enterprise has produced a difficult, disorderly (no conscientious examination of myth can be anything but disorderly), and provocative book, based on the assumption that the great international myths represent an explanation of the structure of the universe, and that this explanation—long since forgotten except in its picturesque narrative form—was actually mathematical and derived from astronomical observation. If this scandalously oversimplified description boggles imagination, let the reader not take alarm; the book is equally boggling but much more persuasive. It is likely to draw howls of protest from the scholars whose fields have been raided and to remain, like Robert Graves's *White Goddess*, a lion in everybody's path for years.

SELECTED WRITINGS OF E.T.A. HOFFMANN, translated and edited by Leonard J. Kent and Elizabeth C. Knight. Illustrations by Jacob Landau. University of Chicago, \$17.50. Apart from his importance in the history of fantastic literature, Hoffmann is still amusing and surprising.

THE AFFAIR OF THE POISONS by Frances Mossiker. Knopf, \$7.95. In case any readers are both uninformed and curious about the witchcraft and murder spree at the court

of Louis XIV, the tale is all here, reinforced by a history of the fifteen years of intrigue that led up to it. The author has wasted no energy on trying to account for the odd doings in modern terms.

BANEFUL SORCERIES OR THE COUNTESS BEWITCHED by Joan Sanders. Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95. This is certainly black arts month. Same case converted into a Gothic novel complete with apparitions, moldering castle, slow poison, infanticide, renegade priests, devil worship, and the inevitable vaporish heroine blundering about in the middle of the night. Impossible to take a word of it seriously, but palatable if one has a taste for toe of frog.

BERNARD SHAW: A REASSESSMENT by Colin Wilson. Atheneum, \$6.95. Mr. Wilson's discussion is interesting on Shaw's early life and the slowness with which he developed what was to become his official public character of comic curmudgeon, a role which Mr. Wilson believes did him as much harm as good. When it comes to the plays, the text drifts into petit-point debate on relative merit.

THE UNEXPECTED UNIVERSE by Loren Eiseley. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.75. Mr. Eiseley is a poet who writes prose and a scientist who mistrusts laboratory facts. He quotes Montaigne's "The conviction of wisdom is the plague of man," and argues brilliantly for less pragmatic conviction and a more flexible concept of wisdom.

THE MEMOIRS OF HECTOR BERLIOZ, translated and edited by David Cairns. Knopf, \$12.50. Garrulous, opinionated, enthusiastic, quarrelsome, erratically affectionate, passionate for the right (he was not always too clear what right was, but never mind), and seemingly able to recall conversations word for word eternally, Berlioz had all the equipment of a great memoir writer, and his controversial musical career gave him something worth writing about. This is a good new translation of a wonderfully absorbing book.

PRICKSONGS & DESCANTS by Robert Coover. Dutton, \$5.95. Mr. Coover calls these pieces fictions. Since they involve either rearrangements of old

materials like *Red Riding Hood* and the *Gingerbread House* or revelations of the author in the act of writing something never finished, he is right to avoid the term short story, which would raise expectations that his experiments are not intended to satisfy.

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN by R. E. Raspe and others. Illustrated by Ronald Searle. Pantheon, \$6.95. Mr. Searle's illustrations are the point—wildly bizarre, improbably logical, and altogether equal to the Baron's most extravagant inventions.

LES TRES RICHES HEURES DU DUC DE BERRY, introduction and legends by Jean Longnon and Raymond Cazelles. Braziller, \$30.00. A fine reproduction of all the illustrations and some of the text pages of this exquisitely beautiful fifteenth-century work.

NIGHT OF THE GRIZZLIES by Jack Olsen. Putnam, \$6.95. Mr. Olsen's report on the death by bear of two campers in Glacier National Park has been needlessly padded with scenery and such, but the author does finally get to the facts, which turn out to be a disgraceful muddle of negligence, buck-passing, lax discipline, and misrepresentation on the part of the park authorities, combined with optimistic folly on the part of the victims. The whole affair adds up to a ruination of bears.

THE DECORATIVE TWENTIES by Martin Battersby. Walker, \$17.50. The 1920s style in glass, furnishings, textiles, and the like was compounded of late Art Nouveau, early Bauhaus, and a dash of Russian Ballet, but it had its own unmistakable character as the engaging illustrations assembled here demonstrate. The text is a sober catalogue of ships, but useful for study of the period.

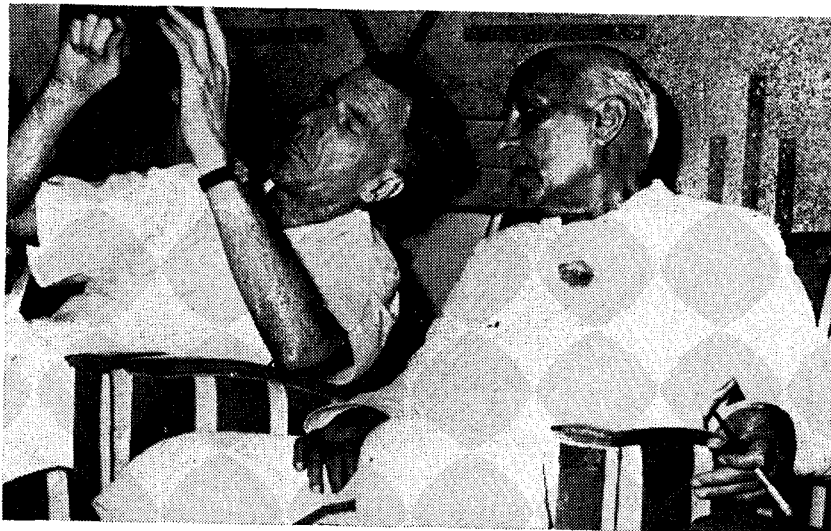
THE GUILTY HEAD by Romain Gary. World, \$5.95. Mr. Gary will never be taken seriously by literary critics if he persists in devising a new style and set of tricks for each novel, but what impudent, savage fun he is for readers who need not worry about consistent interpretation of a total oeuvre. Genghis Cohn the Jewish ghost has solidified into a malcontent adventurer spreading international alarm in Tahiti.

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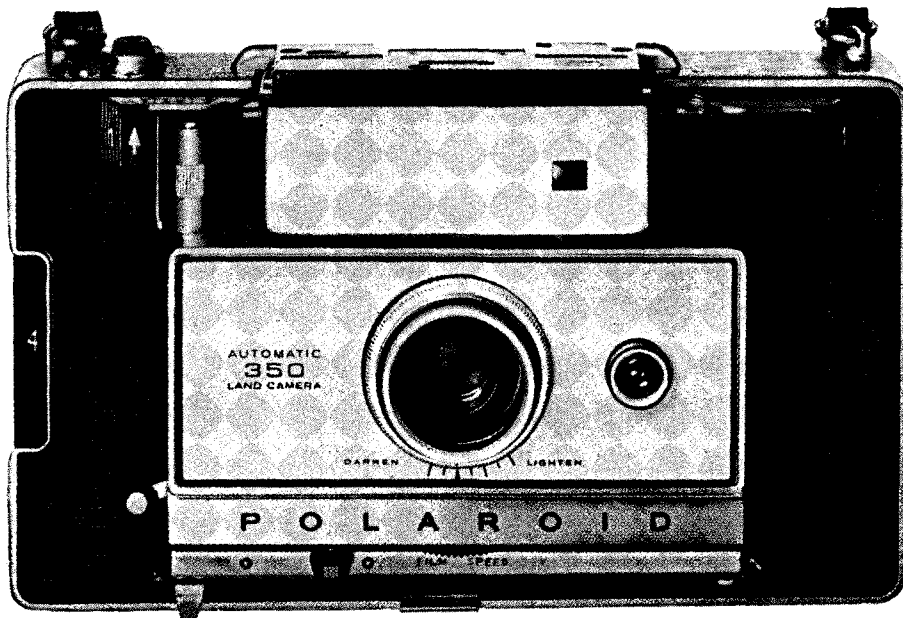


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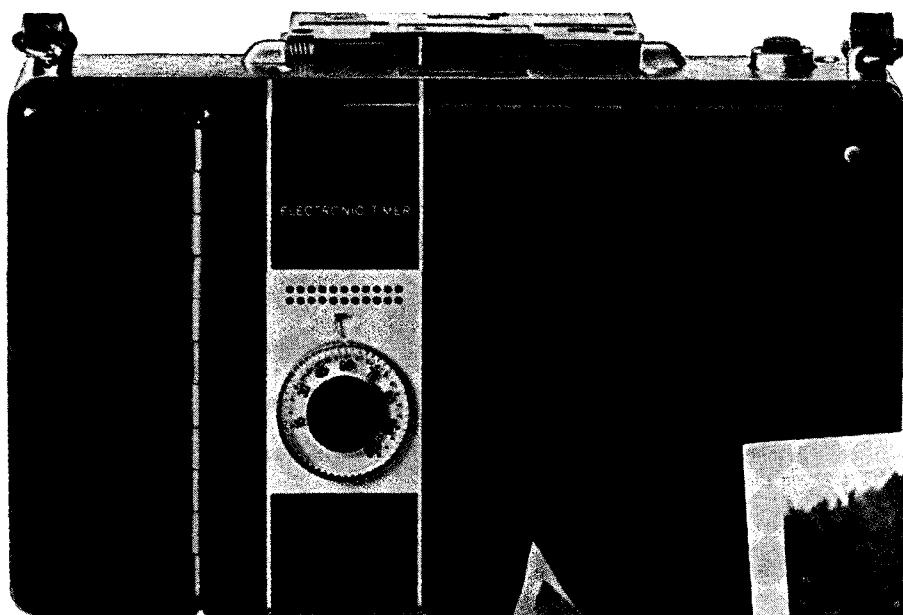
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